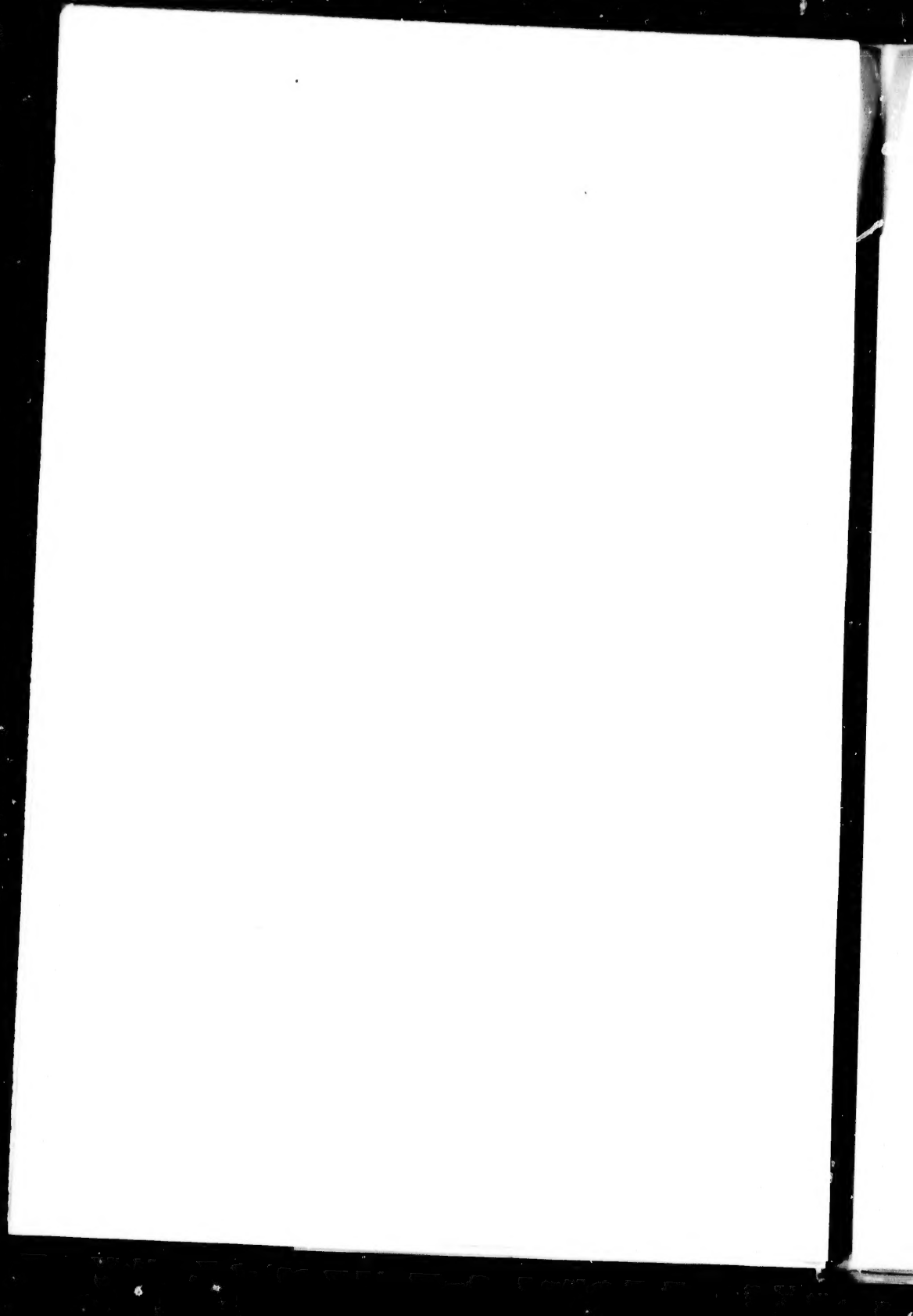
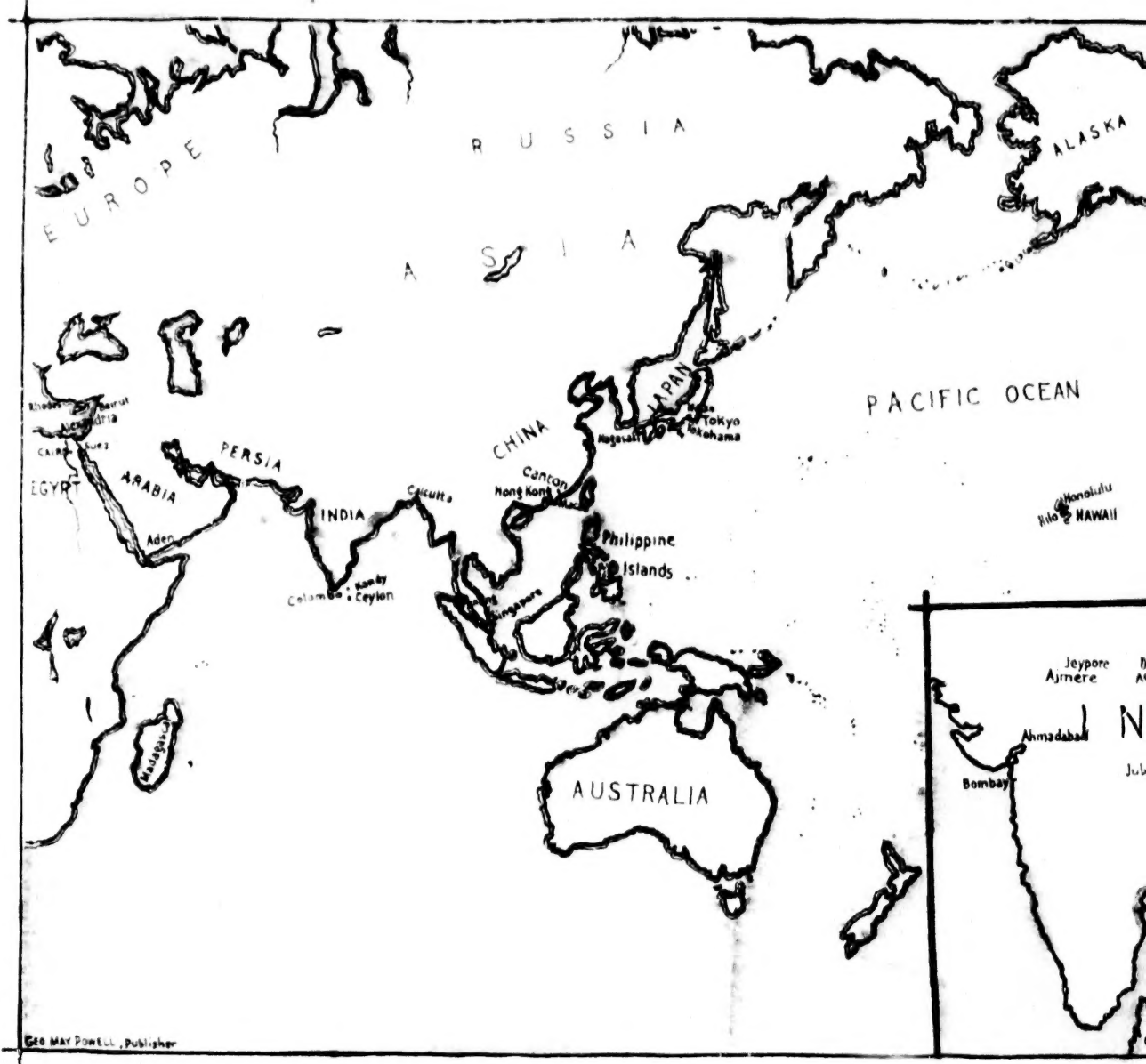
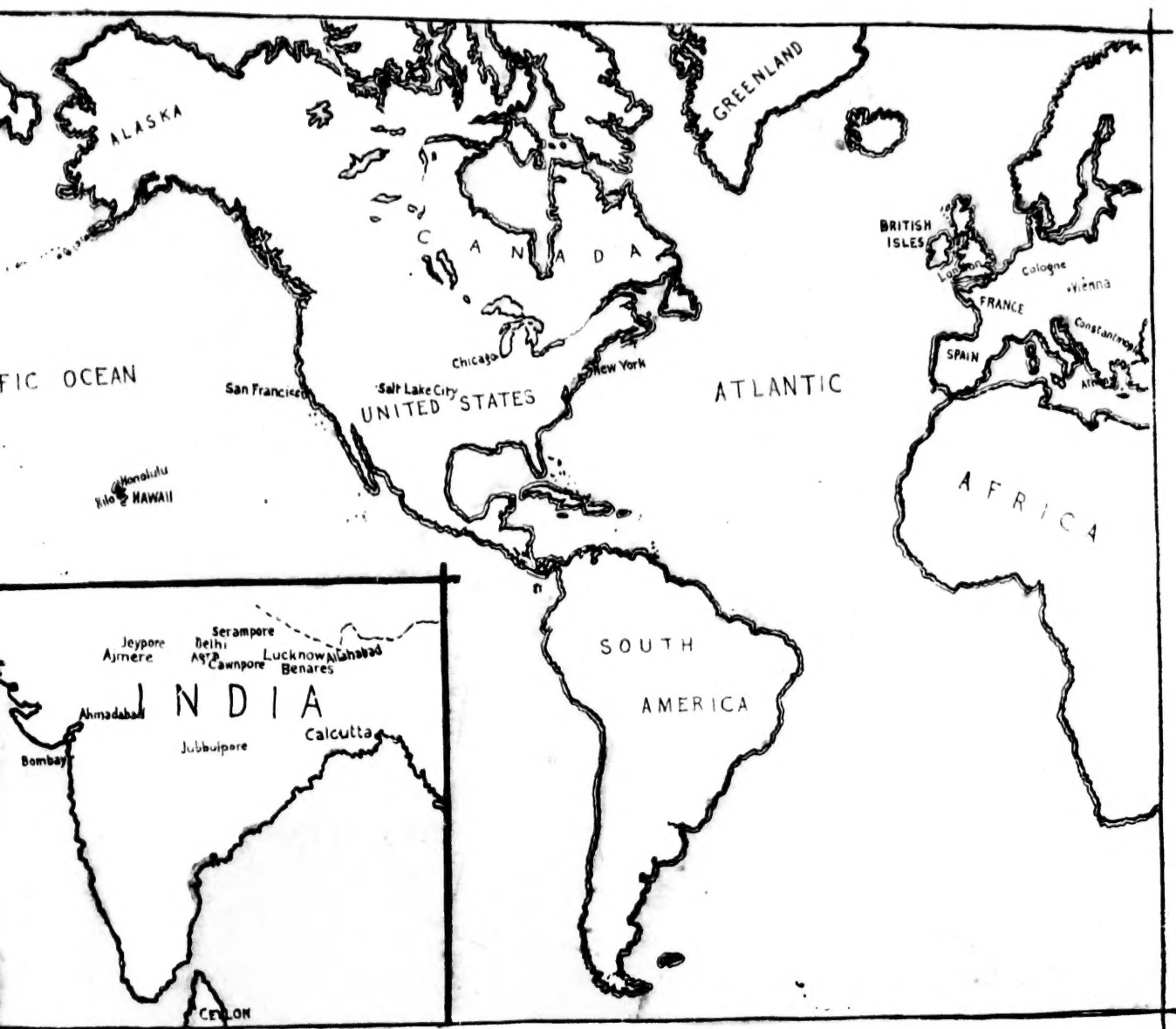


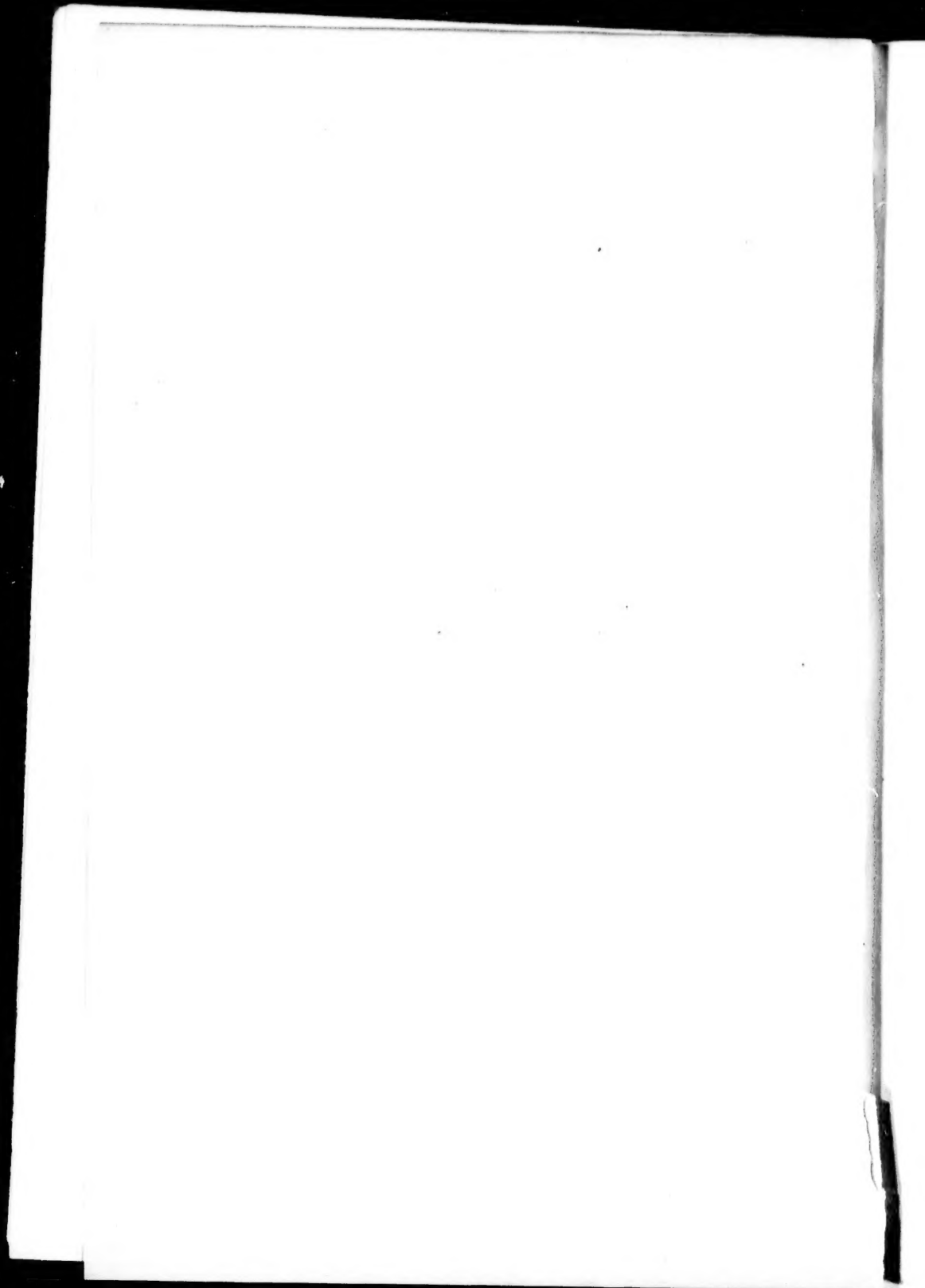
AROUND THE WORLD
DUE WEST TO THE FAR EAST





GEO MAY POWELL, Publisher





AROUND THE WORLD

DUE WEST TO THE FAR EAST

BY

ROBERT STUART MACARTHUR

AUTHOR OF

"Current Questions for Thinking Men," "The Celestial Lamp,"

*"Quick Truths from Quaint Texts," "Bible Difficulties
and their Alleviative Interpretation," "The Old Book
and the Old Faith," "Sunday Night Lec-
tures on the Land and the Book," etc.*

*Travel makes all men countrymen, makes people noblemen and
kings, every man tasting of liberty and dominion.*

—Amos Bronson Alcott, "Concord Days"

PHILADELPHIA

The Griffith & Rowland Press

1900

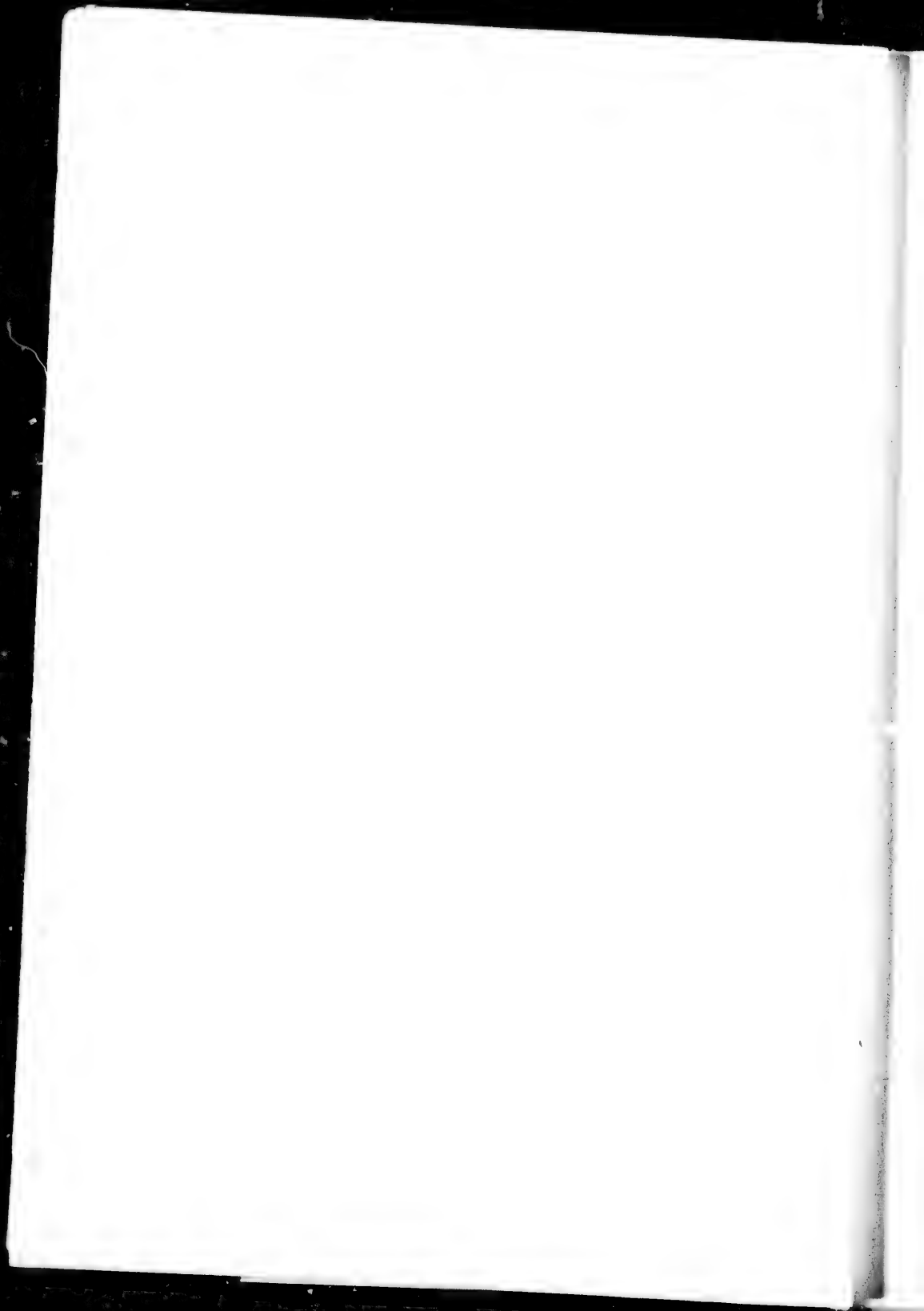
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To the Members
OF THE
Calvary Baptist Church
AND
Congregation

*Whose patience, affection, and prayers
made the twenty-fifth anniversary of the present
pastorate possible; and whose considerate generosity
made the celebration of that anniversary by
a trip around the world also possible*

THIS VOLUME IS
Affectionately Dedicated
BY THEIR
Sincere Friend and Pastor
Robert Stuart MacArthur



PREFACE

MODERN facilities for travel are now so great that the circumnavigation of the globe is comparatively a small matter. Travel is a great educator. A Spanish proverb says, "He who would bring home the wealth of the Indies, must carry the wealth of the Indies with him." It is certain that to bring back a considerable amount of information the tourist must carry with him no small degree of knowledge. This author can make no special claim in that respect, however much he may appreciate the truth of the proverb. But whether or not one starts thoroughly furnished with knowledge, he can appreciate the truth of Alcott's words, "Traveling is no fool's errand to him who carries his eyes and itinerary with him."

An enormous amount of work in travel, reading, observing, and writing was put into the five months occupied in making this journey; that much can be said with absolute truth and with equal frankness. The Calvary Church generously allowed a year for the trip; but a sense of duty to the work left behind forbade the full acceptance of the kind offer.

There is some gain, however, in seeing how much can be done in five months. Jules Verne

was daring in his story of a trip around the world in eighty days; but with the opening of the Trans-Siberian Railway the journey may be made, with but little fatigue and equally little risk, in thirty-three days.

This volume would have appeared sooner but for a disastrous fire which necessitated delay; but it has been thought wise to allow the text to remain as it was originally written. The author indulged in some rather bold prophecies regarding the relation of Hawaii to the United States, and also touching other matters; and it is strangely interesting to see how literally history has fulfilled these predictions.

If the reader can get any part of the enjoyment out of this trip which the writer had in making the journey, investigating historical facts, and recording his observations, the reader will not have read, nor the writer have traveled and written, in vain.

THE AUTHOR.

NEW YORK, CALVARY STUDY, Aug. 1, 1900.

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AROUND THE WORLD

I

THE START

A TRIP around the world is a small matter to-day compared with what it was a generation, or even a decade, ago. But it is still true that long journeys by land and sea have to be taken, many inconveniences have to be experienced, and some dangers have to be encountered.

The start was made from New York on Tuesday, June 4, 1895, at 2 P. M., by the Pennsylvania Railway for Chicago. One does not feel that he has really started so long as he still is in our own country; but it took some courage to say the last good-bye to family and church friends, and to take the first step toward putting continents and oceans between the traveler and all who are dearest on earth. Not until the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the pastorate were the strength and tenderness of the pastoral tie fully appreciated. The view of members of the family and the church friends who came to the station, and who

watched as the train rolled out, will long remain as a cherished memory.

A friend of college days, and of the many years since, was at the station in Philadelphia to give his greeting and to say good-bye. His courtesy was greatly appreciated; and the ride through the picturesque regions of Pennsylvania was much enjoyed. A copious rain during the night settled the dust and cooled the heated air. The morning found us at Columbus, Ohio, and the ride to Chicago, over finely cultivated fields, in the cool air and in the bright sunshine, was truly delightful.

A GLIMPSE OF CHICAGO.—Early in the afternoon Chicago, with its black smoke, its wonderful history, and its brilliant future, appeared in the distance. While waiting for the train on the Northwestern road there was time for reflection on Chicago. The most remarkable thing which foreigners who visited the Columbian Exposition at Chicago saw was Chicago. In its early history it was simply an Indian trading-post established by an enterprising French Negro. In 1804 the government built a log fort and named it Henry Dearborn, after the secretary of war at the time. During the war of 1812 the fort was evacuated, and in 1816 a new one was built. It was not until 1833 that the real work of making a city was begun. It is not a little surprising to remember now, as we ride through this great city, that in 1832 the population was less than one hundred; that in 1833 it was two

thousand; that in two years more it was four thousand; that in 1845 it was twelve thousand; and that in 1849 it was twenty-three thousand; and so it increased until in 1880 it was the leading city of the West, with a population of five hundred and three thousand; in 1890 it had one million two hundred thousand, and in 1894 one million five hundred thousand. It is no wonder that the people of Chicago are proud of their city. It is the capital of a vast empire. Her great fires were a blessing in a thin disguise. They gave Chicagoans an opportunity to build a nobler city and to show their undaunted courage. New York, because of her history and location, must continue to possess great advantages over Chicago, but the Western city will always have opportunities and successes peculiarly her own.

She has recently made rapid strides in the direction of municipal reform. The civic federation of Chicago is already a great power for good. Its influence is felt in every part of the city government. Its president is Mr. Lyman J. Gage, who is also president of the First National Bank, and one of the ablest financiers in America.¹ The administration of Mayor Hopkins was a disappointment to all lovers of municipal reform; and the people resented his failure in his high office by electing George B. Swift by a majority of over forty thousand. In that election the city adopted the Civil Service Law passed by

¹ Since these words were written Mr. Gage, as all know, has become Secretary of the United States Treasury. His course therein more than justifies the estimate here recorded.

the State legislature. This law makes it certain that the city will have a better government; and the law as enacted by the State cannot be repealed by any city council. This law provides that three Civil Service commissioners shall be appointed by the mayor, that competitive examinations shall be open to all for entrance to municipal service, that promotions shall be made on the basis of merit, and that politics will not be considered in appointments, promotions, or removals. Chicago is thus the first city in the country to adopt such a system for its own government. Other cities will have to imitate her example. Cities govern the country. If they are not well governed there is no hope for the republic. The time will soon come in New York when it will not be an insuperable barrier to civic promotion that a man is an American by birth and a Protestant in faith.

SALT LAKE CITY.—After a brief stay in Chicago, on we rode by day and by night until over sixteen hundred miles were passed, and Salt Lake City was reached. In being able to visit this city a long-cherished wish was gratified. Indeed, the determination to make this visit led to the selection of the route of travel chosen, and to the postponement of a visit to Los Angeles and other interesting places in its vicinity. It was difficult to realize on the way to the hotel that forty-eight years ago this valley was an unbroken wilderness. Now it is cultivated to a degree of prosperity scarcely equaled in any

part of the country. Even a glance showed that the city is laid out in broad streets intersecting one another at right angles, that these streets are bordered with cottonwood trees, Lombardy poplars, and other trees, and that in each gutter a stream of water swiftly flows, making sweet music and giving life and beauty to all forms of vegetation. A glimpse also showed the great Mormon Temple and Tabernacle, the roof of the latter looking like the bottom of an overturned boat, or like a huge metallic dish cover, and forming a feature of the city as prominent as it is unsightly. Of both these great structures fuller mention will be made later in this chapter.

It is well known that Salt Lake City was founded July 24, 1847, by the Mormons, or "Latter-Day Saints," as they called themselves. On that day Brigham Young stood on Ensign Peak, the "Mount of Prophecy," and announced to his followers that in the valley below should be founded the new "City of Zion," as the future home of the "Saints." Until 1871 these "Saints" virtually lived apart from the rest of world; this seclusion they desired, to enable them to carry out their peculiar social and religious principles and practices. It is altogether likely that they believed that they were beyond the jurisdiction of the United States, and that they might be a law unto themselves. But mining interests drew a Gentile population to Salt Lake City and its vicinity; and this population has so increased that now, in its outward

aspects, the city differs but little from any other community in the country. The impress, however, of its first settlers is fixed in the names of the streets, in public institutions, and in the laying out of the city. The temple is the center of everything. Streets are laid out with reference to it, and they are east or west, north or south, according to their relation to this great central building. It is worth much to any religious body to be the first to occupy these great Western fields where cities so soon spring into existence. There is here a lesson for our Home Mission Society, and for all our churches.

Salt Lake City is situated at the base of the Wasatch Mountains. It has a population of perhaps sixty thousand, and is over four thousand feet above the sea-level. Its public buildings, business blocks, and private residences give every indication of wealth and prosperity. The finest residences are on the mountain bench, which doubtless was once the shore of a great inland sea, whose waters ages ago receded until they finally settled in the basin of the Great Salt Lake. One of the leading business enterprises is "Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution," which is popularly known as the "Co-op." Wherever one sees a building with the mystic initials, "Z. C. M. I.," he may know that it is a branch of the great "Co-op." Its headquarters are in a large building, and it does a business of from six million dollars to eight million dollars annually. It has branches in at least four towns in the Territory.

TEMPLE SQUARE.—This point is very attractive to the tourist. Here are the Assembly Hall, the Tabernacle, and the Temple. The hall cost one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and it will seat about two thousand persons. The Tabernacle has often been described; it is oblong and its acoustics are perfect. It is literally true that in it, when there is perfect silence, one can hear the falling of a pin; the experiment was successfully tried by our guide during our visit. The roof is, with possibly one exception, the largest self-supporting roof in the world. The seating capacity of the building is generally said to be from twelve thousand to fifteen thousand; but this is certainly an overstatement. The capacity of all public buildings is almost invariably exaggerated. Nine thousand is a large figure to name for the Tabernacle; perhaps it can hold nine thousand and seat seven thousand five hundred, and this is a liberal figure.

The Temple is, with the exception of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, the costliest and grandest ecclesiastical structure in our country; but other religious buildings now in process of erection will equal and perhaps surpass it in this respect. It was begun in 1853 and completed in 1893; its cost is put down at from five to six million dollars. It is two hundred feet long, one hundred feet wide, and one hundred feet high, with a tower at each corner two hundred and twenty feet high. The figure which represents the angel Moroni—the guardian angel of Mormon-

ism—is of gigantic size. It represents Moroni as a herald, bringing to the earth the gospel of the latter-day dispensation. The temple is built wholly of snow-white granite from the cottonwood cañon; it is said that it can be seen for fifty miles up and down the valley. Gentiles are not permitted to enter it; but it is understood that the first floor is used for baptisms, and other floors for celestial marriages and the various rites which belong only to the initiated. These rites, and the parts of the building where they are observed, are open only to those who have passed through all the preceding rites. Near the square is the "Bee Hive," once the home of Brigham Young. Near also is the Tithing House, and not far distant is the Gardo House, or the "Amelia Palace," the former home of Brigham Young's favorite wife.

OUR BAPTIST WORK.—In the winter of 1871 General Dodge was sent by the government to Salt Lake City as Superintendent of Indian Affairs. With him were his wife and two daughters. They were all leal-hearted Baptists. As early as 1856 a Mrs. Varney, who was a Baptist, came with her Mormon husband. In February, 1872, during a visit by Rev. Mr. Brown, of Evanston, Wyoming, a Baptist church was organized. It was the first Baptist church in Utah Territory, and, with the exception of the Mormon and Roman churches, the first of any denomination. But General Dodge and his family returned to Washington. Other mem-

bers moved away and some died, and the work was virtually suspended.

In July, 1882, Rev. Dwight Spencer, as general missionary of the Home Mission Society, re-suscitated the church. The next year a permanent organization was formed, and in March, 1884, a house of worship costing fourteen thousand dollars was dedicated. The first pastor was Rev. Dr. H. G. DeWitt, and the beloved Deacon Estey, of Brattleboro, Vermont, became responsible for his salary. His service of two years was marked by prosperity. Rev. L. L. Wood was the next pastor; he was followed by Rev. D. D. Forward. In April, 1891, Rev. Henry B. Steelman, still pastor at the time of this visit, took up the work. Mr. Steelman was a helper to Dr. Judson for one year in Orange, and for two years in New York; he was for a time a pastor in Troy, and he then succeeded Dr. Parmly in Jersey City. He has found renewed health and vigor in the pure air of Salt Lake City. His work is wholesome and fruitful; every branch of it is prosperous. It must be remembered that more than two-thirds of the population are Mormons, and they are as hostile to the Baptist faith as if they were Romanists. The church is an institutional church; its lines of work are many and its work on every line is vigorous. It has no fewer than five branches in the city and vicinity. It gave me much pleasure to worship with this excellent people, and then to address them from God's word.

Rev. S. G. Adams is the earnest pastor of the

East Side Baptist Church, under the direction of the Home Mission Society. He is also the missionary for Utah Territory. The exercises of Children's Day at this church were especially interesting. Mr. Adams ought to have all his time for missionary work. It is a great pity that we cannot put more workers into this territorial field. This earnest brother groans over the feebleness of Christian work in the territory as a whole, and I deeply sympathized with him in the hope that soon we may be able to enter with an adequate force on the work in this hard but hopeful field. It is earnestly commended to the consideration of the Home Mission Society and of our churches generally.

SOME OTHER MATTERS.—The Joint City and County Building is of extreme beauty. It towers above every other edifice except the Temple, and in some respects above that. It is topped only by the snow-clad peaks of the surrounding mountains. It is a graceful combination of Roman and Byzantine art, and in all its details it is as complete as its general effect is imposing. Its cost was more than three-quarters of a million dollars. It marks an era of progress in this ambitious and prosperous city.

The Sanitarium Hot Spring Baths are said to be the finest in all the details of the buildings in America. The Hotel Knutsford would be called quite good in almost any city, and the Templeton, under Mormon control, is reasonably good. The city is one of the largest mili-

tary posts in the West, Fort Douglas being in the neighborhood. The Hot Springs are highly medicinal, and this vicinity must more and more become a popular resort for invalids from all parts of America. The river Jordan is a small river of yellow water flowing from Utah Lake to Salt Lake. The river received its name because it connects this lake and this sea, as its namesake connects the Sea of Galilee and the Dead Sea.

The Great Salt Lake is eighteen miles from the city; it is the Dead Sea of America. It is first mentioned in history by Baron La Houtan in 1689, who learned from Indians of its existence. Gen. John C. Fremont deserves the honor of having first really discovered it, while on his way to Oregon in 1842. Its length is one hundred and twenty-six miles, and its breadth forty-five miles. In the years from 1847 to 1856 it gradually filled up about six feet, and then slowly subsided to its old depth of about twenty feet. Although many streams pour into it, it has no outlet. Its salt is very pure; it is the opinion of salt-makers that there is seventeen per cent. of solid matter in the lake. The lake is now a fashionable bathing resort, and trains to Saltair are run almost hourly from Salt Lake City.

WHAT ABOUT MORMONISM?—It is still very powerful. It has wealth, faith, and zeal. The zeal of many of its people is worthy of the noblest causes. The writer talked with representatives of various types of Mormonism; some of them

are men and women who were truly converted in England and elsewhere before they adopted the vagaries of Mormonism. They are very devout, loyal, and zealous. They stand ready to go, at their own charges, to any part of the earth to preach the doctrines of Mormonism; to preach, as they told me, "the gospel in its fullness." A man who was just getting well started in life, recently mortgaged his farm to get money to go on a mission to the ends of the earth. Their zeal rebukes our coldness.

What about polygamy? This is their statement: "What God reveals we accept. We ask no questions; we raise no objections. The revelation may be distasteful, but we obey. He has revealed his will regarding polygamous marriages, and we accept the doctrine. But the laws of the United States are against the practice; we, therefore, hold the principle, but suspend the practice." This is a fair statement of their side of the case. But do they suspend the practice? On that point Gentiles are very skeptical, and they will give you reasonable grounds for their skepticism. They do not believe in the honesty of many Mormons in this regard. There is, however, at least ostensible conformity to the law, but many suggestions are made as to clandestine violations of it. Many Gentiles feel that if the Territory is received into the Union as a State polygamy will be openly and defiantly practised, and there is ground for this fear.¹ The

¹ The result of granting statehood to the Territory has more than justified the fears here expressed regarding the continuance

Mormons have been and are an industrious people. They have literally transformed the desert into a garden; they have made it blossom as the rose.

But there are in Mormonism marked elements of weakness; it cannot hold the young people. I attended meetings of the "Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association." This organization is doing much work; but at the Sunday afternoon service—an anniversary gathering—the presidents of many of the "Stakes" complained bitterly of the lack of interest shown by the young in the work. President Woodruff spoke in the same spirit; a strain of pathos marked his address because of his own advanced years, and because of the indifference of the young. He earnestly exhorted them to manifest greater diligence, but it was evident that he had not much hope of seeing his desire realized. It is said on every side that many are neglectful of their tithes. The Tabernacle was not more than two-thirds full, even on this anniversary occasion. There is not now the religious experience on the part of the young which the older generation possessed. They are baptized at eight years, and no religious experience is expressed or expected. The old spirit of daring and of heroism, which made many of the pioneers zealous and martyrs, is now largely wanting; their

of polygamy. The election of Brigham H. Roberts, although he was an avowed polygamist, shows the hold polygamy has on the people. But the refusal of the House to seat him gives polygamy a stinging rebuke.

political power also is waning. Salt Lake City is in the hands of Gentiles.

Few pastors or missionaries whom I met favored giving statehood to Utah; but they recognize that it is coming, and they do not wish to be found as earnestly in opposition. God help the Christian brethren to do their full duty in this crisis. Baptists are best able to meet the errors of Mormonism, and God is giving us great opportunities. Long will the memory of this visit live in the writer's mind. Beautiful is Salt Lake City, glorious are its mountains, and superb is the historic valley. The air was a constant delight, and mere living was an inspiration. Rarer than even Mr. Lowell's rare days in June were those spent in the congenial friendship, the perfect atmosphere, and the appreciated rest at Salt Lake City.

II

OGDEN TO SAN FRANCISCO

THE word "Utah" is of Indian derivation, and is said to mean, "A home on a mountain"; it is related to the word Ute, the name of the Indian tribe. The Territory contains a little over eighty-four thousand square miles, and the yearly value of its farm products is not less than ten million dollars. On Monday morning, after the two days of rest in Salt Lake City, in company with Rev. S. G. Adams, who is full of facts regarding Utah and of zeal in religious work, the journey of thirty-seven miles was made from Salt Lake City north to Ogden. Ogden is a railway and manufacturing town; it has an elevation of over four thousand feet, and a population of thirty thousand persons. It gives employment to a great number of men, it being the location of the shops of five leading trunk lines. It is beautifully situated on the west slope of the Wasatch Mountains. Its wide, well-paved, and pleasantly shaded streets are lighted with electricity. Pure water abounds; and the people, like those of many other sections, affirm that there is no better climate in the United States.

Rev. Dwight Spencer was largely instrumental in the building of the ornate Baptist church in

Ogden ; and here, Rev. Richard Hartley, now so much esteemed as the pastor of the Hope Church, New York, was once the pastor. He and his wife are still appreciatively remembered. The present pastor, Rev. L. L. Crandall, is doing excellent work. We met him and the pastors of most of the other churches in the study of the Methodist pastor at their regular Monday meeting. The sanctified common sense, pulpit and pastoral ability, and religious zeal of Pastor Crandall, bear constant fruit. The pleasant drive, the hospitable welcome by Mrs. Crandall, and the fraternal spirit shown in many ways made a charming memory as the long journey was resumed that beautiful afternoon.

OASES IN THE DESERT.—Already we had crossed weary miles of dreary deserts. Fortunately, however, we were not troubled by alkali dust. It was seen all along the road, making the sand quite white, but recent rains had so completely laid it that it caused us no annoyance. As one looked out on the hundreds of miles of desert and sage brush a parody on the words of Tennyson came constantly to mind :

Oh, the dreary, dreary sageland ! Oh, the barren, barren moor !

But there are oases in this desert. One of these was at Humboldt ; and a fine illustration is there given of the magical effects produced by irrigation. Wearied with the constant view of sand and sagebrush, the valley in this neighborhood

presented a most delightful appearance. It is eighty miles in length and ten in breadth, and is occupied by agriculturists and stock raisers. A river flows through the valley, making it fertile and beautiful. This river runs nearly three hundred miles and then pours its waters into Humboldt Lake, which has no visible outlet. The railway follows the river and also the old immigrant trail. Here we saw many specimens of the "noble red men." As seen crouching or skulking by the railway stations he is very red, but by no means noble. At Winnemucca, named from a famous Indian chief who made his home in this region, other red men, their wives and children, were seen; here also there was a delightful oasis and an opportunity for dropping postal cards to friends at home.

We were now one hundred and thirty-eight miles distant from Wadsworth. This, as a whole, is the most uninteresting of all the deserts crossed in this transcontinental journey. Some distance beyond, at Mirage, we had a fine opportunity of witnessing the phenomenon peculiar to the desert; the optical illusion was perfect, and it has often allured immigrants to seek refreshment where none was to be had, a picture of life in too many of its sad features. But Wadsworth is a veritable boon in this dreary waste of sand. We were soon in what may be called the lake region of Nevada. Shortly after leaving Reno we begin to climb the Sierra Nevada range. The range grows rapidly steeper; for over fifty miles the ascent continues. Very grand scenery

stretches out on every side; we are climbing to Summit Station, the highest point reached by the Southern Pacific Railway from Ogden to San Francisco. The road follows from Reno the course of the Truckee River. Towering rocks, foaming rivers, and pine-clad mountains attract, delight, and inspire the traveler. Truckee stands at the eastern base of the Sierra Nevada—the snowy saw, as the words mean—mountains. This is truly an Alpine village. Lumber is the leading industry. A fellow-traveler tells us that he can remember when there was a dense forest where now the village stands. Up we climb. We are now seven thousand feet above the sea. Here are lakes Tahoe, Donner, Webber, and Independence. Donner Lake is made memorable because thirty-four of the Donner party died of starvation on its shores in the year 1846. Bierstadt has made the beauty of this lake, high up among the Sierras, familiar by his paintings. Here are great mountain peaks: Mount Ralston, nine thousand one hundred and forty feet; Mount Tallac, nine thousand seven hundred and fifteen feet; Pyramid Peak, ten thousand fifty-two, and Job's Peak, ten thousand six hundred and thirty-seven.

For forty miles there is an almost constant line of snow sheds to protect the road during winter travel. These sheds very unpleasantly interrupt the view, but they are a necessary evil. We experienced cold weather, and were glad to have the steam turned on to make the cars comfortable. The contrast between this cold and

the heat in New York on Sunday, June 3, was certainly very marked. Two great engines dragged the train upward, while we could get glimpses of Donner Lake gleaming like a diamond in its setting of granite. A panorama of pine-clad hills and of splintered mountain peaks stretched around us. Soon we reached the summit, which for many years rightly claimed the honor of being the highest railway point in our country. This is the "divide," whence flow streams by many courses until they unite in the Sacramento.

SAN FRANCISCO.—Going through Colfax and Sacramento in the night, we reached Oakland in the morning, and were soon in San Francisco. It was with no little emotion that the first view of the bay was taken. We all know that San Francisco Bay ranks as one of the great harbors of the world. It is a land-locked sheet of water about fifty miles long. Its shipments are great, and it lies at the terminus of several transcontinental routes. The first view of San Francisco from the deck of the ferryboat is charming. It is truly a city set on a hill. It is the most hilly city I have ever seen. It cannot but command attention; it is almost equally sure to elicit admiration. The older houses are florid in their architecture; the newer buildings, such as the Mills Building and the Y. M. C. A., are plainer, and so in much better taste. The fires which have swept the city have improved it greatly, but there is still work for fire to do in destroy-

ing the unsightly wooden buildings which remain.

How cool are the trade winds! To one just from New York they were a benediction. An overcoat was necessary for comfort. By the time these winds get inland they lose their coolness, but at the city they are a cause for constant gratitude. Several squares are worthy of consideration. On Portsmouth Square, on July 8, 1846, Captain Montgomery, of the United States Sloop-of-war Portsmouth, then lying in the bay, at the command of Commodore Sloat, raised the American flag. This square was then known as the "Yerba Buena"; it is now Portsmouth Square, San Francisco. A salute of twenty-one guns from the Portsmouth announced the fact that the United States had taken possession of Northern California. Montgomery Street was named in honor of the captain. In 1849 a signal station was established on Telegraph Hill to give notice of the approach of vessels.

Under the guidance of Pastor Hobart, of Oakland, a visit was made to the Cliff House and the Seal Rocks. Mayor Sutro, whose name is familiar all over the country, here has his home. The diplomacy by which he compelled the railway company to carry passengers for five instead of fifteen cents is well known in the East. From what is known as Inspiration Point a fine view is obtained of the Pacific Ocean and of the Golden Gate. The Seal Rocks and their strange occupants are deeply interesting. Three conical rocks rise from twenty to fifty feet, and on these

rocks often scores of these marine mammals, basking in the sun or tumbling into the sea, may be seen. These seals seem to be quite tame; they are protected by law, and they seem to be aware that their safety is assured.

A TRIP TO OAKLAND.—Pastors Hill and Hobart, of Oakland, honored the visitor with a call at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, and arranged for a trip to Oakland, and a meeting with the pastors of the two cities. Oakland is called the "Garden City." It is situated on the east shore of San Francisco Bay, and it slopes down to the waters from the mountains which rise back of the city. It gets its name from a grove of evergreen oaks in which originally it was built. Wealthy merchants of Oakland and San Francisco have beautiful villas on the foothills, and some of their homes will rank with the finest homes in the suburbs of New York. Indeed, Oakland is destined to become one of the most beautiful residence cities of the West. One can reach Oakland from San Francisco every fifteen minutes.

Under the chaperonage of the two excellent pastors named, a visit was made to California College, at Highland Park, Oakland. At the college Dr. Samuel B. Morse, president and professor of mental and moral philosophy, met us, and courteously showed us over the buildings and part of the grounds. A good beginning has been made here for an enlarged work. The location is superb. It is two hundred feet above

the bay, and overlooks the city of Oakland and commands a view of San Francisco Bay, reaching from the Golden Gate to San José. The campus contains twelve acres, beautifully set with trees and shrubbery. The "Mary Stuart Hall" is commodious and attractive. On the second floor is the Rockefeller Library. The Gray mansion was erected in 1888 by Baptist women in California, and a year later the "Hook Memorial" as a dining hall and dormitory. There is the beginning of a cabinet and museum. The cost of board and tuition is very reasonable, and every opportunity of acquiring knowledge will be afforded those who are seeking an education under Baptist auspices.

Not far distant, at Berkeley, is the University of California. This is a State institution. It is an integral part, perhaps we might say the climax, of the public educational system of the State. The United States and private donors have united with California in furnishing facilities for instruction in literature, in science, law, medicine, dentistry, pharmacy, and art. The opportunities of instruction are open to all who are properly qualified, without distinction of sex. Here is a great institution of learning, thoroughly equipped in all respects with libraries, museums, buildings, grounds, faculties of instruction, and, in a word, a modern outfit for giving students the best facilities and the latest results in many departments. There are older institutions in the East still better equipped; but this university is vigorously following their lead.

Seldom are two institutions of learning, the one a struggling denominational college and the other a great State institution, brought into so near neighborhood and so sharp a comparison. What in these conditions is the duty educationally of the various denominations? This is really a very serious and an equally practical question. We may say that these State colleges are non-Christian, or perhaps, in some cases, anti-Christian. But ought we to allow them to remain in that attitude toward Christ and the church? Ought we not to rescue them from their hostility or indifference? Can we not do it? What right have Christian teachers and pastors to remain indifferent to the atmosphere and instruction in State colleges? Ought not our boys and girls to have the best education which they can procure? Will they not need in the warfare of life the best possible outfit? Must their denominational loyalty subject them to educational disadvantages? Is it true denominational loyalty to accept such disadvantages? These are important questions. They are not asked with any desire to depreciate the work done in California College; they are merely suggested by the visit to those two schools of learning. Might we not often do the greatest possible service to Christ and the church by putting into these great State schools as professors, men distinguished by learning, by ability to teach, by personal magnetism, by social attractiveness, and by earnest Christian character and denominational loyalty? Where could men of these characteristics find a grander

field? They might give at certain times each week lectures on Christian evidences and denominational doctrines. Such men would soon leaven these institutions with evangelical and Christian doctrine and with a knowledge of and regard for the distinctive principles of different denominations. This matter is surely worthy the thought of our ablest leaders.

A GLIMPSE OF "CHINATOWN."—A Christian man or woman does not care to see the seamy and dark side of life, except so far as the sight may stimulate desire and effort to improve the condition of our sinful and sorrowing fellow-creatures. With this desire this visit was made. Pastor Hobart and two other gentlemen, of whom one was a federal officer and the other a municipal officer, the former at least being also an earnest Christian worker, were the guides on this visit. Our Home Mission Chinese church is a veritable oasis in this fearful moral desert. We there saw a little company earnestly engaged in the study of the Bible. The leader was giving an exposition of Scripture, and his Chinese hearers were following him, pencil in hand, and with much sympathy and interest. The joss-house was visited; so were opium dens and other abodes of sin and varied forms of indescribable wretchedness. Such sights, such odors, such sins! One visit is enough for a lifetime. The sight of the sinful and miserable women would move the hardest heart. One wonders that life is possible in such a fetid and poisonous atmosphere. It is

said that one poison neutralizes another, and that one vile odor acts as a disinfectant of other vile odors. Never did the work of our Home Mission Society seem to be more needed; never did it appear to be so beneficent as in the contrasts seen in these vile purlieus.

A MEETING OF BRETHREN.—Through the courtesy of Rev. Messrs. Hill and Hobart an opportunity was given at Oakland to meet many of the pastors of that city and of San Francisco. The meeting was held in one of the parlors of the Y. M. C. A. Rev. H. L. Dietz, a German pastor in San Francisco, presided. Rev. Doctor Abbott, known and loved East and West, made the address of welcome. The visitor then spoke at length, and prayer was offered by Doctor Morse. This tender prayer gave great comfort to a traveler with many weary miles before him and so many dear friends left behind him. It would be pleasant to mention the names of all who were present did space permit. Their fraternal courtesy was much appreciated, and their kind words were an inspiration and a benediction. The world is small after all, and one finds former friends everywhere, and also evidences that his work in one part of the field sends out some helpful influences to brothers working at remote points in their own varied spheres. Our cause in these two cities, and throughout California, is advancing. The brethren are taking heart; they see brighter days in the near future; indeed, these brighter days have already dawned.

The night has now reached its noon. Bags must be packed, and the last preparations made for sailing on the morrow. The real journey around the world will then begin. Then, for a time, farewell to family, church, and country, and welcome to the deep, blue Pacific, and to lands in and beyond the Pacific.

III

SAN FRANCISCO TO HONOLULU

IT was with equal surprise and pleasure, on coming into the Palace Hotel, that a note was received from Mrs. M. E. Field, of the Calvary Church, New York, stating that she was at the Grand Hotel, and was to sail the next morning on the "Australia," bound for Honolulu. Her surprise was equally great, and perhaps her pleasure not less, when her pastor called on her the next morning and informed her that he also was to sail on the same steamer. She was with a party of friends from Los Angeles, California, who had planned to spend a month among the fairy-like islands which compose the "Paradise of the Pacific." We were soon all on board, and at 10 A. M., Saturday, June 15, 1895, we sailed out on our journey of six days for those historic and now quite famous islands. One passenger at least bade a long good-bye to America for his journey of months over broad seas and continents. He now realized that he was really off for his around-the-world trip, though until now that realization had not fully come.

Soon we passed through the narrow strait, known to all the world as the "Golden Gate." It is impossible not to have serious reflections at

such a time. What perils and experiences may be before the traveler? When will home and church be seen again? Such thoughts would come, however brave and trustful one might strive to be; but committing to Him who holds the waters in the hollow of his hand all who are dearest, we pushed out into the broad and blue Pacific.

Compared with the Atlantic this sea doubtless deserves its name. It has been called "a lazy, lolling, good-natured sea," but as we entered upon it, it was far from being good-natured and lazy. It was angry, wild, and fierce. Some passengers could not forget the recent fate of the ill-starred "Colino," and they were nervous and troubled to no small degree. The "Australia" has the name of being a bad "roller," and on this occasion she fully justified her bad reputation. She rolled constantly, and frequently the waves dashed over her decks. It was necessary to have all the chairs lashed firmly in order that passengers could keep their seats. In some cases it was also necessary to pass a rope in front of those who were seated to which they might cling to make their safety assured. An ominous silence reigned throughout the ship. The tables were well-nigh deserted; and the passengers slipped off quietly to their cabins. A very small meal fully satisfied this writer, and that was eaten on deck; but every other meal was taken at the table. When Sunday morning came silence still reigned over the empty decks and in the deserted saloon. There was no service of any

kind, although there were three clergymen on board.

But after about twenty-four hours had passed the sea became calm, and passengers who had not been seen since the first hour of our journey began to emerge from their cabins. The Pacific now began to justify its name. Another day passed and the great ocean became smooth as a sea of glass, and of a lovely sapphirine blue. No other sea is of such a beautiful color. It is widely different from the Atlantic. The Atlantic is gray, wrinkled, crabbed; the Pacific, in its normal condition, is serene, blue, and sublimely tranquil.

THE PASSENGERS.—There were sixty in the cabin. Among them was our omniscient friend, Rev. Joseph Cook, LL. D., who was to make his second trip around the world. Thirteen years before this he made the trip, lecturing in Australia, in India, and in other countries; he now proposed to revisit these countries. Possibly he would spend considerable time in Japan. All students of current history must be interested in the new Japan which is now challenging the attention of the civilized world. It has been said that Doctor Cook's mission is to oil the wheels of the universe; this writer's humble but useful office on this trip was to turn the faucet and let the lubricating fluid flow. Perhaps there are a few questions which we did not fully settle; but the number which we did not discuss, and in our opinion partially settle, is very small. Doctor

Cook has a unique mission ; and nobly does he perform its duties. He has stood firmly for the harmony between science and religion ; and he has been a stout advocate of a conservative and yet progressive theology. Boston has honored him, and he has honored Boston. He was to give several lectures in Honolulu, and to be the guest of Chief Justice Judd, who was his class-mate at Yale College.

Rev. Dr. Pease was returning to his mission field on the Marshall Islands, and the "Morning Star" was waiting in Honolulu to carry him to his field. There were also other missionary workers, both men and women, who were going to various fields. There were also students from Princeton, Yale, Harvard, and other colleges, who were returning to their homes in Honolulu. There was a party of teachers from San Francisco, among them a young lady who received as a prize for popularity the tickets for the round trip. There was also the party from Los Angeles, of which Mrs. Field was one ; and there were musicians on their way to Australia on a professional tour. We had a diversified and altogether an interesting company. It was quite different in many ways from the groups one meets on board of the leading Atlantic liners.

NEARING THE ISLANDS.—Day after day passed as we plowed our way through this glorious sea. Expectation was on tiptoe as we were nearing the Hawaiian Islands. There was a wonderful charm in being far out on this pacific sea ;

the stars never seemed so bright, the breezes never so soft and alluring. Stirring were our emotions when we first saw the "Southern Cross," and tender our gratitude, as on the morning of the sixth day we got our first glimpse of Molokai. This island is widely known as the abode of the wretched lepers, who unfortunately are too numerous on these islands. All the morning the soft breezes kissed our cheeks. The air soon became laden with odors of tropical fruits and flowers, and birds of many kinds came out to greet and welcome us. It seemed as if we were nearing a veritable paradise as we approached Honolulu. We had read much of this picturesque and delightful land, but our realizations soon far surpassed our anticipations. Some one has expressed this wish :

Oh, had we some bright little isle of our own
In the blue summer ocean, far off alone.

Well, the United States will, we believe, soon have this wish realized here in these tropical regions. We are all watching for the island toward which we are making. Yonder is Diamond Head rising grandly from the sea ; it is a great extinct volcano. Other rocks are quickly seen, but they promise us nothing of the vernal vales which we know lie beyond. But the moment the ship rounds the point of the famous headland, the fairy-like coast is revealed. Here are great rocks browned by the bronze of the lava which centuries ago flowed down their sides ; here is a beach of dazzling whiteness ;

here are groves of cocoa palms, and everywhere is the glorious sea, like a huge emerald, as it reflects the tints from its coral bottom. Thus we approach Honolulu. The scene changes. The mountains become gloriously green; vistas of Eden open to our gaze. The sea rolls in its long and alluring waves upon the reef. Within the reef the water is tranquil; it is a tideless river. There lies the town. Were ever before such tints seen in any water? To what shall they be compared? They look as if one of the glorious rainbows so common in this tropical region had been wrecked, and all its fragments were lying strewn on this glorious sea. Never had we seen such colors on water. We may never see them surpassed. It was a foretaste of the sea of glass.

Our students are wild with delight as their friends rush up the gang-plank. Look at these groups of Hawaiian boys in the water. They are great masculine—decidedly masculine—water-nymphs. They are out for the opportunity to dive for nickels which the passengers may toss into the water. Nickels are thrown. The boys dash for them, swimming, struggling, diving. Up they come with the nickels in their mouths. Other nickels are thrown, and the process is repeated until the ship is docked. Yes, this is Honolulu. See the groups of native Hawaiians, barefooted boys and girls and men. See the women dressed in their "mother-hubbards." The missionary women taught their mothers to wear this dress in exchange for the garments

which Mother Nature gave. Now these dresses have become a feature in the life of these islands. Observe the commingling of races—Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese, native Hawaiians, German, British, and American. We quickly pass the customs and soon are on our way to the hotel. It is Friday noon, June twenty-first. Balmy is the air; soft and sweet is every breath. We are told that it would be equally balmy if we were landing in January instead of June. The long-cherished hope has reached fruition; we are among the Hawaiian Islands.

IN HONOLULU.—No sooner is our room secured than we are out to see the strange city. It is unique; it fascinates. This writer comes, as he supposes, as a stranger. But a Honolulu welcome is an experience not soon to be forgotten. Such cordiality cannot be surpassed. That evening calls were received from Rev. Douglass Putnam Birnie, pastor of the Central Union Church; from Rev. T. D. Garvin, pastor of the Christian Church; and on Saturday from Doctors Hyde and Bingham, and Mrs. Coan, the widow of the distinguished Dr. Titus Coan. Saturday a long drive was taken with Mr. Garvin through the palm-shaded streets and among the tropical charms of the fields, and past the beautiful homes of wealth.

Then came dinner at the home of Mr. Birnie. Mr. Birnie was a student in the Union Theological Seminary, New York. He came here a few months ago from Boston. His posi-

tion here is difficult and correspondingly influential. His church is nominally a union church; it is really a Congregational church. In it have been and are members of Baptist and several other churches; but now the different denominations are beginning to organize, and soon there will be many churches. Mrs. Birnie is a New York lady, and is socially and religiously a true helpmeet to her husband in his responsible position. The pastor of this church needs to be wise as a serpent, harmless as a dove, and yet aggressive as a lion.

Most interesting was it at table to eat for the first time the *taro*, which enters in many forms so largely into the food, both of the native and adopted Hawaiians. After dinner I drove to the closing entertainment of the Kamehameha school for girls. It is not surprising that the Hawaiians who were in a New York church some time ago smiled at the pastor's pronunciation of that word; he can pronounce it more correctly now. Deeply interesting was it to reflect, as one listened to the recitations, essays, and other exercises of these girls, that two generations ago their fathers and mothers were naked savages. Here is a proof of the value of missions. There is now on the part of certain classes here criticism of the missionaries; but let it be remembered that they, with God's help, have transformed this land. They have made parts once a desert, and marked by the mirage, literally blossom as the rose. Saturday was a busy and delightful day.

A BUSY SUNDAY.—Can one get away from work? A Christian man in good health ought not to get away from work. True rest is in change of work and scene and not in indolence. Sunday, June twenty-third, was especially busy. One might fill columns with an account of the day's work and the historic associations which it suggested; but here there is room for only brief mention. Under the guidance of Rev. O. P. Emerson, corresponding secretary of the Hawaiian Board, whose knowledge of all that pertains to these islands is encyclopedic, a visit at 10 A. M. was made to the Sunday-school of the Kawaihau Church. This building was erected in 1839. It represents the very heart of the religious work here. It is intimately associated with the honored names of Bingham, Armstrong, Clarke, and Parker. Hon. W. R. Castle, just appointed minister to Washington, is the superintendent of the school. As we arrived he was entering on his duties for the morning. Here Rev. Sereno E. Bishop, the author of the recent articles on Hawaii in the "Independent," was met; also Rev. J. Kawlaune, a veteran legislator and once a pastor; also the wife of Rev. J. K. Josepa, a man who stood heroically against the corruptions of the royalist period. Back of the church is the modest burial place of such missionary heroes as Armstrong, Castle, Cooke, and other fathers of the early days.

Then we hasten to the Chinese Sunday-school. This mission was founded by Mr. Damon. It is now under the charge of his son, Mr. F. W.

Damon, whose brother, Hon. S. M. Damon, is minister of finance. Here is the first Chinese Young Men's Christian Association of the world. It is most interesting to see how God widens the field of missionary labors. These missionaries came to labor for native Hawaiians, and now God has sent to this field thousands of Chinese, Japanese, and Portuguese. Next we drove to the Japanese mission. This work was begun in 1888. The Lyceum was generously given to the work by the Waterhouse family. Then we passed Queen Emma Hall, where Mrs. Coleman started free kindergarten schools. We next visited the native Hawaiian church, called the Kaumakapili, built by the missionary, Rev. Lowell Smith, who for many years was the pastor. Mrs. B. Y. Dillingham was the superintendent of the school. Mr. Emerson was the interpreter of the brief address which this writer gave here.

Then we hastened to the Central Union Church, where the writer preached, the pastor, Rev. D. P. Birnie, leading in the worship. This church was recently built at a cost of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars; it is entirely out of debt. One can find few more intelligent and delightful congregations. Graduates of many of our leading American colleges are found in the audience. Here President Dole, Chief Justice Judd, senators, representatives, and many others prominent in the political, social, and business life of these islands, worship. This has been called the "court" church. Great

care is needed at this critical time that all the affairs of the church be wisely managed in their relations to the government on the one side, and to the opposing elements on the other. From this church go the money, the brain, and the management of much of the missionary work in all the Hawaiian Islands.

In the afternoon we visited the Portuguese school. This school delighted the heart, but we have not sufficient space to speak of it at length. Then we drove to the Lunalilo Home, which was founded by King Lunalilo as a home for aged and destitute Hawaiians. Here another brief address was made, and Mr. Emerson again acted as interpreter. On our way back we took a look at the hospital.

About a year ago Rev. T. D. Garvin came from California to Honolulu. He found that there was need of a church of the Disciples. Soon it was organized, taking simply the name Christian Church. He has worked heroically and successfully. Already a goodly number have been baptized. A good work is going forward among the Japanese, and several prominent white men of various nationalities have confessed Christ and been baptized. Worship is held in what is known as Harmony Hall. Seldom has the writer more enjoyed preaching than he did here on this Sunday evening. The rooms were quite full and the attention was close and the spirit of the service most tender. At the close of the service the Hon. and Mrs. Albert S. Willis were met. Mr. Willis is envoy extraordinary and minister plen-

ipotentiary of the United States of America—such is the full title—to this Republic. They were present at the morning service also. Mr. Willis belongs to the Christian Church. He enjoys the confidence and esteem of all classes here, alike for his worth as a man and for his wisdom as American minister.

Sunday was a busy day; Monday is scarcely less so. The "Australia" goes back this afternoon to San Francisco, and all mail matter must soon be on board. No one is lonely in this lovely land. This is lotus-land indeed; here Tennyson might have located his lotus-eaters. Friends are met constantly. "How do you do? I heard you four weeks ago in your own pulpit." Another says, "I heard your last sermon in Boston last summer"; another, "I knew you by your picture in the 'Christian Herald.'" To-morrow we start for our visit to the volcano. This journey will take a week; then back for the "glorious Fourth"; then a lecture for the Young Men's Christian Association, and other addresses.

IV

VISITING THE VOLCANO

WE left Honolulu on Tuesday, June 25, at 2 P. M., on board the little steamer "Kinau." The trip is toward the windward islands of the group, and of these Hawaii, with its fountain of everlasting fire, is the largest. The island of Hawaii gives its name to the entire group. Prof. James D. Dana, whose recent death has caused genuine sorrow, not only in the United States, but throughout the world, visited this island in 1841, and a second time in 1887. He made a careful study of the volcanoes here, as also those of the rest of the world. To him the world owes much for his careful investigations and his admirable descriptions.

The passengers from Honolulu to Hilo were a strangely assorted company. In the steerage were Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese, and native Hawaiian men, women, and children. They lay about promiscuously among their bags and bundles. When seasick they were both an amusing and a pitiable assortment of humanity. There was also an interesting company of boys and girls from the Kamehameha schools, from Oahu College, and from still other institutions of learning in Honolulu. These young people

were of all shades of color, and of as many races; one was a prince from Ponape, one of the Caroline Islands. Although not of Hawaiian blood, an exception was made in his case, and he was admitted into a school intended especially for the children of the native Hawaiians.

A most interesting passenger is a gentleman who bears the name of a distinguished family in Kentucky, Rev. Stephen L. Desha. This is a well-known Kentucky name, and the name has a remarkable history in connection with this worthy gentleman. There is a story of a wild life in Kentucky and elsewhere in the "States"; then a grave crime was suspected; a duel was fought; then a hasty flight; then a long silence. Then an American married a Hawaiian woman on the island of Maui. Several children were born; the eldest was Stephen. When he was but fourteen his father died; but the boy was educated in missionary schools, was early converted, and in due time was ordained as a preacher among the natives. His second pastorate was at Hilo (pronounce the vowels after the continental method) where he was greatly honored for his worth and work. He is fair-haired and light of complexion and has blue eyes. He laughingly says that the natives always speak of him as having a cat's eyes. He married a Hawaiian woman. She is now dead, but there are four children; two of them quite dark, two comparatively light. He had been to Honolulu to attend the meeting of the Hawaiian Board of Missions; he then remained two weeks to bring his

and other children home from their schools. It was interesting, and a little pathetic, to see this noble man with his "dusky" and motherless children. He is a great power in all these islands. His use of English is reasonably good, and he often acts as an interpreter and always as a mediator between the native Hawaiians and the Americans. His children constantly spoke English, and sang college songs familiar in all American schools and colleges. He fears that his children will entirely forget their mother and their mother's tongue. He was an agreeable companion, and his information regarding the islands, their strange history, and their wild traditions, was as useful as it was interesting.

The wife of the Rev. C. W. Hill, of Hilo, was another passenger, and she also was returning from the meeting of the Hawaiian Board. Her husband is pastor of the Foreign Hilo Church, that is, the church made up of all who are not Hawaiians, and including Americans, Scotch, English, and others who have found a home in Hilo. There were also native Hawaiians in the first cabin, some of whom were said to be stout royalists, and so not in sympathy with the republic; but they were submissive in their obedience and very cautious in their speech. Mr. Eugene Koop, of New York, who had been a fellow-passenger on the "Australia" from San Francisco, was the writer's cabin mate. There were Americans on their way to sugar plantations and to other places of industry in Hawaii.

There was also with us Miss Carter, of Hon-

olulu, the sister of the late Hon. Charles L. Carter, who visited Washington in the interests of the islands, and who was shot during the recent rebellion. His death saddened the people of all shades of political opinion. He was a brilliant young man, and he left a wife and two young children. Miss Carter is the niece of Chief Justice Judd, and is an enthusiastic Hawaiian. Although she has traveled in many countries she always returns with glowing patriotism to her island home.

MOLOKAI.—Soon after leaving Honolulu we entered the channel between the islands of Oahu and Molokai, where the water was rough and many passengers became ill. The "Kinau" is no doubt a great improvement on her predecessor, the "Like Like," whose passengers mostly camped out on deck; the "Kinau" has state-rooms and reasonable comforts. But it now rolled and pitched, and pitched and rolled, until there was an absence of passengers from the decks, and silence reigned throughout the ship. Before evening we passed Molokai, the mysterious home of the exiled lepers. Leprosy abounds in these islands, about one out of every hundred natives being so afflicted. The disease is closely associated with other diseases, and especially with one other on which the curse of God peculiarly rests. The visits of sailors from many countries and for several generations, and the violation of moral laws incident to these visits, together with poor living and many forms of

violation of sanitary laws, will account for the prevalence of this fearful disease. It seems now to be a taint in the Hawaiian blood. It is receiving the most careful study of medical experts in all parts of the world; there is a hospital in Honolulu in which experiments are constantly made. The disease is closely watched, and the Board of Health will leave no method of cure untried. But few Anglo-Saxons have been attacked, the victims being mostly Hawaiians, Portuguese, and natives of different islands in the Pacific; and the victims are, for the most part, those whose violations of sanitary and moral laws made them susceptible to almost any foul disease. The Protestant people of Honolulu—especially those of the missionary circles—have done much for the lepers; they have built homes and furnished nurses and religious workers. The Romanists have done the minimum of labor, but have reaped the maximum of honor. They claim, and doubtless justly, the majority of the victims. The newspapers at the time of Father Damien's death gave broad hints as to his life and the manner in which it was believed that he had contracted the disease; these hints are emphatically repeated here. No one wishes to detract from the honor due to the Roman Church for her work here, but neither ought any one to fail to give honor to Protestants, to whose liberality this place of refuge is so largely indebted, and who to-day furnish noble nurses and pastors to live with and labor for the victims of this fearful disease.

OTHER ISLANDS.—We pass near Maui, Lanai, and Kahoolawe. At Lahaina on Maui we drop anchor. This village has been described as "a little slice of civilization beached on the shore of barbarism." It is a drowsy and dreamy village, with only one street, and that one with but one side, for the sloping sands of the sea form its lower edge. There are houses overhung with green trees and with hammocks invitingly swung in the verandas. It is truly a tropical scene which this quaint village presents. Once it was a favorite resort of the Kamehamehas, whose name is associated with all that is most heroic in the history of these seagirt isles. I have found a poem on Lahaina, from which a few characteristic lines are selected :

Where the new-comer
In deathless summer
Dreams away troubles ;
When the grape blossoms
And blows its sweet bubbles ;

Where from the long leaves
The fresh dew is shaken ;
Where the wind sleeps
And where the birds waken.

The next morning we are at Maalaea and soon at Makena. Yonder, far above, is Ulupalakua, "ripe bread-fruit for the gods." It rises two thousand feet above us, and its cool air comes down to temper the heat of the tropical sun. Here is Kawaihae,—the spelling begins to be less difficult,—with the ruins of the great stone temple,

or "*heiau*," to the gods which once stood on the shore. Every spot is suggestive of the great battles of the Kamehamehas, and Mr. Desha repeats the stirring traditions of the wild days in the remote past. Near here is a great cattle ranch owned by an American named Morris, and near here are also some large sugar plantations. At Kealakekua, on the west coast of Hawaii, Captain Cook was killed by the natives in 1779, and there a monument has been erected to him. The place is interesting also geologically on account of the great cliffs which face the sea.

At different places in the vicinity we discharge freight and livestock, the latter being literally dropped into the sea. At one place, there being no docks at any of these landings, a rope was connected with the ship and worked by a donkey-engine on the shore, and mules were pushed into the sea, falling with a great splash. On coming up they struggled to get into the boat which the rope was hauling to the shore, but the sailors firmly held their heads, the rope was rapidly pulled and the boats with the mules, swimming and splashing, was speedily dragged to the shore. Perhaps they were more frightened than hurt, but they certainly were very much frightened and the entire process seemed very cruel.

HAWAII.—At Kawaihae we first touched the island of Hawaii. This island is nearly triangular; its greatest length from north to south is ninety-three miles, and its extreme width is eighty miles. Its mountain slopes, as a rule, are

gentle; it has five volcanic mountains, and is marked by an almost entire absence of rivers, except on the north and northeast slopes. The side of the island as we approach Hilo is a series of magnificent precipices; sometimes they overhang the sea; sometimes they are perpendicular. One's gaze is fascinated by this remarkable coastline as the boat advances. We soon reach, as the evening of the second day comes on, the glorious valley of Waipio. Between green and lofty heights are verdant valleys. In a distance of about sixty miles there are ninety-two ravines, and in each ravine there is a torrent rushing down to the sea. Some of these torrents are superb cascades, one of them making a leap of eleven thousand seven hundred feet from the clouds and falling into a forest of bread-fruit trees. After every heavy shower these streams leap over the rocks and fall into the deep valley. One traveler speaks of this region as a veritable realization of the dream of the lotus-eaters as given by Tennyson:

In the afternoon they came unto a land,
In which it seemed always afternoon.
All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.
Full-faced above the valley stood the moon;
And like a downward smoke, the slender stream
Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.

A land of streams! Some, like a downward smoke,
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;
And some thro' wavering lights and shadows broke,
Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.

They saw the gleaming river seaward flow
From the inner land : far off, three mountain-tops,
Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,
Stood sunset-flushed : and, dew'd with showery drops,
Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse.

In the main this description is accurate ; it would seem as if it had been written for this place. Near here the boat stopped, and in the darkness, tossing about in the landing boat, a lady with nurse and baby left us. She with her baby in her arms was to ride a horse for two hours over the gulches to her home. She left us joyfully ; indeed, the fate which one should encounter would have to be fearful not to be better than tossing about on our boat as she lay here in the trough of the waves.

ARRIVING AT HILO.—We try to hold ourselves in our berths by pressing our knees on one side and our backs on the other as we voyage on to Hilo, our port of destination. The boat is advertised to make the trip in twenty-four hours, but it took us thirty-six. The boats are especially intended to carry freight, and they often wait long to load and to unload. At 2 A. M. we were aroused. This was Hilo. Down the swaying ladder we descended and into the dancing boat we jumped or fell. It is abominable that there is no wharf at the second largest place on the Hawaiian Islands. It is no easy matter to be very amiable at 2 A. M. in these circumstances. Up another swaying ladder we climbed, then into a carriage for the hotel. There was no one

to receive us. We tried a door; it opened. We entered; it was a bedroom,—good. We tried another door; it opened; another bedroom,—good again. We took possession, went to bed, and soon were asleep. At seven we were up, and at eight we were in the lumbering stage-coach for the Volcano House.

THE CRATER OF KILAUEA.—Until recently the trip from Hilo to the crater of Kilauea was a horseback ride of thirty miles, but now there is a reasonably good road the entire distance. It was made and is kept in repair by the political and other prisoners. Through the straggling town of Hilo we drive; then past acres of sugar plantations; then through other acres of coffee fields. Slowly we climbed. Wonderful was the luxuriance of this tropical forest. Great varieties of tropical trees were on each hand, and parasitical plants of many kinds clustered in rank growths around the trees. In four hours we reached the Half-way House, where luncheon was served and the horses were changed. The round-trip tickets include all expenses until we return to Honolulu. This house was kept by a young man who once lived near Chicago. Could anything be more lonely than his life now? We passed huts of a few feet square in which natives lived. Then we reached tasteful and really pretty homes in a clearing. The head of the house came out for his mail. Sometimes he was a Portuguese, but usually he was an American. See his ornate grounds, the rich tropical

plants with their great leaves and bright colors. See also his tree-fern walks,—a soft, dry, and comparatively durable walk,—his neat fences and gates. He has a little coffee patch near the cottage, and, within, an American wife with her children. It was all very strange; it seemed almost a dream. See the joy of these men as they get the foreign mail, a mail from the "States." How much these letters mean! How much this local paper from the old home and the other papers from the great city! Up we climb; the seats are getting hard and our backs tired. But here we are at the Volcano House.

It is a good hotel, and is under the direction of the steamship company. We are on the brink of the crater of Kilauea. We have climbed four thousand four hundred and forty feet above the sea level since eight o'clock this morning. The air is very bracing and cool. Overcoats while riding were comfortable. We notice fires in the office and parlor of the hotel on this Thursday, June 27, in this island of the Pacific below the Tropic of Cancer, a wonderful change in the air since we left Hilo. It is no wonder that the people come up here from all parts of the country for coolness and rest. Some of our party are to return with the first stage-coach of the morning, so we hasten to visit the crater. Let us stand and look about us before we descend. Yonder is Mauna Kea, thirteen thousand eight hundred and five feet high, crowned with snow, Kea meaning white. Here is Mauna Loa, thirteen thousand six hundred and seventy-five feet,

on whose top is an old crater which is occasionally active. Here is Hualalai, meaning hot mountain, and at our feet is Kilauea.

One is tempted to enlarge on the history of these mountains, especially on that of Kilauea, with Professor Dana's charming history as a guide, but only a few facts will be given. Prof. C. H. Hitchcock visited the crater in 1886, and in "Science" of 1887 he gives an account of his visit. The recorded history of the crater begins with August, 1823, when some missionaries visited it. The reader is referred to Professor Dana's volume published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

From our position at the hotel we see a lake of black lava lying nine hundred feet below, which is nine miles in circumference. At its remoter end is a pot from which smoke is ascending in great volumes. Down the zigzag trail the guide leads three of us, another being on horseback. Over the sea of lava in its various formations we pass, a sea that once was of seething fire. We feel the lava hot beneath our feet. Under this crust is imprisoned the molten mass which often has spouted forth its streams of fire from its terrible fountains below. In 1880 lava streams were thrown hundreds of feet into the air. But on July 7, 1891, the crater settled six hundred feet below its ordinary level. On December 6, 1894, the fire last appeared; since then the volcano has not been active. It has been, so to speak, "on strike" since that date. Some of the natives say that the goddess Pele,

the patroness of the crater, is in sympathy with the deposed Liliuokalani. But as one looks at this lava lake, or into the awful *inferno* of the crater, he can well imagine what it all must be when fully active. Steam still rises from fissures, and pieces of wood burned as we stuck them into the blow-holes. Leaping over the crevices, passing fiery blow-holes, we finally came to the brink of the crater, where waves of liquid fire often dash on the shore. This is the corner known as "*Halemauau*," "the house of everlasting fire." When this crater is doing its best it utterly dwarfs all others. Then Vesuvius and *Ætna* are a child's bonfire compared with this terrific sea of liquid fire and flame.

The next morning we visited the extinct crater Kilaueaiki, *iki* meaning little. This is a crater of great interest. The extinct crater of Haleakala, "the house of the sun," is the largest extinct crater in the world, as Kilauea is the largest active volcano. This extinct one is said to rear its dome ten thousand feet above the sea. Here in the midst of these terrific monsters of nature, one is profoundly impressed with the ignorance of even the most advanced science regarding these mysteries. To this region it is a journey of only two weeks from New York and three from Europe, and soon, without doubt, it will be a favorite resort for tourists from all parts of the world. Here the mighty power and the sublime majesty of "the Creator of the ends of the earth" are impressively seen.

V

HILO AND THE ISLANDS

RETURN TO HILO.—On Saturday morning, June 29, through the courtesy of Dr. (Miss) Frances Wetmore, who studied medicine in Philadelphia, and who now practises in Hilo, the return to Hilo was made in her carriage, drawn by fleet ponies. This was a welcome change from the rough stage-coach. It also gave an additional day at the crater and an opportunity for a carriage ride in the vicinity. Hilo ranks next in size to Honolulu, the population of the town being three thousand and that of the district above five thousand. Its houses are half hidden among palms and bread-fruit trees. Rain falls here with great frequency, and the entire appearance of the place is tropical to an unusual degree. Perhaps it is the most beautiful of Hawaiian hamlets. A crescent row of houses faces the shore. It is said that many of the people have little else to do than

To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
The tender curving lines of creamy spray.

On the way we had the opportunity of examining specimens of breadfruit, mango, guava, banana, papaya, palm, tree-fern, rubber tree, the

indigo plant, bamboo, and still other productions of this luxuriant tropical climate. Dr. Wetmore was born on the island, and has been a careful student of botany as well as of medicine.

Almost immediately upon our arrival, through the courtesy of Rev. C. W. Hill and Rev. Stephen Desha, horses were provided, and, accompanied by these excellent friends, we visited the Rainbow Waterfall, saw the flume in which the sugarcane is quickly borne by water to the mills, and the three hills which once were craters, and then we galloped off to Cocoanut Island. What a fine dash we made with our ponies as we reached the hard sand on the crescent beach! Did we race? Well, we soon reached the island. It is just across the bay from Hilo, and it is a gem of beauty. Its Hawaiian name is Mokuola, a name which means "island of health or life." This name was given it because of a rock which was supposed to be possessed of health-giving properties. The superstition was, and perhaps is, that any one who was ill would be immediately healed by swimming three times under water around this rock. Some natives come even now and make the trial, expecting to be cured of various diseases. Tradition says that Kalanikupule, the last king of Oahu, came to this island, slew the king's warriors, and bore away his daughter to become his bride.

We saw also the great lava fields of Hilo. In 1880 Mauna Loa sent out for nine months a river of redhot lava which flowed toward Hilo and the sea. Its progress was slow, but it pushed

forward. Visitors came in great numbers and camped near. The air quivered, the forests blazed, the dreadful river flowed toward the town. Hilo was in terrible danger, and the people lived in awful suspense, ready at a moment's notice to leave their homes. The ignorant and superstitious believe that the town was saved through the intercession of the late Princess Ruth Keelikolani, who made a pilgrimage to the lava stream and paid propitiatory offerings by sacrificing swine to Pele, the goddess of the volcano. The stream suddenly ceased to flow after having made a devastating track of nearly fifty miles.

SUNDAY IN HILO.—Hilo is a restful place, away from the noisy world. Its chief event is the weekly arrival from Honolulu of the steamer, with news of the outer world. But some men get rest in work. It was arranged before going to the volcano that the writer should preach in Hilo on Sunday, June 30. Why not preach? It is a joy to exalt Christ and to be of any help to men. At quarter past ten a short address was delivered in the Portuguese Sunday-school, the pastor, Rev. R. K. Baptiste, translating. At half past ten another address in the old native Hawaiian Church, the pastor, Rev. Stephen L. Desha, being interpreter.

This is the old church in which the honored and now sainted "Father" Titus Coan preached. This ground is historic. Near the church came the natives, two generations ago, to a great grass

tabernacle, to give up their idols, to hear the gospel, and to receive Christ. They remained a month at a time in a feast of tabernacles. A continuous revival, such as has never been seen since Pentecost, except in the Baptist mission among the Telugus, was enjoyed. Thousands confessed Christ. "Father" Coan would often preach nearly all day. To the natives he often seemed more of a deity than a man. He and "Father" Lyman sleep in the cemetery near the church. His widow, the second Mrs. Coan, lives in Honolulu. The stories of his preaching tours read like the records of another Apostle Paul. Death and emigration have reduced the population, but Mr. Desha ministers to a noble company of natives in this church.

At eleven the service began in the "foreign" church; here Americans, Scotchmen,—who are very successful business men here,—and other English-speaking Christians worship. About a year ago Mr. Hill became the pastor, coming from California to take up the work. He holds services in the afternoon at a ranch some distance out of the town. In the evening the four churches, Portuguese, Hawaiian, Japanese, and English-speaking, met in "Father" Coan's old church and the writer spoke at considerable length, his remarks being translated the next Sunday by Pastors Baptiste and Desha, and the Japanese pastor, to their respective peoples. The singing of a choir of native Hawaiian boys was truly fine. The Hawaiians are naturally musical. It was not an idle Sunday, but a happy one.

It was a great pleasure to meet at the service and elsewhere Rev. Charles H. Wetmore, M. D., the father of Dr. Frances Wetmore. He came from New London, Conn., and Mrs. Wetmore from the Berkshire region, in 1849. He has done noble service here for both body and soul. He has made a careful study of the flowers, the trees, and the fish in Hawaiian waters, and in all these matters he is recognized as a high authority.

On Monday morning we hastened to the sugar mill of Mr. C. C. Kennedy, one of the successful Scotchmen of whom mention was made. We saw the whole process of sugar making, from the crushing of the cane to the perfected product. Mr. Kennedy has discovered methods of greatly reducing labor and materially saving wastage. He is as active as a Christian as he is enterprising and successful as a business man. So great was the company on the dock to say "good-bye" that one almost felt as if he were leaving home. A more hospitable people than one meets here can be met nowhere, it is safe to say. I shall not readily forget the good-bye of the Hawaiian pastor, Rev. J. S. Kalanaw, who was the associate pastor with "Father" Coan. He kissed my hand again and again as we parted.

The trip back to Honolulu was marked by the usual rolling and pitching of the "Kinau" amid these channels. The steamship company ought to do better for its passengers. It is abominable that they should be constantly aroused by the lowering and raising of the anchor; but the cli-

max was reached when a lot of squealing swine were put on board, making night hideous with their porcine music. We are hastening to Honolulu to keep there the "glorious Fourth," for which great preparations are being made, and hoping to catch on our arrival a mail steamer for Victoria. Regarding the island of Hawaii, as we leave it we may almost say in "Howard Glendon's" exaggerated words:

I go ; but I have had
At least a little while in Paradise,
With all my heart anear my eyes,
And this shall make me glad.

SENSITIVE POINTS.—It is no easy matter to avoid "snags" in preaching, or in delivering any public address in Honolulu. This fact Dr. Joseph Cook learned to his sorrow in making his Fourth of July speech. In almost any audience are found Britons, Germans, native Hawaiians, American-Hawaiians, and native Americans. The Hawaiians, native and American, are decided royalists or equally decided republicans; and the native resident or visiting Americans, are either decided American Democrats or equally decided American Republicans. Of several of these classes, some are and some are not annexationists. Seldom does a man speak anywhere when so much self-control, self-poise, entire fair-mindedness, and occasional reticence are necessary. Honolulu is in this respect a very cosmopolitan city; but in some other respects it possesses many of the qualities of village life.

The English-speaking population is relatively small, and what one knows all are likely soon to know. When mingling in social and religious circles a great degree of self-restraint in speech and action is an absolute necessity. I have met Hawaiians, native and American, who are stout royalists. The feeling on all the points involved is deep and sensitive. I have seen American-Hawaiian women turn their backs on American-Hawaiians who had spoken or written against the deposed queen. On the other hand, I have seen Hawaiian republicans look askance on those known to be in sympathy with the defeated royalists.

Revolutions seem to be the normal condition of tropical republics; rumors of uprisings against the republic are in all the newspapers and in many conversations. One man said: "I have already been through several revolutions of greater or less magnitude, and I am prepared for another should it come at any moment." The ex-queen is not without supporters and even admirers. Some of this class are turbulent spirits who have nothing to lose, and perhaps something to gain, by a revolution; some are men who are willing to do anything except honest work; some are men who fed royally at the public crib in the old days and who are now outside the breastworks; some are men who love imperialism and hate all forms of republicanism; some of the women who are supporters of the ex-queen were her school-mates in the early days and cherish for her no little affection; and some, both men and

women, honestly believe that she was greatly wronged, and they now desire to see her restored to the palace and the throne. Those who oppose her believe that her title to the throne was always in doubt, and that her alliance with the opium and lottery rings, her insane attempt to overthrow the Liberal Constitution which she had solemnly sworn to uphold, and many elements in her character, show that she was utterly unfit to rule. They believe that her effort to clothe herself with absolute power made her guilty of treason. They also affirm that the pure and unmixed Hawaiians are not capable of ruling these islands. These natives are kind, amiable, easy-going, laughter-loving children of nature.

The question is, Who shall rule these islands? Shall they be ruled by the fourteen thousand five hundred Chinese, or by the twenty thousand Japanese, or by the eight thousand five hundred Portuguese, mostly ignorant Catholics, unable to read or write in any language, or by the English-speaking people, numbering in all about ten thousand? That was the problem before the people on July 4, 1894. It was a very serious problem, and to its solution the best men of Hawaii gave their ripest thought. The Republic of Hawaii was the result; and it must be admitted that, taking all the conditions into account, the constitution shows statesmanship of a high order. In some respects it is an improvement on that of the United States. It limits the suffrage for representatives to all male citi-

zens of twenty years, "who can fluently speak, read, and write the English or Hawaiian language"; and voters for senators must in addition to this educational qualification, have a money income of six hundred dollars, or possess real estate in Hawaii worth fifteen hundred dollars, or personal property worth three thousand dollars. There are stringent provisions regarding the naturalization of foreigners, so that no large number of Asiatics can speedily become citizenized.

Men of very high character are in the government. President Dole is a native of Hawaii, the son of honored missionaries; next, perhaps, in influence in shaping policies is Hon. Lorrin Thurston, who was premier in the reform government under the monarchy, an able lawyer and an experienced diplomat; and it is necessary only to mention the names of Samuel M. Damon, minister of finance; W. O. Smith, attorney general; F. M. Hatch, minister of foreign affairs; J. A. King, an Englishman, minister of the interior, and Chief Justice Judd, son of the noble missionary physician, Dr. G. P. Judd, to show the character of the men who are at the head of affairs in this island republic. President Dole enjoys the confidence and esteem of all the people alike for his worthy character and his recognized ability. Annexation is the hope of these men, but they are not anxious to hasten unduly this consummation. They wish to make this republic more and more worthy of union with the greater republic. Let us give them our

sympathy and confidence, and let us hope and pray that the cause of God and man may be greatly prospered on these interesting and historic Hawaiian Islands.

THIS AND THAT.—There are twelve islands which make the group known as the Hawaiian Islands. Four are simply barren rocks. Of the remaining eight, the four larger ones—Hawaii, Maui, Oahu, and Kauai—are agricultural and pastoral, and Molokai, Lanai, Niihau and Kahoolawe are given up almost entirely to pasturage.

The Hawaiian language has only twelve letters, and each syllable ends in a vowel. The alphabet begins with the vowels, *a, e, i, o, u*. The only consonants are *k, l, m, n*, and *p*. There is a gently aspirated *h* and the vocalic *w*. The language is very musical.

The native people live usually in frame houses; the Japanese occasionally in grass or fern houses. All the people dress in American or European garments. Many white women, for a part of the day at least, as well as the natives, wear the *holoka*, or "mother-hubbard" gown; it is worn without a belt. Natives now are rarely seen only half-clad.

The birds' nest fern is very noticeable on the way from the Volcano House to Hilo. It is found far up in the highest trees, and is often larger than a bushel basket.

The gold currency is United States coin. The only paper currency of the islands is government treasury notes of ten, twenty, fifty, one hundred,

and five hundred dollars. The smallest silver coin is ten cents, but American five-cent pieces are taken everywhere.

Japanese women, barefooted, with their loose garments, and each with a child on her back, are frequently seen. Hawaiian, American, and other women ride their horses astride. Those who wish to be *au fait* wear the gorgeously colored *pau*. This is really a beautiful riding habit, but many wear their ordinary dress and yet ride astride.

The Hawaiian Islands are of volcanic origin. Coral reef formations are found on parts of nearly all the islands, but they do not encircle any. La Perouse, Vancouver, and other noted voyagers have visited these isles. The people were and are amiable and kind; they were waiting to receive Christianity.

Mosquitoes are here in two varieties, one for the day and one for the night. When the day mosquito retires on his laurels the night mosquito comes forth for conflict. Honolulu is as bad as New Jersey in this respect, but it is positively affirmed that in the primitive days there were no mosquitoes here, and that they were introduced in 1826 from Mexico by the ship Wellington. Cockroaches also were imported, and in 1836 the centipede. Truly the Hawaiian Islands were a paradise before the many and varied "vices of civilization" were introduced.

The Hawaiian Islands were named the Sandwich Islands by Captain Cook, in honor of his patron, the Earl of Sandwich, then First Lord

of the Admiralty. The natives, however, always called them "*Hawaii nei pae aina*," a collective term meaning "these Hawaiian Islands." Their position is nearly equidistant from Central America, Mexico, California, the northeast coast, on the one side, and the Russian domain, Japan, China, and the Philippine Islands on the other. This pin-point republic is a fulcrum by which all the leading nations of the world may be moved.

Among the mountains on the island of Hawaii wild dogs are still found. Once wild goats were there by thousands, and the natives derived a good income from their skins, but the dogs have destroyed the goats. They have also been the enemy of the sheep ranches, but now a vigorous fight against the dogs is greatly reducing their numbers. Wild hogs are still found, and an experienced hunter said that he would rather meet a wild bull than a wild boar.

The cloud effects all over the islands are wonderful. The moisture, the tradewinds, and the bright sunshine combine to produce these beautiful pictures.

Honolulu is a city of telephones. It is jokingly said that the women ask "Central" whether their bonnets are on straight.

Near Hilo are still seen the stones on which human beings were offered in sacrifice.

The Hawaiian Band is an attraction at Honolulu. It was established by the Hon. J. O. Dominis, the husband of the ex-queen. Its musical skill is largely due to Mr. H. Berger, who was sent

here by the Prussian Government in 1872, at the request of King Kalakaua. Professor Berger left during our visit to rejoin his old regiment ; he is expected to return to Honolulu.

Old Punch Bowl is a sort of domesticated crater just back of the town.

The clouds are often pierced by the jagged rocks, the sierras or saws, behind the city, and they give forth their rain very frequently. These showers have been poetically called "liquid sunshine."

The island of Maui has been aptly called the "Switzerland of the Hawaiian Islands," and Kauai the "Garden Isle." Its so-called "barking sands," because of the curious sound which they give forth when trodden on, are a strange phenomenon.

The *mynah* is an impertinent bird whose strange noises are not conducive to comfort.

The general growing of coffee is the revival of an early industry which promises great results in the near future.

The *algeroba* tree bears pods which are food for horses. It is also a living wood-pile, giving a great degree of heat.

Beggars are rarely seen on the islands ; where Protestantism is dominant, poverty is rare.

There are absolutely no snakes on the Hawaiian Islands. A man was recently caught by the government officials trying to bring in snakes, but he was obliged to destroy them. There are, however, some scorpions.

VI

HONOLULU AGAIN

We have had enough of action, and of motion we,
Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, when the surge was
seething free,
Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam-fountains
in the sea.

Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind,
In the hollow Lotus-land to live and lie reclined
On the hills like gods together, careless of mankind.

NOTHING could better express our feelings
on our return to Honolulu after our trip
to the volcano than the first of these stanzas.
We would not like to make the second stanza
our creed, although on these Hawaiian Islands
it has more appropriateness than in any other
place we have ever visited.

THE IOLANI PALACE.—One of the notable
places in Honolulu is the Iolani Palace, as it
was formerly called, but which under the republic
is known as the Executive Building. It was
completed in 1883 at a cost of three hundred
and forty thousand dollars. The interior is
fitted up on a grand scale, being finished in *kow*
and *koa* woods, native woods which are highly
esteemed. This building was the palace of the

deposed Queen Liliuokalani (pronounced Lee-lee-wo-ka-la-nee), who succeeded her brother, Kalakaua (Ka-la-kau-a), as sovereign of Hawaii. In one corner of this building the deposed queen is confined as a political prisoner (1895). She still enjoys many privileges; she has her maids to wait upon her; she has beautiful rooms in which to live, and she is at liberty to walk in a certain portion of the grounds, but of this privilege she does not often take advantage.

The writer chanced to see her. In his ignorance he walked out on the veranda in front of her rooms. Some of her maids were seen at the window; a few more steps were taken and she was seen. She did not seem to regard the stranger's presence as an intrusion, and a glance of salutation was exchanged. Just then the guard appeared and reminded the visitor that this part of the building was not open to the public. Appropriate apology was offered, and the walk was continued in another direction. In this accidental way a desired object was accomplished, and certainly no harm was done. As is to be expected, the ex-queen has grown rapidly older-looking in these recent years. She has among Americans and American-Hawaiians here some hearty admirers and supporters. All, in some sense, pity her. They believe that she is the victim of a bad system of past government, of bad advisers, and of defective moral character. There is a general impression that she will at no very distant day receive some kind of a pardon and so be granted fuller liberty. She is, to

say the least, an interesting character in the history of our times.

In a room in the lower part of this building the legislature meets. It is now in session. The speaker is a native Hawaiian and the proceedings are in both languages, all remarks being translated with wonderful quickness and skill by Mr. Willcox; but the necessity of making these translations greatly delays the proceedings. The senate meets in a chamber on the floor above. Both bodies are small, and the proceedings suggest the work of committees rather than the deliberations of houses of legislation. President Dole and other officials have rooms in this building. Strange thoughts must come into the mind of the ex-queen as she watches those who visit the building and learn of the deliberations in what was once her palace.

Opposite this former palace is what until lately was the Government Building. Now it is known as the Judiciary Building. It is a concrete structure of considerable architectural merit. It contains various department offices, and the supreme court and judicial chambers. Chief Justice Judd, whom it was our pleasure to meet several times, was presiding on the occasion of our visit. In front of this building stands an imposing bronze statue of Kamehameha the Great, in feather helmet and robes of state. It is said that the likeness to the founder of the Hawaiian monarchy is perfect. He is called the Napoleon of the islands. His conquests were numerous, his bravery heroic, and his success

complete. The reliefs on the side of the statue represent some of his great victories. His name is one to conjure with in all the islands which he conquered and over which he ruled. On the occasion of our visit the helmet and robes were resplendent in a new coating of gold leaf. It is the policy of the government to do honor to this hero's memory, and so to minister to the natural pride of the native Hawaiians.

This great king chose Honolulu, meaning "the sheltered slope," as the seat of his government, and his skill discovered a channel through the reef into this bay, which is really the only good harbor on the group of islands. He encouraged ships to visit this harbor; indeed, it is said that before the harbor was surveyed he went out with his great double canoe and towed visiting ships inside the reef, and was thus the first pilot into the harbor of Honolulu, as he was the greatest chieftain of the Hawaiian race.

BUILDINGS, SCHOOLS, AND PARKS.—The opera house, near the Judiciary Building, was recently destroyed by fire and has not yet been rebuilt. The Queen's Hospital, built in 1860, in honor of Queen Emma, by Kamehameha IV., is out a short distance from the buildings just named. The Avenue of Palms, leading up to the entrance, will at once attract the attention of the visitor. Lunalilo Home was founded by King Lunalilo for aged and destitute Hawaiians. Not far from it is Oahu College, whose commencement was celebrated a few days ago. This insti-

tution was founded as a place of education for the children of missionaries, but its work has greatly widened. It now includes in its teaching all classes who can avail themselves of its instruction. It prepares young men for Yale, Harvard, and other colleges.

This is a college community. Probably there is not a city of the size of its English-speaking population in the United States which has so many young men in colleges as Honolulu. The whole city was stirred up recently when about fifteen students returned on one ship to spend their vacation at their island home. The influence of the missionaries has created among their sons, grandsons, and others, a taste for the highest education of the times. I have enjoyed excellent opportunities, under the guidance of Dr. C. M. Hyde, who is an authority on all educational, as well as political and other matters here, of visiting the Kamehameha schools. These schools are on the west side and at a little distance from the center of the city. They were founded under the will of Mrs. Bernice Pauahi Bishop, who was the heiress of the late Princess Ruth, the sister of Kamehameha V. The schools are richly endowed and admirably conducted. The appearance, deportment, and ability of the young men and women, whose parents two generations ago were naked savages, are a remarkable testimony to the value of missionary work and to the power of Christian truth. In addition to the regular course of instruction, training is given to Hawaiian boys and girls in

useful trades. These school buildings are perfectly adapted architecturally to a climate in which no fires are necessary for comfort, and they are superbly equipped with teachers of high grade. The money for their support is the gift of the united lives of an American man and a Hawaiian woman. Of the Bishop Museum I shall speak later.

Waikiki is about three miles from the city and is beautifully situated on the beach in the direction of Diamond Head. Street cars connect it with the city. Kapiolani Park is a part of Waikiki. A picnic excursion with friends of the Christian Church to this beach was very enjoyable. The bathing is excellent, the shore being of pure white sand and the water never too cold for comfort. This stanza, from a poem on Waikiki by Rollin M. Daggett, will scarcely be called an exaggeration by any one who has spent an afternoon at this cool, quiet, and poetic place :

O Waikiki ! O scene of peace !
O home of beauty and of dreams !
No haven in the isles of Greece
Can chord the harp to sweeter themes ;
For houris haunt the broad lanais,
While scented zephyrs cool the lea,
And, looking down from sunset skies,
The angels smile on Waikiki.

The waves beat in rhythmic regularity on the shining sands of this beach, and the vine-clad porches furnish needed shade. Here is the spot for the lover of the *dolce far niente* in these sea-

girt isles. Excursion by rail to Pearl Harbor is one of the attractions for visitors to Honolulu.

But perhaps no attraction surpasses a visit to the Pali, meaning "precipice," in the Nuanu Valley, meaning, "the valley of the cool ascent." There is a good road from the city to the Pali, six miles distant. By the courtesy of Rev. and Mrs. Birnie the trip was made as their guest. The road passes among the villas in this charming valley; it crosses bridges where sudden freshets often rush from the mountain to the sea; passes gardens which resemble Japanese landscapes; passes great jungles of cacti and bamboo; passes the home of Chief Justice Judd and that which belonged to his noble father; passes gray-walled cemeteries, in one of which is the royal mausoleum where the Kamehamehas are buried, among them the late Princess Keelikolani, the last of the line; and here also are buried Queen Emma, and Princess Likelike. We also passed Chinese tea-houses, taro patches, plantations of bananas, and the summer homes of Messrs. Cook, Atherton, and Lowry. The visit to the home of the last is among the pleasant memories of this excursion. On the way we passed the crumbling walls of the summer home of a forgotten king who ruled in the early days of royalty in these islands. We rode almost to the Pali, then a short walk brought us to the summit. What a scene then burst upon our view! At our feet the pathway leads to the edge, and we look downward with wonder and delight,

For here the Pali, sheer and steep,
Falls down three hundred fathoms deep.

Behind us the harbor of Honolulu lay, in beauty rivaling that of the Vesuvian Bay, and before us stretched the boundless sea with its many-colored waters and its border of rocks, huts, and gleaming sands. Every inch of this ground is historic. Standing on this Pali, we are looking on the burial place of thousands of the early inhabitants of Oahu. Kamehameha drove them before him up the valley, and on the edge of the precipice they made their last effort to repel the invader. Rather than submit, they leaped, or were hurled, over this precipice. At the base of the rocks their crumbling bones are still found, silent witnesses to their bravery and to their conqueror's cruelty.

THE CLIMATE.—No one could desire a more delightful climate than that of Honolulu, or that of all the Hawaiian islands. Mr. Curtis J. Lyons, director of the Hawaiian weather bureau, expresses it in two words, "sunshine and breezes." The Hawaiian Islands, as he remarks, are "a picket line between tropical and temperate regions on the one hand, and between American and Asiatic spheres of influence on the other." Coming from the smoke of continental cities, the traveler is surprised and delighted at the clear, pure, sweet air of Hawaii. Sunshine is everywhere, it floods mountain, valley, and sea; but the breezes so modify it that one *never* feels it

too hot; though in currents of air one does not take cold. The alternation of shower and shadow makes the rainbow, both solar and lunar, peculiarly bright and beautiful. There are great varieties of climates. Mauna Kea, 13,805 feet in height, and the other mountains but a little lower, greatly modify the air. The rainfall in the Hilo forest averages two hundred inches a year, and in the Kona coffee belt about sixty inches a year; the rainfall of Oahu, the island in which Honolulu is situated, is about forty inches, but it varies much according to locality.

The average temperature at Honolulu is 74° Fahrenheit, and this average taken year by year does not vary by a degree. The average of the coldest month is 69°, and of the warmest 78°. The extreme lowest temperature is 50° (I saw it at 54° at the Volcano House), and the highest is 90°; and Mr. Lyons states that each of these figures has been noted only once in twelve years of careful personal observations. The humidity at Honolulu is not higher than the average in the Eastern States, the average relative humidity being about 72, which is said to be the ideal amount for comfort and health. On the windward coasts the dampness is greater, but is not excessive even there.

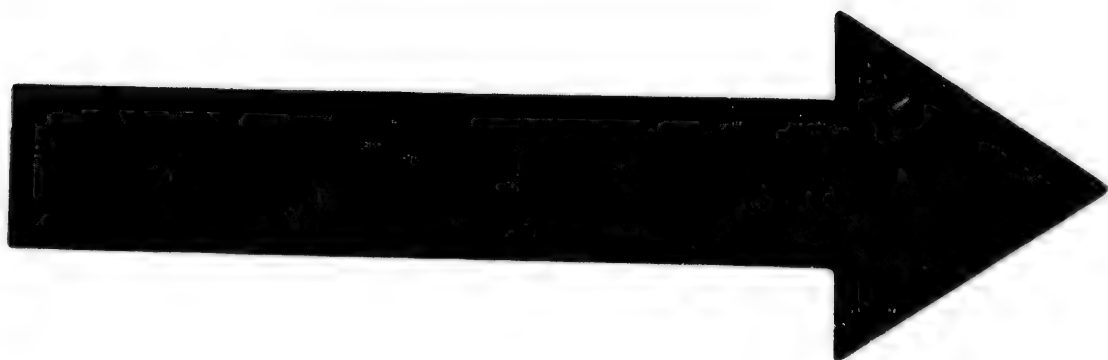
Early settlers here, as Mr. Lyons remarks, adopted East Indian ways, always carrying an umbrella, wearing ventilated or corked hats, and dressing in pongee or white linen; but none of these styles prevails to-day. The people dress as they do in Boston or New York, felt hats and

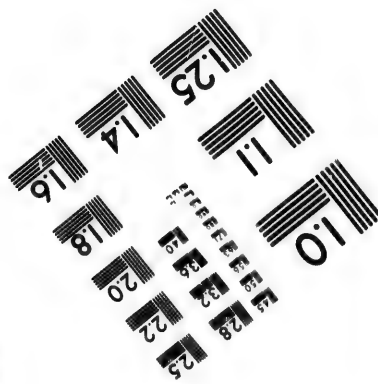
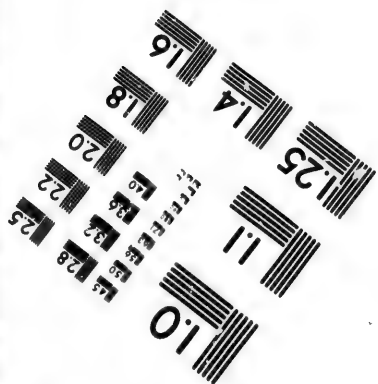
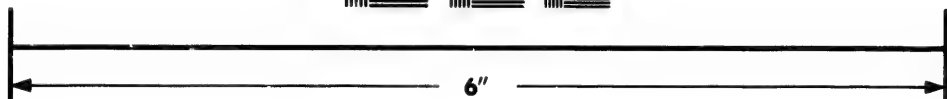
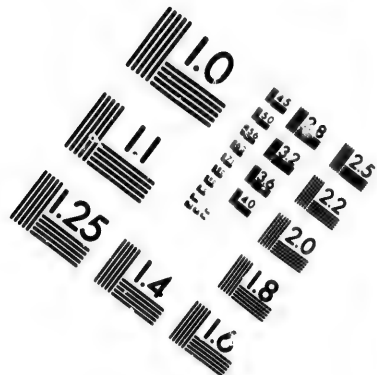
straw hats being the rule; but a "stove-pipe" hat would alarm all the Hawaiian gamins into the belief that another of the chronic Hawaiian rebellions, or the opening of an extinct crater, was immediately to take place. This must be a superb place for aged people, to whom marked changes in temperature so often prove fatal. The white races live happily here, although, without doubt, the tendency of the climate is toward laziness; but perhaps in that tendency is found the enjoyment of some residents and visitors. Persons of weak lungs have been much benefited by the climate; it certainly tends to good nature. Perhaps the amiability of the natives is due in no small degree to the equable climate. After the torrid heat of New York, last May and June, this tropical climate, with its hot sun but cool breezes day and night, seems little short of Paradise.

HAWAII AMERICANIZED.—The Rev. Dr. Serrano E. Bishop, in a recent article, calls attention to the Americanization of the Hawaiian Islands. The controlling social, intellectual, political, and religious influence to-day is undoubtedly American. It is difficult for an American tourist here to realize that he is not in his own country; the whole atmosphere is largely filled with American ideas. But the actual proportion of people of American birth or parentage is only four per cent. of the whole population; still Americans, in all the respects named, exercise the dominating influence. They are shaping the commercial,

political, intellectual, and moral movements of the people. There are more than forty thousand native Hawaiians, there are Britons, Germans, and Portuguese numbering in all about eighteen thousand, but a great many of this number are ignorant Catholic Portuguese; and there are thirty-five thousand Chinese and Japanese. These Asiatics resist assimilation, and care but little who is in authority, living largely apart socially, politically, and religiously. But the Britons and Germans practically acknowledge the American supremacy.

The type of English speech heard here is American rather than British; indeed, it must be confessed, that like the speech heard in many parts of the United States, it is sometimes a little too American for its own purity and beauty. English is taught in all the common schools, and the next generation of Hawaiians will all speak English and that of the American type. The flags usually seen are the Hawaiian and American; other flags, such as the British, German, Portuguese, Chinese, and Japanese, are seen here as they might be seen on some occasions in New York or Boston. The president and two ministers are American-Hawaiians; two other ministers are American by birth. Similar facts exist in all departments of the public service. The religious life of Honolulu is very largely under the influence of a sanctified Americanism. American influence was first felt in the Sandwich Islands in connection with the visits of the enterprising whalers of Nantucket and New





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Bedford. Nearly one hundred years ago this North Pacific was visited by American whale-ships; and from these island ports agile Kanaka boys were shipped, and some of them found their way to schools in our Eastern States.

In 1819 the immortal band of American missionaries came to Hawaii, imbued with a truly apostolic spirit, scholarly and consecrated. They have given shape to the political, intellectual, and moral life of these islands. Other Americans came and their children have intermarried. They have become, in many instances, successful in business, and have beautiful homes. Intelligence, character, and capacity must always win the battle of life as against ignorance, incapacity, and immorality. So long as these laws obtain, men of this character will succeed; and their success seems to be the front of their offending in the judgment of some harsh critics.

There is room on these islands for half a million intelligent, industrious, and enterprising Americans. All our Protestant churches will yet be established here; commerce will flourish and industries will be multiplied when this gem of the Pacific shall have become a possession of the United States, as it certainly will in some form before five years shall pass.¹ That day is coming, and with its coming will come also stability, peace, and prosperity, and manifold other blessings to the great American Republic.

¹ This prophecy has since been fulfilled. "For better or for worse" the destinies of the two republics have become allied. True optimism will discern only the "better" for both.

VII

HAWAIIAN HISTORY

MUCH has already been said in these chapters regarding these islands; but it seems fitting that the facts from their discovery to the present time should be condensed into a single chapter. These islands have been making history very rapidly within the past few years. Not only have they occupied a prominent place because of their own history, but they are likely also to have a place of importance in international history. It is quite certain, as already suggested, that before many years this gem of the Pacific will be a star in the American flag, or a Territory under our control, until properly fitted for Statehood. These considerations justify us in giving fuller attention to the past development, present position, and possible future of this interesting group of islands.

THE NATIVE RACE.—What is the origin of the Hawaiian people? In answer to that question, some writers affirm that they are related to the Toltec branch of the great Nahoa family of Mexico. Points of similarity physiologically are emphasized in proof of the claim of this relationship. If this relationship can be proved, the Ha-

waiians would be the oldest Polynesian colony, and from it the other members of the family would have branched out. Another theory makes all the Pacific islands to have been colonized by successive migrations from southern Asia. This theory makes the Malay Archipelago the starting point of the migrations of the Hawaiians, the New Zealanders, the Samoans, Tongans, and other related tribes. Many traditions, customs, and linguistic similarities support this theory.

We know that the Hawaiian Islands were discovered in 1542 by a Spanish navigator named Gaetano. In 1567 another Spanish discoverer, Mendana, located some of the islands in the Hawaiian group. But it is believed that as early as 1527 a Spanish vessel was wrecked on the coast of Hawaii. The survivors of the wreck intermarried with the natives, and it is affirmed that their descendants are still known by their light color and their Caucasian facial contour; they also have a tendency to "freckle." They are known among the Hawaiians by a special name, *Kekoa*. Captain Cook visited these islands on January 18, 1778. He sailed for the American coast, and returned to these islands November 20, of the same year. On his return he met Kamehameha I., who was then a young man, and he remained for a considerable time, enjoying the unbounded hospitality of the natives, but finally in a quarrel provoked by his own unwisdom and that of his men, he was killed at Kealahou Bay, on February 14, 1779.

When the Hawaiians were first discovered an

elaborate feudal system was their form of government. Each tribe was led by its own chief and, after much fighting among the tribal chiefs, the islands at the time of Captain Cook's discovery were under the rule of five or six kings. A reasonable degree of civilization had been reached. The authority of the kings, however, was absolute. They were regarded in some sense as deities. The common people were oppressed by their rulers and were virtually slaves to the chiefs who gave them protection. In 1790 Kamehameha ruled over a part of the island of Hawaii. He was then attacked by Keoua, who ruled over the remaining portion of the island. Kamehameha defeated this king, and soon extended his reign over the entire island. The flames of his ambition were fanned by this success, and he soon formed the purpose of conquering neighboring islands. This purpose he carried out until all the islands but two, Kauai and Nuhau, were under his control, and by a treaty with the king of these islands they also came into his possession. The visit of Vancouver was made to these islands in 1792. His influence was both great and good. He gave the people instruction regarding God and spiritual things. He strove to settle on peaceful terms disputes between factions, and in every way sought the highest good of all the people. Upon the death of Kamehameha after his long and successful reign, his son, Liholiho, became his successor, taking the title of Kamehameha II. He with remarkable boldness and wisdom overthrew the

taboo system which for centuries had exercised great power over all the people.

FOREIGN INFLUENCE.—The cruelty of the heathen system of religion was deeply felt, and the whole country was ready to receive the gospel when the missionaries arrived, April 4, 1820. Their success, with the assistance of Rev. Mr. Ellis, in reducing the Hawaiian language to writing was very marked. The first printing was done in 1822. In 1823 the king and the queen visited England, and there they both died. The premier became regent and ruled for nine years until the majority of Kanikeaouli, brother of the late king. In 1825 the Ten Commandments were adopted by the government as a part of the law of the island. Roman Catholic missionaries arrived in 1827. In 1839 Commander Laplace, of a French frigate, obtained civil and religious privileges for the Romanists. In 1833 the late king's brother became ruler under the name of Kamehameha III. In 1840 the constitution granting civil rights to the people was promulgated. For a little time the islands were under the provisional control of Great Britain, and in 1849 there was a temporary occupation of Honolulu by the French. Kamehameha III. died December 15, 1854; he was succeeded by Alexander Liholiho as Kamehameha IV. He died November 30, 1863, having been married to Emma Naea, the adopted daughter of Doctor Rooke. Lot Kamehameha, brother of the late king, succeeded him as Kamehameha V. The

chief characteristic of his reign was the abrogation of the national constitution and the limitation of the suffrage by a property qualification. During his reign Honolulu was beautified with public buildings. His death occurred December 11, 1872, and with his death the old and famous Kamehameha dynasty became extinct. He was succeeded by Lunalilo, a high chief, who was unanimously elected by the people as king. His rule lasted only one year, but it was noted for his introduction of measures for the introduction of liberal principles, for the effort to secure commercial reciprocity with the United States, and the cession of the Pearl River Lagoon. He died February 4, 1874, and on the twelfth of the same month Kalakaua was elected king by the legislature against the determined opposition of Queen-dowager Emma. A riot occurred between her supporters and those of Kalakaua, and American warships were necessary to quell the disturbance and to restore peace.

In 1875 the reciprocity treaty was negotiated with the United States, under whose terms sugar was admitted to the United States free of duty. This treaty stimulated the production of sugar to so great a degree that the duty remitted on Hawaiian sugar reached five million dollars a year. A very large amount of American capital flowed into the Hawaiian Islands. The owners of plantations now supplied themselves with labor on the contract system, importing Chinese and Japanese coolies and also Portuguese laborers from the Azores and Madeira. The estates now

became joint-stock companies. Between 1876 and 1887, thirty-six thousand coolies, nearly twenty-four thousand of whom were Chinese, were brought into the islands.

REACTIONS.—The influx of this heathen element greatly retarded the progress of Christianity on the islands. The king was probably always at heart a heathen. The influence of his court was toward evil and that continually. There was a revival of the power of the *kahuna*, or sorcerer. The ban from the sale of liquor was removed, and the whole country was under the influences of the worst elements of the *hula* dance, and a spirit of race hatred permeated native society. The Kanakas found themselves driven from the plantations and their former employments into the towns by the Chinese, Japanese, and Portuguese, who upon the conclusion of their contracts on the plantations then came to the towns and began various forms of business. The Kanaka is a light-hearted, easy-going, self-indulgent creature, and the industrious Chinese and Japanese soon pushed him to the wall. The American Board withdrew the American missionaries too soon, and the native pastors could not stand against the tide of evil influences which flowed in upon the island.

A native political party was organized. The cry was, "Hawaii for the Hawaiians!" Political intriguers, made up of disgraced politicians and native malcontents, arrayed themselves against the missionary party and against all the

better elements of the community. Kalakaua was in sympathy with this revolutionary and reactionary movement. In 1883 this native party had a majority in the assembly. The influence of the missionaries was bitterly antagonized. The king elected an American, W. M. Gibson, as premier and three natives as members of the cabinet. White renegades were found who were ready for any movement which would bring themselves position and power. In 1887 the best American element, joined by the better class of natives and foreigners, marched to the palace and demanded that Kalakaua should appoint a prime minister of their choice and should proclaim a new constitution. The king wisely submitted to these revolutionists. The king thus lost many of the royal prerogatives of the earlier day and the ministers were made responsible to the legislature. In 1887 the right to use Pearl Harbor as a coaling and repair station for vessels was conveyed to the United States. In 1889 it is said that the king and his sister Liliuokalani used all their influence to restore the old constitution.

Kalakaua died in 1891 and Liliuokalani succeeded to the throne. She was born September 2, 1838, and was married to John O. Dominis, an American who had been governor of Oahu, and who died August 27, 1891. After the death of Dominis, A. S. Cleghorn, a Scotchman, was governor of Oahu. He is the father of the Princess Kaiulani, who was born October 16, 1875, and who was heiress presumptive to the

Hawaiian throne as niece of Liliuokalani. This princess has visited New York and is now in England, where she is receiving her education. While this writer was in Honolulu in June, 1895, the government voted this young princess a yearly sum for her support. It was not felt that the government was under any legal obligation so to do, but that perhaps there was a moral obligation to that effect. It was argued also that it was a stroke of commendable policy to reconcile the disaffected natives to the new republic.

Kalakaua was unqualifiedly bad in all his relations to the people. He granted, it is said, the exclusive right to a Chinaman to import opium, and received for it the sum of eighty thousand dollars. He immediately granted another Chinaman a similar right, receiving from him seventy-five thousand dollars, and left the two Chinese merchants to fight it out at their leisure. He debauched the suffrage; he gave the islands a reign of free rum; he allowed lepers their liberty for a financial consideration. He was utterly and absolutely bad. Liliuokalani is publicly charged with dissoluteness of life and of being under the influence of the *kaiūnas*, although a woman of natural shrewdness, of good education, and of some ability in music and literature.

The legislature was soon split into factions. One bill licensing a gigantic lottery company was especially obnoxious to Americans, for they felt that the lottery was demoralizing to Hawaii and also to the United States, as lotteries had

been suppressed in the latter country. An effort was again made to revive an opium monopoly. The Americans who opposed these legislative acts had been leaders in the revolution of 1887. They had large property interests in the islands. They brought such pressure to bear upon the queen that she frequently changed her ministers; but, becoming angered, she finally chose a cabinet that was favorable to the lottery and favorable also to the restoration of the old constitution. Sharp political and race antagonisms now were created, and all things were ripe for some sudden movement of serious import.

THE REVOLUTION.—On the fourteenth of January, 1893, the legislature was prorogued, and on that day the queen signed the lottery bill. Minister Stevens, who then represented the United States, denounced her act as hostile to his government. The queen was expected to promulgate on the fourteenth of January a new constitution, which would restore the status which existed previous to 1887. She demanded that her ministers should countersign this constitution. A great crowd of the native party was assembled before her palace. The ministers refused to sign the constitution. Lorrin A. Thurston, leader of the reform party, advised that they declare the queen in revolution and the throne vacant. Soon Thurston had eighty men pledged to support by force the cabinet against the queen. The queen addressed the assembled natives, urging them to return to their

homes, and complaining that the ministers had prevented her from promulgating the constitution which she had promised.

Finally a Committee of Safety was appointed on the afternoon of that day, and this committee decided to depose the queen, establish a provisional government, and strive for the annexation of the islands to the United States. On the afternoon of January 16, mass meetings were held, both by the supporters and opposers of the government. The Committee of Safety sent a petition to the United States minister begging for protection. He had arrived on the man-of-war "Boston" from another part of the islands. Minister Stevens requested Captain Wiltse, of the "Boston," to land marines and sailors to protect the United States legation and to secure the safety of American life and property. Afterward the Committee of Safety regretted having asked for the intervention of United States troops, but the troops, one hundred and sixty strong, had already landed. These matters have been the subject of much discussion in the American papers and in the American Congress.

ESTABLISHMENT OF THE REPUBLIC.—There is space here only to give the barest outline of the proceedings which resulted in the establishment, first of a provisional government, and later of a republic in the Hawaiian Islands. The United States minister gave official recognition to representatives of the provisional government, and the queen, under protest and impelled by

force, as she affirmed, surrendered "until such time as the government of the United States shall . . . reinstate me in the authority which I claim as the constitutional sovereign of the Hawaiian Islands." This agreement was accepted by the representatives of the provisional government and endorsed by Judge Dole, the president of that government.

The mission of Commissioner Blount is familiar to all readers. He was appointed as a special Commissioner to Hawaii on the seventh of March, three days after President Cleveland's inauguration. His open instructions from Secretary Gresham were dated March 11. He arrived at Honolulu March 29. He declined receptions tendered him both by the Hawaiian Patriotic League and the Annexation Club. Sanford B. Dole was made president of the provisional government in the proclamation of January 17. Hon. Albert S. Willis, of Kentucky, was appointed Minister to Hawaii, September 3, to succeed Mr. Blount, and was accepted by President Dole. The feeling in Hawaii was intense at the time, for it was fully believed there that it was the intention of the President of the United States to restore the deposed queen.

The republic of the Hawaiian Islands was provisionally established January 13, 1893. It was definitely proclaimed July 4, 1894, and Sanford Ballard Dole, president of the provisional republic, was elected president by the Constitutional Convention for the first regular term,

ending December 31, 1900. The story of the attempt to restore the queen is long and stirring. On December 19, 1893, the United States Minister presented to President Dole a communication informing him and his ministers that they were expected to relinquish promptly to the deposed queen her constitutional authority by the decision of the President of the United States. On December 23, President Dole, on behalf of the provisional government, refused to accept the proposition of the United States. This refusal was expressed in a very able document. The right of President Cleveland to control in Hawaiian domestic affairs was vigorously denied, and it was asserted that the revolution had been accomplished, not by the interference of the United States forces, but "through the representatives of the same public sentiment which had forced the monarchy to its knees in 1887, which suppressed the insurrection in 1889, and which for twenty years has been battling for representative government." There was a time of great anxiety in Honolulu while these negotiations were in progress.

The provisional government called a convention which adopted a constitution, and the government was finally called the Republic of Hawaii. There are many points in this constitution which are worthy of our heartiest commendation, and the American Republic might well learn important lessons from this sister republic. The following statement from "Appleton's Annual Cyclopædia," 1894, p. 344, is

worthy of the careful consideration of all American citizens:

There is a president, elected for six years and not re-eligible, but no vice-president. There is a cabinet of four ministers, who are appointed by the president with the approval of the Senate, and are responsible for the conduct of their respective departments to the president, who, however, cannot remove one of them without the approval either of the Senate or of the other three members of the cabinet. The cabinet ministers are *ex officio* members of both houses of the legislature, with the rights, powers, and privileges of elected members, except the right to vote. The legislative power is vested in two chambers, a Senate and a House of Representatives. To vote for a member of the House of Representatives a citizen must be a born or a naturalized Hawaiian, able to read, write, and speak English or the Hawaiian language with fluency. An alien, to obtain naturalization, must be able to read and write English well, must possess property worth two hundred dollars, and must renounce all foreign allegiance, and he must come from a country with which Hawaii has a naturalization treaty. This last provision meets the case of Asiatics—the Chinese, who have been able to obtain a large part of the foreign and internal trade, and the Japanese, who also compete with Americans and Europeans in agriculture, horticulture, handicrafts, and trading, and whose government has persistently demanded equal rights in naturalization, denization, etc., with the most favored nation. All aliens who have aided and supported the provisional government are entitled to naturalization without further qualifications. Electors for senators must possess one thousand five hundred dollars worth of real estate, or personal property worth three thousand dollars, or a clear income of six hundred dollars a year.

ROYALIST REVOLT.—The native party in Hawaii expected that the United States government would restore the queen to the Hawaiian

throne. After the provisional government refused to yield up its authority, the native party remained quiet to see what President Cleveland would do; but as soon as the provisional government took steps for the creation of a permanent government the native party determined to resist. A number of men who had seen military service in Canada and elsewhere, went to Hawaii, and soon there were indications of a possible outbreak against the new government. The royalist newspapers became bold in their attacks. It became necessary for the government to protest against them, and some of the editors were imprisoned. In some royalist houses rifles were found. In the election for senators and representatives the American Union Party captured the votes of the island of Oahu. The late republic was recognized by the United States government, and other powers also soon gave it formal recognition.

A vessel during the winter landed four hundred rifles near Honolulu, and bands of revolutionists, led by Robert W. Wilcox and Captain Sam Nowlein, were discovered preparing for some outbreak. Wilcox had been connected with the attempted revolution of 1889. The government learned where the insurgents were encamped. All was ready for the outbreak. Part of the plan was to destroy the Union Church with dynamite. Charles L. Carter, while in the act of arresting some of the insurgents, was fatally shot. The citizens' guard was called out to protect the city while Lieutenant King marched

with a small body of Union soldiers to meet the insurgents. The rebels were shelled out of their position, a large store of arms was found, and many of the natives gave themselves up, while others in a few days followed their example. Martial law was proclaimed, and many of those who had striven to restore the queen were imprisoned, among them being several leading citizens. The penalties inflicted upon the natives were light, as they were deemed to be largely the victims of half-breeds who were disappointed in not getting the liberal allowances formerly granted them from the public crib. President Dole and those associated with him are men of marked ability and of equal patriotism, which will be fully tested, for troublesome questions have yet to be answered regarding the future of this young republic.

No doubt Japan longs for possession of these islands, for she needs additional territory. Japan is a very small country for a population of forty millions, which is increasing at the rate of half a million each year. Formosa for a time will supply the need for additional territory, but only for a little time. Great Britain might well desire these islands. They lie on the track of her ships from Vancouver to Australia. Should any nation send a man-of-war into the harbor of Honolulu the government would be obliged at once to surrender. All that the young republic requires to make its success assured is that some strong nation, let us hope it may be the United States, will stretch its mighty hand over those

islands, protecting them from foreign foes, and securing peace within their own borders. Then the young republic will prove its right to exist, and it will come some day, probably as a Territory, with the hearty consent of all its people, and the cordial welcome of all our people, into the fellowship of the sisterhood of States of the American Republic.

VIII

THE HAWAIIAN FUTURE

THE case of the natives is truly pathetic. They are, as has already been said, an amiable, light-hearted, happy-go-lucky people, as delightfully amiable as their climate. They were never cannibals, but were disposed to be very kind to the first white men who came to their beautiful islands. The climate probably tends to make them easy-going and good-natured; it probably takes from them somewhat of enterprise and enthusiasm. It is easy for them to be indifferent to hard work and for some of them to be positively lazy. Their tailor's bill need not be large; their food bill may be almost nothing. Under a tree they may lie and pick up breadfruit, bananas, and other fruits with both hands. They grow their *taro* and prepare their *poi*, and eat it with one finger, with two, or with three fingers. They decorate themselves with garlands of flowers, called *leis*; some of them elicit your admiration for their graceful pose and their impressive movements. Some of the women walk with a queenly grace combined with a coquettish dash. Some women with mixed blood are really beautiful, are thoroughly cultured, and are modest and attractive.

FUTURE OF THE NATIVES.—These islands are the most important Polynesian group in the North Pacific. Many civilizations have come to these shores. Once a British officer took possession of Oahu and established a commission for his government, and once French officers promulgated the laws, dictated treaties, and strove by force of arms to make the Roman Catholic faith the religion of the country. But the independence of the islands was guaranteed by the United States in 1829, and more formally in 1843, and by Great Britain, Belgium, and France in 1844. The language is a branch of the great Malayo-Polynesian tongue. The later history is familiar to most Americans, and the character of the present government is more and more receiving the endorsement of all intelligent Hawaiians. But what is their future?

They are dying out. As many as two hundred vessels at one time have been in this harbor, and here sailors often received their wages. Debauchery ran riot; wickedness of every kind was rampant. Thousands of dollars were spent in saloons, and places of vice flourished. At times a corrupt court sought favor with officers, passengers, and crews, by encouraging the women to minister to vice. Diseases multiplied. Thousands of the people have been swept away in a few months by epidemics. The coming of the missionaries checked many of the crimes which led to such dire results; but human nature is still what the Apostle Paul found it, and what all observers still see it to be.

New dangers threaten the Hawaiians. They are improvident, incapable of prolonged business application, and many of them incapable of intellectual training beyond certain moderate limits. The Chinese and Japanese are crowding them out of business, out of the trades, and even out of the most menial labors, crowding them to the wall. Scores of kinds of business once in their hands are now in the hands of these foreigners. Few of them are now at the head of responsible business enterprises. I have talked with their educated men and women until my heart sympathized deeply with them over the inevitable doom of their people. Many of them could scarcely repress their tears as they talked; some did not attempt to conceal their grief.

Another danger is present : their women marry these foreigners, especially the Chinese, in many cases in preference to Hawaiian men. The Chinese take better care of their wives than do the native men ; they work hard for them, and give them homes, food, and clothes. In any Sunday-school you can see children of mixed races. These children are said to be more healthy than those of pure Hawaiian blood. In this way the native race is becoming absorbed. Perhaps there is a divine providence in all these movements. Missionaries came here to work for one race, but God now has brought many races into the circle of their influence. Christian Hawaiian women carry their influence into Chinese homes, and children are brought up

under Christian teaching. The Hawaiian families, for reasons that are not unknown, are small; often there are no children. Strange things are said as to what a father thinks is his duty regarding his family when he wishes to extend a great "*aloha*," welcome, to a guest. Many things thus combine to make it almost certain that the race, as pure Hawaiian, must soon pass away, and one cannot think of some of the noble men and women he meets here without sorrow regarding the future of their people.

THE BISHOP MUSEUM.—This name is familiar to eye and ear; it is honored here as in New York. Mr. Charles R. Bishop was a boy in Washington County, N. Y. In company with two other young men, one of whom became Judge Lee, of the Hawaiian Islands, he started for Oregon. The vessel touched here, and they were induced to remain. Mr. Bishop's wife was the heiress of the late Princess Ruth, the sister of Kamehameha V. A few years ago she died, leaving great possessions, and was buried with many honors. She might have been queen, and probably would have been, but for her desire to consult her husband and the failure to secure in time the needed consultation. Her great estates were left to found schools and a museum. Mr. Bishop, now a man over seventy, is living in San Francisco. He still gives liberally out of his large wealth to add new features to the work.

C. M. Hyde, D. D., is the vice-president of

the museum, and because of the absence of President Bishop much of the management is in his hands. The full name of the institution is the Bernice Panahi Bishop Museum. In 1889 Mr. Bishop founded it in memory of his wife, and thus American and Hawaiian money, sympathy, and love, have sweetly united in this noble charity. The building is of basalt, quarried in the vicinity, and the interior is superbly finished, mainly in koa wood from the island of Maui. The nucleus of the unique collection was the great store of *kapas*, calabashes, *kahilis*, and other relics belonging to Mrs. Bishop and bequeathed to her as the last of the Kamehamehas. The treasures of Queen Emma were added, as well as extensive private collections. This young museum may already rightly claim first rank in *kapas*, *kahilis*, mats, and Polynesian stone implements. Eventually the natural history, as well as the ethnology, of Polynesia will be fully represented.

Nowhere else in the world did the use of feather ornaments, although common in South America, in North America, in India, in Assyria, and elsewhere, attain such magnificence as in the Hawaiian Islands. The birds here were not more highly plumed, but feather-hunting seems to have been a special object of desire and attainment. Here is the magnificent feather robe of Kamehameha the Great, in making which thousands upon thousands of birds—as each bird had only a few of the needed feathers—must have been sacrificed. Here is the *kahili*—meaning

something twisted or plaited, and usually feathers—made by the deposed Queen Liliuokalani for Mrs. Bishop's funeral; and so on, for yards and yards of space, the ornamental feather robes, varying in size from a small cape to great sweeping robes. Here are samples of *kapa*, vegetable fibre wrought into paper or cloth; here are idol gods of many patterns; here household implements, tools, articles of amusement, articles used in war, in worship, and as ornaments; here canoes and relics of chiefs; here portraits, photographs, corals, birds, shells, etc. All are excellently well classified, and when Curator William S. Brigham flashes his explanations on all you see, you are sure that this is the most instructive visit you have made in the Hawaiian Islands. If he could bring this museum to New York and give a lecture on it to our citizens they would be deeply interested and greatly instructed. Whatever else the tourist misses in Honolulu, he ought not to miss the Pali and the Bishop Museum.

“THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.”—This was a double celebration here. In addition to the idea which all good Americans commemorate, the day was the first anniversary of the Hawaiian Republic. So delicate and sensitive are all the conditions here that the committee having the matter in charge decided to limit the Hawaiian part of it to the military display in the earlier morning and the reception by President Dole following the review of the National Guard.

The noise, in true American style, began the night before, and it was kept up apparently all night. There was but little sleeping in Honolulu that night. Very early in the morning there were boat racing, horse racing, and parades by the "horribles," and other fantastic organizations. Then came the very creditable military display, followed by the formal reception given by President Dole. This was attended by the representatives of foreign governments, by the tourists, and by the people very generally. The reception was given in the hall of the Representatives, Mrs. Dole and other prominent women assisting. Hearty congratulations were given the president on the first anniversary of the Hawaiian Republic.

At eleven the president left to attend the literary exercises at Independence Park. He went there simply as a private citizen. It was arranged that this part of the celebration of the day should be distinctively American, and that Minister Willis should preside. Indeed, the meeting to make arrangements for the celebration was called by Mr. Willis, and after consultation with Americans and American-Hawaiians, Minister Willis courteously waited until the arrival of President Dole before calling the meeting to order. When it was seen that he had entered the pavilion the audience arose to do him honor. President Dole does not seek such manifestations, and it is also said that some of the people would prefer not to give them, as they savor too much of the old customs of royalty.

Three cheers, however, were given in honor of the republic's first president; they were honest cheers, but not remarkable for enthusiasm. President Dole does better than merely excite enthusiasm; he commands respect, evokes appreciation, and creates confidence.

Prayer was offered by Rev. D. P. Birnie; then all joined in singing "America." Mr. Willis opened the speaking with a brief, finished, and patriotic address, and then gracefully introduced Dr. Joseph Cook, his steamer being courteously detained that he might deliver an address. Doctor Cook spoke with his characteristic ability in making broad and rapid generalizations and suggestive national prophecies. He congratulated the people that in our day when a crown falls it is pulverized, that in the Hawaiian Republic there is no color line, and that the republic is founded on "Northern principles." He then proceeded to answer the criticism that very few had voted for the government of this republic. He had just pronounced the word "administration," when Mr. Willis arose, stopped him, and stated to him and the audience that the occasion was not one for a partisan speech. A vigorous colloquy, perhaps it might be called an altercation, took place between the two gentlemen. The remarks of Minister Willis were greeted with applause by apparently two-thirds of the audience. The reprimand he administered was sharp; the retort of Doctor Cook was sharp. Mr. Willis begged Doctor Cook to remember that he was in the cosmopolitan city of Honolulu, and

not in the limited environment of Boston; and Doctor Cook reminded him that Boston had done something for the Fourth of July. The lightning played brilliantly for a few minutes. When peace was restored Doctor Cook resumed his speech and spoke of the dangers to which republics in the tropics are exposed, expressed the hope that annexation might be secured, and urged the people to show themselves worthy of annexation by showing themselves to be fully capable of self-government. Doctor Cook then left for his steamer.

The Declaration of Independence was read, and then Mr. E. P. Dole, the cousin of President Dole, delivered the oration of the day. It was a well-prepared speech, and though not effectively delivered, its genuine American patriotism gave it a hearty reception. In the afternoon a brilliant company attended the reception given by Minister and Mrs. Willis at the American Legation. This occasion was in every way delightful. In the evening there were fireworks before the executive buildings and the streets were filled by good-natured crowds. There was considerable jollity, but little visible drunkenness.

As was to be expected, the Cook-Willis episode of the morning formed a topic of frequent conversation in the afternoon, and, as was also to be expected, opposing sides were taken with great earnestness. Some American tourists, American residents, and American Hawaiians supported Doctor Cook with much feeling. One American tourist, a member of Congress, was especially em-

phatic in denouncing what he called "the cowardly treatment which Doctor Cook received." Others blamed the committee who secured him and who, as it was claimed, deserted him when they should have endorsed him. They said, with an element of truth, that he was reprimanded before he had really offended. Others replied that in a sermon and in a lecture, and also in the early part of his address, he had given hints which clearly showed that he was about to pass adverse criticisms on the administration at Washington, and that this was neither the time nor place for any partisan discussion.

Both Mr. Willis and Doctor Cook are well able to take care of themselves. The audience was largely with Minister Willis, and so have been the Honolulu papers of all shades of political opinion. It was clearly, in the popular mind at least, a local triumph for the American minister. Mr. Willis came to fill a most delicate position; few men are ever called by our government to perform a more difficult task. There were prominent American Hawaiians who honestly objected to some of his positions as American minister; but they even then respected him as an American citizen, and as a Christian gentleman. The first grounds of their dissent are now largely removed, and their respect for Mr. Willis, in the particulars named, is daily increasing. Mr. Willis has certainly striven to carry out his instructions in circumstances more trying than those in which our ministers are often placed.

THE HAWAIIAN "FOURTH."—The Hawaiian anniversary was not much in evidence. Perhaps it was better that it was comparatively inconspicuous. The republic is only one year old; "unreconstructed" Hawaiians there are in considerable numbers, and there are great difficulties to be overcome. It would have been unwise to challenge unduly any elements of opposition, and unwise to speak with even seeming boastfulness of what has been achieved. President Dole is a wise man and marked by great self-poise. He can be silent when silence is golden; he can speak when speech is golden. His cabinet is made up of men who are alert, thoughtful, and patriotic. The American flag was everywhere; the Hawaiian flag was only occasionally seen on private houses and shops. It is, however, extremely difficult to say just when a man here is an American and when a Hawaiian. Has a man ceased to be an American when he has taken the oath of allegiance to the Hawaiian Republic? So it seems to have been decided in responsible quarters. Then was this "Fourth" American or Hawaiian? Who can tell? But if a man by taking oath to the Hawaiian Republic has ceased to be an American, is he liable to the income tax? That was once a very practical question here; fortunately, it is now out of the way. If all who have taken the oath to the Hawaiian Republic have ceased to be Americans, then the "Fourth" at Independence Park was far more a Hawaiian than an American celebration. Things are much complicated here.

But in any case this mid-ocean republic is moving forward. The people have undertaken to establish here a true republic, to give equal justice to all, and to guarantee the equitable administration of the affairs of all the people. The republic is scarcely an experiment now, for it has shown itself capable of preserving its own existence and of making needed reforms. It is building roads which are opening up large portions of the islands. It is conducting all its affairs with intelligence, firmness, capacity, and honesty. It is without doubt the purest government to-day on the earth. It unites firmness with leniency, and it happily combines mercy and justice. It has shown that in a republic the hand of law can be firm and the stroke of justice sure as in a monarchy. The pardon of a goodly number of political prisoners on the first anniversary of the republic was an act both just and politic on the part of the government. The refusal to grant pardons at present to the real offenders was an act equally just and politic. In due time, it is generally believed, other pardons will follow. May the Republic of Hawaii prosper! May it live long enough to prove its right to self-existence, and to receive, perhaps on the expiration of President Dole's term of office, if not before, an entrance under some form of dependency into the sisterhood of States, with the enthusiastic welcome of all patriotic Americans and with the glad and grateful consent of all patriotic Hawaiians. For this happy consummation let us all labor and pray.

IX

RELIGIOUS DEVELOPMENT OF HAWAII

IT certainly was true of the Hawaiian Islands as the prophet Isaiah long ago said: "The isles shall wait for his law." As early as the autumn of 1809, the Hawaiian boy, Obookia, told Samuel J. Mills his simple story.

OBOOKIA.—During one of the many wars which prevailed among the petty kings of those islands, Obookia's parents were killed. Taking his infant brother on his back, Obookia sought a place of safety; but the child was killed and he himself was taken prisoner. His life abounded in strange adventures, and at the age of fourteen he came to New Haven, Connecticut, with a sea captain. He longed for an education, but the prospect of securing it was very discouraging. In his disappointment he sat on the college steps and wept bitterly. His presence in New Haven, and his strong desire for an education soon attracted the attention of those who could give him practical help.

To Mr. Mills he said: "The people of Hawaii are very bad; they pray to gods made of wood. I want to learn to read this Bible, and go back there and tell them to pray to God up in

heaven." Two other Hawaiian boys came with Obookia, and they were converted to Christianity in 1813. The interest felt in these lads became very general and profound, and as a result a foreign mission school was organized in 1817 at New Haven, with these Hawaiian boys among its first pupils. But Obookia was not to see the fulfillment of his desire, and was not to preach the gospel to his country. Soon after the organization of this school he died, but his consistent life and peaceful death made a great impression on the hearts of many American Christians.

This great Hawaiian field was white to the harvest. God was leading his people in wonderful ways to begin this work, and on Saturday, October 23, 1819, a band of missionaries, including Hiram Bingham and Asa Thurston, after services of great interest and solemnity, set sail for the Hawaiian Islands. The voyage occupied five months, and on March 31, 1820, they arrived at their destination. The captain of the ship which brought them offered to remain a little time in the harbor so that they might return with him. He believed that their enthusiasm would soon expend itself and they would gladly go back, but this captain little understood the spirit of the missionaries and the purpose of God. The missionaries found upon their arrival that the revolution to which reference is elsewhere made in these chapters had taken place on the death of the old king; they found also that idolatry had been virtually discarded, although not chiefly from religious motives.

The missionaries landed in Kalui Bay, and soon after their arrival a consultation, lasting fourteen days, took place between the king and the chiefs regarding the attitude which they should assume toward the missionaries. There are always nominal Christian foreigners in heathen countries who from motives of self-interest are opposed to Christian missionaries, and it was not otherwise in this case. These foreigners were opposed to the landing of the missionaries, saying, "They have come to conquer the islands." But God seems to have moved upon the minds of the king and chiefs, so that they judged more wisely, and sensibly replied, "If they had come to conquer the islands they would not have brought their women with them." The king and the chiefs were among the first pupils of the missionaries, and the king's mother, Keopuolani, was the first convert. The missionaries and their wives gave the people instruction regarding the making and wearing of appropriate clothing, and concerning many practical matters in their family life. In 1824 the principal chiefs agreed to observe the Sabbath, and to adopt the Ten Commandments as the basis of government.

The missionaries and their families were often bitterly persecuted, and their lives were occasionally endangered by British and American sailors. It is humiliating that so often the foes of the missionaries are the representatives of so-called Christian countries. These sailors resented the influence of the missionaries, because it led to a moral reformation which interfered with the

vicious lives of officers and sailors. In eight years from the landing of the first missionaries, there were thirty-two missionaries, four hundred and forty-five native teachers, twelve thousand attendants on public worship, and twenty-six thousand pupils in schools on the various islands. The Bible was translated and circulated, and many high chiefs were converted and became earnest Christian workers.

SOME MISSIONARIES.—Vermont has the honor of having given birth to Doctor Bingham, who labored so nobly in the Hawaiian Islands. He was born at Bennington in that State, October 30, 1789. He was a man of undaunted will, of inflexible courage, of cheerful disposition, and of spiritual consecration. These qualifications fitted him in a marked degree for his mission work. His character was conspicuous for his honesty, sincerity, and consistency. All good men loved him, and he had the respect of even bad men. He came back to the United States in 1841, and soon after his return he published a volume giving a history of the mission. He died in 1869.

Dr. Asa Thurston was born in Fitchburg, Massachusetts, October 12, 1787. He made a careful study and acquired thorough knowledge of the Hawaiian people, and for a time he was the instructor of both Kamehameha II. and Kamehameha III., and his influence over both was very great. It is an interesting fact that for forty-eight years he never left the islands. Dur-

ing all this period he had the full respect of natives and foreigners alike. He clung to his work, notwithstanding his advanced age, until repeated strokes of paralysis compelled him to desist. On the eleventh of May, 1868, at the age of eighty-one, he died in Honolulu.

In 1828 a wonderful revival began in Oahu, Maui, and Hawaii, and it is said that the missionaries scarcely had time to eat or sleep. The name of Titus Coan will ever be associated with this great work. He was born in Killingworth, Connecticut, February 1, 1801. In August, 1833, he sailed with Rev. William Armstrong on a mission of exploration to Patagonia. Nothing was accomplished there. He could not speak to the natives; he and his companions were practically prisoners, and their lives were in danger. Finally they found a chance vessel, and employing some stratagem they escaped and reached New London, May, 1834. But Mr. Coan's heart was in missionary work and he could not be idle. On December 5, 1834, with six others under the American Board he sailed for the Hawaiian Islands, arriving at Honolulu June 6, 1835. Immediately he was stationed at Hilo; and there he remained for forty-eight years—that is until his death. He was the Apostle Paul of that island and of all the Hawaiian Islands.

Some missionary work had been done before his arrival, so that about one-third of the natives could read and a church of thirty-six members had been gathered. He at once began his apostolic tours, and by the close of the year had made

a circuit of the islands by canoe and on foot, a distance of three hundred miles. He ministered to both body and soul on this tour. Similar tours were made during succeeding years. The volcanic structure of the island made traveling difficult. Deep ravines and beetling crags often barred his way, and swollen torrents and foaming rivers threatened his life. Soon he sent out discreet and prayerful natives, two by two, to care for the dying and to bring back the prodigals. They visited the villages, they climbed the mountains, traversed the forests, and explored the glens, looking after the dying sons of Hawaii.

In 1836 a new era began to dawn. Wherever Mr. Coan preached the people flocked to hear, and at the close of his sermons crowds stood around him inquiring the way of salvation. In 1837 nearly the whole population of Hilo turned out to hear the word. The sick and lame were brought on litters and on the backs of men; villagers came from many miles around; near the mission house they built booths in which they could find temporary homes that they might hear the word of God. The population of Hilo suddenly swelled from one thousand to ten thousand, and there was here literally a great camp-meeting for two years. Meetings for prayer and instruction were held daily, and schools were established for old and young. Often ten hours of the day were spent in teaching, preaching, and praying, Father Coan himself preaching nearly all day at times.

At intervals the people cultivated their *taro* patches. They also sought food in the ocean. The women taught the children to sew, to braid mats, to have regard to their persons, and, in a word, to observe the proprieties of a Christian civilization. At any hour of the day or night a tap of the bell was sufficient to call together an audience of from three thousand to six thousand. The staple theme was the great salvation through Jesus Christ. Many cried aloud for mercy. Often the sound of weeping silenced the voice of the preacher, and there were terrible displays of divine power. Often grossly wicked men and women fell in deep conviction. Thieves brought back what they had stolen; quarrels were reconciled; the lazy became industrious; drunkards stopped drinking; lewdness ceased; and murderers confessed their crimes.

There were also certain startling physical phenomena. Some of these phenomena seemed to be divine visitations. On November 7, 1837, Mr. Coan says:

"As we were calling our domestics together for prayer we heard a heavy sound as of a falling mountain on the beach. This was succeeded by loud wailings and cries of distress extending for miles around the shores of the bay. The sea had all of a sudden risen in a gigantic wave, which, rushing in with the rapidity of a race-horse, had fallen on the shore, sweeping everything into indiscriminate ruin. The wave fell like a bolt from heaven, and no man had time to escape. In a moment hundreds of people

were struggling with the raging billows and amidst the wreck of their earthly all. Some were dashed on the shore; some were drawn out by friends; some were carried out to sea by the receding current, and some sank to rise no more. It was probably the effect of a submarine volcanic eruption near the mouth of the harbor. To the people it seemed as the voice of the Almighty God when he speaketh, and it appeared to promote the work of the Spirit then going on."

The work went on during the following year. Mr. Coan labored earnestly in training the children, and among the converts were many of these. Among them were also the young and strong, the old and decrepit, the lame, the blind, the withered, the paralytic, and men and women who had been guilty of almost every sin. Months of careful scrutiny were passed before these persons were admitted, and the test of years showed that the transformations were wrought by a power beyond that of teacher or preacher. The industries of civilization largely took the place of savage indolence. The Sabbath was generally observed, and a large proportion of the people learned to read and write. Churches were built, homes were improved, fields cultivated, and the whole aspect of the country improved. The churches began to reach out in true missionary endeavor to other islands, and sent a considerable number of their members to the Micronesian Islands.

Mr. Coan's later years were given to the

church in Hawaii, and in 1882, during another revival, he was stricken with paralysis, and in his eighty-second year died in the triumphs of faith. He was not only an apostolic missionary, but also a careful observer of nature, and he contributed much to the scientific knowledge of the islands.

The name of Richard Armstrong will ever be held in sacred remembrance because of his missionary labors in these islands. Doctor Armstrong's noble, useful, and honored life was brought to a close by his being thrown from his horse, a fortnight after which he died at Honolulu, September 23, 1860. His family name was still further honored by the noble life and superb service of his son, General Armstrong.

FOREIGN CHURCHES.—There are such public buildings as the Odd Fellows' Hall, Public Library, and the Young Men's Christian Association Hall. Its reading-room, parlors, gymnasium, and hall are all well arranged and appropriate. It is always delightful to the Christian tourist to see in foreign cities the words, "Young Men's Christian Association," over a building. A sense of kinship and Christian fellowship at once comes into the heart. Rev. H. W. Peck, during the absence of the secretary, is ably performing his duties. On November 4, 1894, he organized an English-speaking Methodist church. It has now a membership of forty-three, and it is expected that a suitable church edifice will be erected during

the present year. Mr. Peck is also chaplain of the Senate. There is a German Methodist church here, which meets in the Young Men's Christian Association Hall. The pastor is Rev. L. E. Schneider. He preaches to good congregations and conducts the only Christian work in the city for Germans in their own language. There is also a Japanese Methodist church, with Rev. H. Kihara as pastor. This church also was organized in November, 1894. It now has a membership of over fifty.

Our Methodist brethren are conducting a work on the Ewa plantation for English-speaking people, and they have a Japanese preacher on the Sprecklesville plantation, who preaches to nearly one thousand Japanese laborers. The Methodist Episcopal Church believes that these islands are soon to form a part of the United States, and their work here is put upon the same basis as their work in the United States. Their Hawaiian work belongs to the California Conference and is governed as such, being, as I understand the matter, the only case of the kind in their work outside of the United States.

All the denominations will soon be in Honolulu. The Congregational, Episcopal, Methodist, Roman Catholic, Christian, Adventist, and Mormon Churches are already here; so is the Salvation Army. It is quite certain that a reasonable multiplication of evangelical churches will greatly assist all the interests of our common Christianity, and vigorous, aggressive evangelistic work is needed both for natives and for-

eigners on these islands. There is a goodly number of Baptists in Honolulu. They are now at work in different churches, and some of them are hoping that the day may soon come when they can organize for earnest Christian work in full harmony with their interpretation of the commands of Christ.

The stay in Honolulu was in a sense a busy time in sight-seeing, receiving and returning social courtesies, and in speaking and writing. It was also a delightful time. Nothing can surpass the hospitality of the people of Honolulu. The dinner at the American Legation, with its choice company of guests, representing the governments of three nations, the navy and knighthood, and also three denominations by their clergy, will continue to be a pleasant memory. Baskets of fruit and flowers testified to the kindly thought of the donors toward a newcomer in this cosmopolitan city when he returned from Hilo. The groups on the dock and the fraternal farewells take their place among memory's treasures. To the Hawaiian Islands I give my warmest "Aloha," and with another I sing, perhaps with the exaggeration inseparable apparently from a visit here:

Hawaii nei—of many one thou art,
Each scattered fragment an essential part.

No jeweled setting is more fair than thee,
O em'rald cluster in a beryl sea.

Thy life is music ; Fate, the notes prolong !
Each isle a stanza and the whole a song.

X

AT SEA AGAIN

THE departure from Honolulu was worthy of description. So great was the hospitality of the Honolulu friends that leaving them was not unlike leaving home again. Rev. T. D. Garvin courteously drove me to the wharf, which was crowded with the people of the town who had come to see the steamer leave. The arrival and departure of the steamers are events of great interest in this island city. As I stepped on the gangway two native women, whom I had met several times at the services of the Christian Church, threw over my head garlands of flowers, the beautiful *leis* which form a marked feature in the life of Honolulu.

The natives are fond of flowers, and the *leis* they make with rare skill and beauty. The white people have adopted the custom of adorning themselves with these garlands, and often passengers are almost covered with these expressions of affection and taste. Civilization is robbing the world of the original peculiarities of different countries, but this unique Hawaiian custom ought to survive. My appearance as I went on board the steamer would have amused friends at home to whom this beautiful Hawaiian

custom is unknown. The kindness of these women was characteristic of the warm-hearted race to which they belong.

At the head of the gang-plank stood Mrs. S. A. Gilman and Dr. and Mrs. Gulick and others. Mrs. Gilman's thoughtfulness was shown in gifts of choice flowers and luscious fruits. This worthy woman once had for pastors, Drs. D. C. Eddy and A. H. Burlingham; but for fifteen years she had not witnessed the observance of the ordinance of baptism until it was administered by Mr. Garvin of the Christian Church soon after he went to Honolulu. She cannot now speak without tears of the joy she experienced when she again witnessed our Lord's significant and beautiful ordinance. It is a thousand pities that so many churches rob themselves of the symbolic teaching and great spiritual blessings which accompany the observance of the Lord's baptism.

It was a pleasure to receive the good-bye of Mr. Edward L. Marshall, formerly of the Warburton Avenue Church, Yonkers. The basket of delicious Hawaiian grapes which he sent to cabin No. 27 gave daily pleasure during the entire journey to Yokohama. The raising of grapes of this excellent quality is practically a new industry at Honolulu; it is as yet largely in the hands of the Portuguese, and promises soon to be a very valuable addition to the products of the island of Oahu. The courtesy of the Hon. Francis M. Hatch, minister of foreign affairs, and of Mr. F. W. Damon in coming to

give their good wishes to the departing visitor was much appreciated. The Hawaiian band played national and other airs, the Hawaiian boys dived for pennies; the numerous American and Hawaiian friends waved their good-byes, and soon the good ship "Coptic" slowly glided out of the harbor over the many colored waves; and before long the many colored hills faded out of sight. Honolulu is now a beautiful memory. The boundless expanse of the Pacific, typifying infinite space, is on every side; and three thousand five hundred miles distant are the shores of Japan. To God body and soul are committed anew, as with thoughts of family and church, the face is turned toward the distant coast.

THE SHIP AND PASSENGERS.—The "Coptic" is a good ship. She once sailed in the White Star fleet in the Australia trade, but recently she was entirely overhauled and put into this trade. She arrived in Honolulu a day before her schedule time, thus affording the passengers from San Francisco an opportunity to get a good view of the Hawaiian capital before proceeding on their journey to Yokohama. The ship is scrupulously neat and clean in every part; the cabin and table linen is abundant and spotless. She is officered by Englishmen and Americans. Captain Lindsay is a Scotch-Englishman and, although only in middle life, is an experienced officer. The steward is a mulatto who has had much experience in catering for clubs in San Francisco, and thoroughly understands his bus-

iness. The cooks, the waiters, and the crew are all Chinese; and the captain says that under proper leadership there are no better sailors. It is said by the steward that when he has trained his men for their work there are no better cooks and waiters than the Chinese. They are docile, workful, and faithful. They do not steal, as the steward says other waiters and cabin-stewards always do. There is no show of authority anywhere on the ship, but the discipline is all the more effective because it is not manifested in the reiteration of commands. The table is excellent and the ship is thoroughly ventilated. In this latter respect great improvements have been made on most ships in quite recent years.

There were only twenty-two cabin passengers, and we were all grateful that the number was so small. Each passenger who so desired could have an entire sleeping cabin; and only those who have had a disagreeable cabin-mate in rough weather at sea can fully appreciate the blessing of being alone. Even if the cabin-mate is agreeable and the weather is pleasant, still it is a great privilege to be alone rather than with a stranger. Among our number were two young men who had been with me on the "Australia" from San Francisco to Honolulu; at the latter place these two young men from Milwaukee were joined by an American Hawaiian. They had been fellow-students at Harvard, and were on their way around the world, and having plenty of time and other necessary requisites, they expected to take about two years

for the trip; but some of us for very obvious reasons cannot travel so leisurely. There were two Russian physicians who had been sent out by their government to make a careful study of all that medical science has learned of cholera. They had been in Paris, London, and New York, then they had crossed the continent to San Francisco, and after spending some time in Japan they would visit Vladivostok, and so reach home.

At the captain's table, in addition to the young gentlemen named and some of the younger officers of the ship, we had a small but interesting group of missionaries. First of the number is Mrs. J. W. Lambuth, who with her late husband, the Rev. J. W. Lambuth, sailed from New York, in May, 1854, for China, as a missionary under the direction of the M. E. Church, South. They began their work in Shanghai, and continued in it there until July, 1886, when they shared in the planting of a similar work in Japan. Doctor Lambuth did much work as a translator of religious literature into the languages of China and Japan. He also translated a part of the Bible into colloquial Chinese, being one of the committee authorized by the American Bible Society for that work. Mrs. Lambuth also translated several works, and for many years she conducted the Clopton School for girls in Shanghai. She also founded the day schools for children and Bible women. On reaching Japan both began the study of Japanese with the enthusiasm of youth. To the success-

ful Industrial and Bible Training School which they established in Kobe, Mrs. Lambuth is now returning to put it on a firm basis. Doctor Lambuth died in Kobe, in April, 1892, and is buried there. Their son, Dr. W. R. Lambuth, was for several years a medical missionary in China; he is now one of the secretaries of the Board of Missions, located in Nashville, Tenn. Their daughter is the wife of W. H. Park, M. D., with whom she is now returning, he to take charge of the mission hospital in Soochow, China. The younger son is studying medicine in America, and hopes later to join Doctor Park in the hospital work in Soochow. The children thus show the true missionary spirit.

With them is Miss Nu King Eng, M. D., a most interesting young Chinese woman. Her name means Golden Nightingale Grant. She came to America eleven years ago and was at that time unable to speak a word of English. Her grandfather was one of the earliest converts; her father was a Methodist preacher and presiding elder. There were three children—one, the son, was a missionary, one daughter a teacher, and this one a medical missionary. She was graduated with honors at the Woman's Medical College, Philadelphia, in 1894, and then took a graduate course for one year. She has made a specialty of the diseases of women and children, and has also given much attention to diseases of the eye. She will be one of the *internes* in the hospital for women at Foochow. Her knowledge of medicine will give her access to

the homes of wealthy heathen families, thus proving a golden key to open all doors.

THE CHINESE STEERAGE.—We had about four hundred Chinese in the steerage, some having come from San Francisco and the others from Honolulu. Very few emigrate to America with the purpose of making a home there; sooner or later the great majority expect to return to the Celestial Empire. There was also a number of Japanese going to their home, some of these being cabin passengers. The Chinese pay fifty-two dollars for their passage from San Francisco, and forty dollars from Honolulu. The ship gives them their food with their passage for these sums, and as the food is only boiled rice seasoned with dried fish or curry, and can be furnished at a cost of eight or ten cents a day, the ship makes a liberal profit out of these steerage passengers.

There was no second cabin on this ship, but there was a compartment known as the European steerage,—all who are not Mongolians by this classification being called Europeans. An officer informed me that there was the sum of a million dollars in specie on board. This money was going to China and Japan to pay for goods sold in San Francisco and Honolulu by merchants of these nationalities. He also told me that these four hundred steerage passengers were probably carrying back not less than half a million dollars in specie as the result of their savings. They landed in America without a dollar; they re-

turned to China with money enough, in many cases, to enable them to live without labor for the rest of their lives. They thus carry great sums of money from the United States, and the complaint of many Americans seems to be justified; but, as Mr. Ballou remarks, in his "Due West," the Chinese leave behind them the result of their labor, and this is practically so much money. Their labor has built many of our railways, dug our canals, and forwarded many public works. We ought to look at that side, even while we regret seeing so much money leave our shores, which if in the hands of most other workmen would be spent in America.

The Chinese were thickly packed in the steerage. Fortunately for them the weather was fine and the sea smooth. They squatted about the hatchways or lay on the lower decks; but in spite of the enforced ventilation in their close quarters, noxious odors were occasionally whiffed from them to the upper deck and to the first-class cabin. Some venturesome passengers went once with the doctor on his rounds, and once was quite enough. Here were Chinese old and sick going home to die; some of them were almost nude as they lay on the floor or in their bunks. Some were smoking their opium pipes. Several died during the voyage, and their bodies were hastily embalmed by the ship's surgeon. We were told that on a voyage on another ship of this line there were forty-nine deaths among the Chinese.

It is an article of their creed that their souls

cannot rest in peace unless their bodies are buried in the land of their birth. Even though they are buried outside of China, sooner or later, if possible, their bones at least are dug up and sent home by their friends. These ships carry bodies and bones as merchandise, and do no small amount of business in this way, realizing a good profit out of this Chinese superstition. On a recent trip, when a poor man died his countrymen raised among themselves two hundred dollars to pay for embalming and burying his body. Sometimes sanitary considerations compel the officers to bury a body in the sea; but only under urgent necessity is this done, as it almost creates a rebellion among Chinese passengers. It is said that during a storm they cast into the sea pieces of joss-paper bearing mystical Chinese characters, in order to appease the anger of the gods who, as they suppose, preside over the winds and the waves.

On this trip they played games of chance constantly, and finally some of their leaders secured possession of the firemen's room and opened their regular "fan-tan" game. This they played night and day. At times their excitement was great and piles of silver and gold were lost and won, the manager of the game coming in, as a rule, for the lion's share. There is apparently no skill whatever in this game; it is purely a matter of chance. It made one's heart ache to see these hard-working fellows beggar themselves in this way. It is said that they will play away nearly all their clothes; indeed, some

of them looked as if already they had reached that point. Some passengers wondered that the ship permitted open gambling, but we know how common it is on the Atlantic liners. Some wondered that the Chinese should be such fools, but we know such who are not Chinese.

MID-OCEAN PASTIMES.—This was a trip remarkable for bright weather and a smooth sea. The passengers from San Francisco said that it was just so between that city and Honolulu. They sailed among hundreds of whales soon after leaving the Golden Gate. These dashed along the sides of the ship, spouted the water in streams, and joyously disported themselves in many ways. Day after day we plowed through the beautifully blue waters of this peaceful Pacific. Sometimes this ocean is anything but pacific, but on this occasion it was as calm, with rare and brief exceptions, as an inland lake. For almost the first time I experienced the charm of life at sea, life on the ocean-wave, life when you are not "rocked in the cradle of the deep." Such rocking may do very well in songs, but in experience it is horrible. Part of the way the moon shone brightly; all the way the stars shone with a nearness and brightness which we never see at home. Night after night our ports were wide open, the air was pure, our appetites good, our tempers unruffled, and we were enjoying rest in great and solid slices. It is almost impossible to conceive how more rest could be had than on board the "Coptic" on this trip.

Some of the cabin passengers played cards, and some the various games common to the decks of ships; but the majority spent most of their time in reading. Before leaving Honolulu I got the leading magazines for July, they having come in on the "Coptic." In addition to the literature which passengers carried, there was a well-selected library on board, and at 10 A. M. and 4 P. M. the librarian was present to give out books. In it were some of the latest and most popular books, and what especially interested me, a good collection of the most recent and authoritative books on China and Japan. A man sees in any country only what he brings with him eyes to see, and he ought at least to know the salient points in the history and geography of the countries he proposes to visit. The books in this library well supplemented those already read; it thus came to pass that each day testified to the reading of about one volume on the history and customs of India, China, and Japan. The passengers looked interesting in their white duck or flannel suits, their canvas shoes and light caps or hats, and all the officers of the ship were similarly dressed. We often with much amusement contrasted our present appearance with that of passengers on Atlantic trips when rugs, ulsters, and tight caps and gloves are a necessity. Even these wraps cannot entirely keep out the piercing winds of the Atlantic. When our ship got as far west as 160° east from Greenwich the warm and moist air of the Japan stream was almost too warm and moist for comfort, but for

the most part there was neither too much heat nor cold for an ideal trip.

CROSSING THE LINE.—This was to most of us a unique experience. Indeed, it is one of the notable incidents of a first voyage across the Pacific. This "line" is the 180th meridian; it marks the division between the Eastern and the Western hemispheres, and is the exact antipode of Greenwich. It is almost midway in our course. It is the custom to drop a day on crossing this line. "The day recorded in the almanac as Monday begins when the sun crosses this meridian; it is noon of that day when the meridian at Greenwich is crossed, and the day closes when the 180th meridian is again reached." At this point the almanac is confused by losing or gaining a day according to the direction of the voyage. Going westward we lose a day; returning by the same route we recover the lost day, but going back to America by another route, so far as the calendar is concerned, we shall never recover the lost day. It is not common to drop Sunday or to double it; and if the meridian is crossed on Sunday usually no change is made. But on this ship we had no Sunday; we went at once from Saturday to Monday. It was a strange experience.

Sometimes passengers convivially celebrate the crossing of the line; they watch the exact moment of transit, and then are supposed to feel the ship's keel grate on the line, and they can see the line through a glass especially prepared

to deceive them by having a cobweb thread across a lens. But neither our officers nor passengers were likely to see doubly or darkly, for we were a sober company. But, of course, it was easy to imagine after we had crossed the line that the up-grade of our journey was over and that henceforth we were running down-hill from the great meridian. At this season the ships of this line take the northerly route. No icebergs ever float in the waters of the north Pacific; we expected to sight perhaps another steamer of the same line, but only a whale, a lot of porpoises, phosphorescent waves, sunny days and beautiful nights, marked the trip, which was almost as smooth as a night's sail on the Hudson.

ARRIVING AT YOKOHAMA. — The schedule time from Honolulu to Yokohama is twelve days, but we made the trip in nine days and seven hours. This was, therefore, a record-breaking journey. The captain greatly prided himself on the surprise which he would give to the officers of his company. As we neared the "Land of the Rising Sun" night was coming on and the view of Yokohama from the bay we could not fully get; neither could we get a glimpse of Fujiyama; but we saw the rugged coast, along which for some time we sailed. Many strange thoughts filled our minds as we entered Yedo Bay. Yokohama was only a fishing village when, in 1854, Commodore Perry entered this bay; now it is a great and rapidly

growing city. Then Japan was barely induced to make treaties with outside peoples; now she is their earnest pupil. Christianity is getting a firm foothold, and Japan is taking her place among the great and progressive nations of the world. In the last ten years Japan has made more history for herself than during the preceding two and a half centuries. Within a generation she has accomplished wonderful transformations. This is the period of her "renaissance," in which she has exchanged a feudal system for a constitutional monarchy, has extinguished the privileges of a military class, and the people have elected a lower house of parliament. She has overthrown the usurpations of the emperor's functions by the *shoguns*, and in 1868 she restored the emperor to actual power. She is now flushed with her recent victory and is in danger of being carried away by her military ambitions.

But apart from these graver thoughts there are others of a lighter kind. We are coming to fan land, to islands of porcelain, to the country of chrysanthemums. We look out on the lights of Yokohama. The rain is falling heavily. The ship is stopping. See the steam launches which bear down upon us to carry passengers to the hotels and to bear off the mails. See the sampans which are ready to carry off the steerage passengers, a queer craft with the bare-legged boatmen in their strange picturesqueness. It is all just like the picture books. Out we go over boats and amid shouting boatmen. The customs

examinations are merely nominal; only the contraband opium is likely to cause trouble. See the rows of *jinrikisha* men with their queer lanterns waiting for calls. Here we are at the hotel on the Bund looking out on the bay with its reflection of the lights of ships, streets, and hotels, and we really are in Japan.

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XI

JAPANESE HISTORY

WHEN Marco Polo in 1295 returned from his travels in China, he gave the world its first knowledge of the Japanese empire. In China he had been told of an island called "Cipango," in the high seas fifteen hundred miles from the continent. From this name the Japanese derived the name Nippon; to this they prefixed the word "Dai," meaning great, and so they called their islands Dai Nippon, and this name they still use. Europeans transformed the name into Japon or Japan, "Land of the rising sun."

EARLY JAPAN.—Marco Polo's discovery produced a profound impression, and to visit this reputedly rich island was one of the objects of ambition on the part of different nations. Japan consists of four large islands and not fewer than three thousand small ones. On these islands there are many volcanic peaks which rise to a great elevation; the highest of these is Fujisan, better known to us as Fujiyama, "matchless mountain." It is nearly conical in shape, although the volcanic eruption in 1707 somewhat deformed one of its sides. It frequently appears in paintings of many landscapes though they are

far distant from it. It is sixty miles from Tokyo in a direct line. For ten months of the year its top is covered with snow. Its height is put down at twelve thousand three hundred and sixty-five feet, although perhaps a few feet more or less may be reckoned in order to give it as many thousands as there are months in the year, and so many hundreds as there are days in the year. This mountain is in some sense an object of religious reverence, and large numbers of pilgrims annually visit it. The Japanese love the grand and beautiful, and a skillful appeal is made to this feeling in the location of Buddhist and Shinto temples and shrines. Asamayama is over eight thousand feet high, and it has the additional interest of being an active volcano. Its crater is more than a mile in circumference, and the rumbling noise which it gives forth can often be heard at a distance of twenty miles from its base.

All these islands are, and always have been, remarkable for frequent earthquakes; as many as five hundred shocks have occurred in Japan in a single year, but many of them were quite slight. In 1891 there was a severe shock in the main island, and in 1854 a series of shocks followed by tidal waves took place on the east coast of this island. In Japan, as in the Hawaiian Islands and elsewhere, volcanoes are closely associated with earthquakes. It is claimed by those competent to judge, that the long line of islands stretching from Kamtschatka to Borneo is the product of volcanic action. Without doubt glo-

rious Fujiyama was thrown up to its sublime height as a volcano. Lakes are numerous in the mountainous districts; there is a legend that Biwa, the largest lake in the main island, came into existence in a single night when Fujiyama, three hundred miles distant, was thrown up to its present height. There are no rivers of great size in Japan, as the islands are narrow.

Among the people of the island, the Ainos are a distinct race; a small number of them is still found in the island of Yezo, and also in the island of Saghalien; most of them, however, removed in 1875 from this latter island when part of it was then given to Russia in exchange for the Kurile Islands. Probably the Ainos are the original race. For long periods the military forces of the empire were employed to suppress this barbarous race; but years of repression have made their descendants an inoffensive people. In 1880 their number in the island of Yezo was something over sixteen thousand, and it is gradually decreasing. Physically they are a sturdy people, being characterized by bushy heads of hair, great beards, and an abundant growth of hair on the body generally. They have few arts, no written language, no pictorial writing, and only the rudest implements and the vaguest religious ideas. They have very strange superstitions regarding the bear; often a young cub is secured, brought to the home, and nourished by the woman as if it were a child. It is later confined in a cage and is finally killed when the great bear festival is held. The people feast

with delight on its meat. The men are confirmed *sake* drinkers, a habit which they have learned from the Japanese. Some mission work is going on among them, but as the difficulties of the work are great and their numbers are constantly decreasing, it has seemed wiser to keep workers in more needful and hopeful fields.

The Shinto religion is rightly regarded as the primitive belief of the Japanese people; it is known to have prevailed long before priests from Korea propagated Buddhism. Shintoism is a mixture of ancestor and nature worship. It is now more political than religious. Moto-ori, a writer of the eighteenth century, and the greatest advocate of Shintoism, is quoted by Doctor Murray, in his "Japan," as admitting that Shintoism has no moral code. He affirms that "morals" were invented by the Chinese, as they were an immoral people, but that the Japanese had only to consult their own hearts.

As early as A. D. 284 Chinese literature was introduced into Japan. For three thousand years before the Christian era China was one of the cultured nations of the earth, and long before the Japanese had emerged into a recognized existence the Chinese were a civilized people. No doubt the Japanese were originally closely related to some sections of the Chinese. They early accepted the Chinese written language, and Chinese philosophy and religion. In this way Buddhism, with its priesthood, ritual, and dogma, secured a foothold; indeed, they allowed this imported faith to reduce the supporters of their

primitive religion to a small minority. Everything Chinese was esteemed and its learning was eagerly sought, and respect for the Chinese led to the early introduction of the Chinese system of official rank.

INTRODUCTION OF CATHOLICISM.—In 1542 the Portuguese made their first appearance in Japan; and in 1547 Pinto made a second visit in the interests of trade. On the occasion of this visit he took away two fugitives who appealed to him from the shore. They were taken in a Portuguese ship to Malacca, where Pinto met Father Francis Xavier, who had just arrived from his mission to the East. At once he became interested in these two Japanese. They were sent to Goa, the chief seat of Jesuit learning in the East Indies, and there they were converted and baptized. They learned the Portuguese language and the elements of Christianity. With them as helpers, Xavier arrived in Japan August 15, 1549, at Kagoshima, the capital of the province of Satsuma.

Wonderful stories are told of Xavier's powers as a miracle-worker, although he himself does not claim such power. But his biographers and the papal bull announcing his canonization distinctly claim for him the power of working miracles. He endured great sufferings and performed heroic services, sufferings and services worthy of a purer faith. He finally sailed for China, as his work was so discouraging in Japan, and at the little island of Sancian, while on his way, he died, December 22,

1552, aged forty-six; but he sowed seed in Japan whose fruits are reaped even to this day. In 1573 Nagasaki was nominally a Christian City; in 1587 an edict was issued expelling all foreign religious teachers from Japan within twenty days, on pain of death. Romanists were having in Japan an application of their own doctrine of persecution which at that very time Philip II. was so satanically inflicting on the Netherlands, and they brought this prohibition on themselves by their internal jealousies and their interference with political affairs. Wherever in Japan the Jesuits had obtained the ascendancy they endeavored by persecution to compel all the people to adopt their faith.

Pope Gregory XIII., who had received a delegation of Japanese representatives, issued a brief in 1585 that no religious teachers except Jesuits should be allowed in Japan; this brief was intended to prevent the bitter rivalries between different wings within the Roman Church—bitter then and equally bitter to-day. This action of the pope was intensely distasteful to the Dominicans and Franciscans. Spanish merchants were also envious of the Portuguese merchants who had secured so large a share of the Japanese trade. The Jesuits and Franciscans became still more embittered against one another; if half which each said of the other was true, neither was worthy of the confidence of the Japanese people.

The result was that when Hideyoshi came into power, while the Portuguese were permitted to traffic in the ports they were forbidden, under pain

of having their ships confiscated, to bring in any foreign religion. As a result a number of both Franciscans and Jesuits in Osaka and Kyoto were taken to Nagasaki and there burned. Churches, colleges, and hospitals had been founded and were flourishing. That the Roman Church should suffer persecution in Japan was quite natural, for the Roman Church was then inflicting the most atrocious cruelties upon Protestants in Spain and in the Netherlands. The princes of Omura and Arima came under the influence of Romanism, and they at once followed the advice of the Jesuit fathers in inflicting punishment on their heathen neighbors to compel them to accept Romanism. The Jesuits taught the native Christian rulers to persecute. Now when the native rulers were not Christian they gave the Jesuit fathers the treatment which those fathers recommended to be given to the heathen to compel them to become Romanists. These fathers were simply asked to take their own medicine.

OVERTHROW OF THE JESUITS.—When Ieyasu became ruler he determined to enforce the edict against the Romanists, and they needlessly provoked and even defied the civil authorities. In the face of his proclamation they celebrated in a most gorgeous manner the beatification of Ignatius Loyola, the founder and first general of the Society of Jesuits. The bishop appeared in pontifical robes, and the Franciscans, Dominicans, and Augustinians made a solemn procession through the city. Thus they defiantly disobeyed

the orders which had been issued against such public displays. The result was that many Romanists were banished and their estates confiscated.

Next came the English and Dutch seeking for trade, of which the Portuguese, through the Jesuits, had a monopoly. These newcomers had only to confirm what the Spanish and Portuguese had said of each other to excite in the minds of the Japanese the gravest fears as to the designs of the Jesuit priests of Spain and Portugal. The Jesuit historians tell with delight how a Spanish friar, in order to sustain the authority of the Roman Church, which a Hollander denied, undertook to walk on the sea; he prepared himself by prayer and fasting and in the presence of a great crowd of the Japanese, stepped, crucifix in hand, into the water, and then went floundering overhead and was saved from drowning by some boats which went to his assistance.

I sympathize with the Romanists who suffered for their faith, but they brought their persecution on themselves. In 1616 persecution against them was terribly bitter. They were hurled from the tops of precipices, and some were burned alive. Every form of cruelty was practised. Between 1616 and 1622 hundreds and thousands were put to death, and their heroism aroused the greatest enthusiasm among their co-religionists. A form of inquisition was adopted somewhat similar to that introduced by Romanists in Spain, and burning and beheading went on continually. Some priests renounced their faith,

but many died the death of martyrs. Many endured tortures worse than death, and with a heroism worthy of all praise. So terrible were the persecutions that while in Nagasaki in 1626 there were forty thousand nominal Christians, in 1629 there was not one left who would acknowledge that he was a Christian. Among other tests was that known as trampling on the cross. At first pieces of paper were used, then slabs of wood, and finally, in 1660, bronze plates. These were five inches long, four inches wide, and one inch thick, and they had on them an image of Christ on the cross. The heads of each house, the children, and the servants, were called on to tread on this plate.

Then came a revolt known as the Shimabara rebellion, in which the Dutch took part against the Romanists. The action of the Dutch led to much ill-feeling, severe charges, and numerous explanations. It seemed as if the Roman Church had received its deathblow in the empire. A general massacre followed the collapse of the rebellion. There were about forty thousand rebels, and they all practically were put to death, some of them having been crucified. Some say that many were thrown from the rocks of Pappenberg Island into the sea, but others affirm that nothing of the kind took place.

A Japanese writer says that after nearly one hundred years of effort the only apparent results of the introduction of the Roman Church, "were the adoption of gunpowder and firearms as weapons, the use of tobacco, the making of

sponge cake, the naturalization into the language of a few foreign words, and the introduction of new and strange forms of disease." But this writer was mistaken. With all the vigilance and cruelty of the government, the Christian faith still survived. In the villages around Nagasaki there were discovered in 1865 communities which had worship in secret and had kept alive for more than two centuries the religion of their ancestors. Without teachers and almost without printed instruction, they had maintained by tradition a knowledge of the faith of their persecuted fathers.

The Roman Church has been active in Japan during recent years. The missionaries are mostly French. The converts are largely from the lowest classes, while professors, journalists, lawyers, editors, and other educated Japanese, are found in the Protestant churches. There is one religious newspaper published in the interests of the Roman Church, and the zeal of the missionaries is worthy of all praise. The numbers are, perhaps, about the same as those of the Protestant churches, but the number of native Jesuits is very small. The Roman Church gives the native Japanese in its communion but little freedom of thought or action. When one sees the similarity between the heathen worship in Buddhist temples and many of the rites of the Roman Church he might suppose that Romanism could easily capture Japan, but such is not the case.

We would not justify the cruelties inflicted on

the Jesuits when they were deported in October, 1614, but it is easy to account for a part at least of the bitterness of the Japanese rulers. I have, since I came to Japan, gone carefully over the history of this period of persecution by the heathen, and I am prepared to prove that the Romanists in inventiveness of torture, in cold-blooded cruelty, and in purely satanic ferocity have repeatedly far surpassed their Japanese persecutors.

We owe a debt of gratitude to the Dutch for what they accomplished in opening Japan to the world. The Dutch planted many seeds of foreign ideas in Japanese soil. The conduct of the Jesuits led the Japanese greatly to distrust all foreigners, and doubtless this distrust helped to keep Japan closed for years, and rivalry between the Dutch and Portuguese led to the banishment of the latter. The Russians made many attempts to open intercourse with Japan. So did the United States and Great Britain. But all were rebuffed.

OPENING OF THE COUNTRY.—The discovery of gold in California in 1848 was an active cause of the opening of negotiations with Japan. It was very desirable that steamers be run from San Francisco to Hongkong, a distance of about six thousand miles, but it was important that a coaling station be found on the Japanese islands. Commodore Perry, after many conferences on the part of our government, and many international discussions and painful delays, entered Yedo Bay

July 8, 1853, with the "Plymouth" and the "Saratoga." The Dutch warned the Japanese government of the coming of this expedition. As the two steam frigates and two sloops-of-war plowed through the peaceful waters every height along the shore was alive with troops and alarmed people. Commodore Perry would not conduct his business through the Dutch or the Chinese. He honored the Japanese, and he determined that they should honor Americans. No doubt he relied on his display of force in part for the success of his expedition, but he conducted all his negotiations with great courtesy and wisdom. On February 2, 1854, he appeared again in Yedo Bay. The signing of negotiations took place March 31, 1854, and this first formal treaty with any western country was soon completed. Other nations rushed in to obtain similar terms. Japan was opened, and America was honored.

The Japanese were divided by these transactions into two parties, one of which was bitterly opposed to all dealings with foreign nations. The story is long and interesting and marked by bitterness and blood; it shows how Japan finally came into her place of honor among the nations of civilization. Her old feudalism had to be overthrown, daimios had to renounce their power, and her shoguns had to lose their influence. But for a time intense dissatisfaction and great excitement prevailed. A marvelous revolution has taken place. It was found in 1865 that several Christian communities in the neigh-

borhood of Nagasaki had maintained in secret an existence ever since the seventeenth century. In 1868 the public edict-boards announced that "the evil sect called Christian is strictly prohibited." The Jesuits were supposed to be identical with Christians of other names. Ministers of foreign powers remonstrated, but the Japanese justified their procedure because of the conduct of the Jesuits of the preceding centuries. Some Christians were deported, but in March, 1872, those who were exiled were permitted to return, and, thank God, persecution for religious belief was ended! The Japanese had unlearned the lesson of cruelty which the Jesuits had taught them and from which the Jesuits had themselves to suffer. The recent war with China has brought Japan into the front rank among the nations. She will henceforth sit in an honored place in all their councils. God grant that Jesus Christ may be enthroned in the new Japan which to-day we see!

VARIOUS ITEMS.—All that concerns Japan, with its strangely picturesque scenery, its unique art, its historic associations, its peculiar native life, and its recent development of national power, is of interest to the tourist, the student, the publicist, and the man of business. This far-away corner of the Orient has recently challenged universal attention. Here the most experienced traveler in Europe will find fresh experiences and entirely new scenes. Within less than three decades Japan has emerged from

her Oriental seclusion of the ages, and Japan is being rapidly transformed into New Japan; and the Japan of to-day furnishes a picture of the commingling of the old and the new. It is claimed that the first emperor, the founder of the present dynasty, ascended the throne 660 B. C. While Rome, Athens, and countless cities with massive structures and imperishable histories, have passed away as peoples, Japan remains. The people, while gentle and courteous, still preserve the brave and martial spirit of their ancestors.

The empire of Japan stretches through nearly 27° of latitude, and more than $33\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ of longitude. The islands form a line of more than two thousand miles, and the whole empire has an estimated area of over one hundred and forty-eight thousand and sixty-three square miles, the main island being about fifty-nine per cent. of the whole area. The general shape of the group is that of an archer's bow, the string bisecting the sea of Japan, the arrow-rest being at Tokyo, the capital, which is thus seen to be almost at the center of the empire. Among its mountains there are several which are still active volcanoes. The mountain groups greatly reduce the area of arable and cultivable land, which is almost wholly in the valleys and river plains, so that in the whole empire it is a comparatively small percentage. Besides Fujiyama there are four other mountains over ten thousand feet high, and several others are but little short of that height; indeed, the islands themselves are simply the

tops of otherwise submerged mountains. The country is narrow, and no part is distant from the sea more than one hundred and seventy miles. Lake Biwa, of which mention has already been made, is the largest body of fresh water, and has a shore line of seventy-three miles. Its area is nearly equal to that of Lake Geneva. The population of Japan, not including Formosa, her latest acquisition, is a little over forty millions, the average distribution being two hundred and seventy-three to the square mile. The district of Tokyo, not the city, which perhaps has about one million, has a population of one million six hundred and twenty-eight thousand; there are seven cities with more than one hundred thousand inhabitants, and seventeen with over fifty thousand, and there are forty with twenty-five thousand, that number being necessary to constitute a city.

XII

A SUNDAY IN YOKOHAMA

IN describing the events of this first Sunday a number of facts learned later will be mentioned. The rain of the preceding night gave place to a day of bright sunshine. About ten o'clock a start was made for the home of Rev. John L. Dearing, who had kindly offered to be a guide for the day, and the first experience of a ride in a *jinrikisha*, or *kuruma*, was had.

THE JINRIKISHA.—It is impossible not to be, and perhaps to appear, queerly self-conscious as this first ride is taken. Some one has said that he wanted to ~~crow~~ and gurgle and shake his hand in a second childhood when he took his first ride in this baby carriage. You are drawn by a little man with a mushroom hat and black or blue tights, if indeed he be not bareheaded and barelegged. It has been well suggested that if the *jinrikisha* had pneumatic tires it would give the very poetry of motion, and would be the ideal vehicle of the world. It is generally thought to be a peculiarly Japanese institution, but this is not so. It was suggested by Rev. Jonathan Goble, who at one time was on Commodore Perry's flagship, and who later went

to Japan as a missionary. Some Japanese authorities place its introduction in the year 1867, and others in 1871. It was an evolution of the baby carriage; it was a growth, and probably Mr. Goble designed it with a view to carrying his wife about more comfortably during their various missionary journeys. It is now found in China, Ceylon, India, and other parts of the East.

Its use is rapidly spreading. Great efforts were made to introduce it into California and the Hawaiian Islands, but no one could be found who was willing to run with it. The Japanese consuls in America were strongly opposed to having their countrymen degraded by running with it in America. Running with it is truly a degradation, for it cheapens manhood and makes men beasts of burden. It is said that men cannot run with it more than five or seven years before they are used up. Perhaps it gives the rider either the idea of superiority or of degradation; certainly it tends much to minister to the feeling of caste; no sensitive man, at the first at least, likes to be drawn by a fellow-man who is thus taking the place of an animal. But it must be admitted that these little carriages are wonderfully convenient. They will come right up to your doorstep. Your "horse," instead of being an object of care to you, makes you the subject of his care. He looks after you at every moment. When it rains he tucks you up; when it is sunny he can shade you. He will carry you to the steps of your own house or hotel

and will assist you to alight. He is a remarkable horse. He will run with you in this careful way a long distance and charge you only five cents for his trouble.

VISITING CHURCHES.—Some of these thoughts went through my mind as we ran to Mr. Dearing's pleasant home, which was formerly the home of the learned and devoted Dr. Nathan Brown. Soon we were in the Japanese Baptist church. The streets were muddy and the congregation wore their *getas*, wooden clogs, which lifted their feet two or three inches from the ground. These were piled up at the door, and the congregation entered the church walking on the clean mats in their stocking feet, or with light sandals. Most attractive was the congregation dressed in *kimonos*, bound with the *obi*, which was tied behind in a big bow. The girls from Miss Converse's school looked as if they had been cut out of a screen or a fan. The devotional exercises were conducted by a Japanese helper, and all the people joined audibly in responsive readings, reading with a measured cadence, in a peculiar sing-song fashion. This I learned is the old Japanese style, a style which is beginning to disappear in the New Japan of to-day. The sermon was preached by the pastor, Rev. A. A. Bennett. Next to Doctor Rhees, Mr. Bennett has been the longest in the service of the Missionary Union in Japan. He was graduated at Brown and at Morgan Park, and is a man of scholarly habits and attainments,

of marked consecration of heart, and of equal gentleness of manner. He is a fine Japanese scholar. I listened attentively and feel qualified to say that he spoke Japanese without hesitation; my judgment does not go beyond that point, but those who are capable of judging give him high praise as a speaker of Japanese. The service was devout and tender. This Japanese church in two particulars sets an example which our churches at home might well follow—many of them knelt in prayer, and all responded at the end of the prayers with an audible "Amen." This is clearly a scriptural usage, and it ought to be universally a Baptist usage. It is a reproach upon us that it is not.

We hastened to the Union Church and joined in worship in English, the sermon being preached by the Rev. Mr. Waddell, a missionary; then to Mr. Bennett's hospitable home, where Mrs. Bennett and the seven interesting children were met. Mrs. Bennett is the daughter of Rev. B. W. Barrows, now of New York and an honored member of the Calvary Church. She is in person, in character, in scholarship, and in missionary devotion, the true helper of her husband. After dinner we walked to the point on the Bluff, where is the cemetery, to see the grave of Nathan Brown, D. D. Mr. Bennett's taste and skill assisted in carrying out Doctor Brown's wish in regard to his tombstone. On four boulders rests a slab of gray granite. A thin coating of red granite is made to look like a piece of thin fabric thrown over a number of books and

scrolls which are partly seen peeping out from beneath it. Except the date, Doctor Brown himself wrote the inscription: "In memory of Nathan Brown, American Missionary, born June 22, 1807, died January 1, 1886. God bless the Japanese." There is a carving of a book marked "Revelation," and an open hymn book, with one cover partly inserted into the "Epistle to the Hebrews." Doctor Brown's last work was on this new hymn book and the revision of this Epistle. He was an accurate scholar, a great philologist, and a truly good man.

SOME FINE INSTITUTIONS.—We next proceeded to the Mary L. Colby Home. Beautiful for situation is this home, honored is the name it bears, and excellent is the work it does. At its head is Miss C. A. Converse, who came to Yokohama in 1889 to take charge of the girls' school, then under the care of Mrs. Brown, now Mrs. Ashmore, a school located in the rear of the lot on which stands the home which was then Mrs. Brown's. Miss Converse was previously a teacher in the Vermont Academy, at Saxton's River, Vermont. She is a competent teacher, is much beloved by the girls under her care, and has been blessed in leading many of them to Christ. The girls were soon to go away for the season, and some of them to heathen homes. This was a tender session. Miss Converse read our Lord's prayer in John, seventeenth chapter, and made appropriate comments thereon. Then the writer was asked to address the girls, giving

them encouragement to be faithful to Christ even unto death. His words were interpreted by an estimable young Eurasian sister, whose father's name is well known all over the East as the head of a great business firm. In her early years she lived in the home of a gentleman widely known in connection with English consular service. She is well educated and is in all respects a very worthy young woman. She is now Miss Converse's assistant. Her case will suggest later some comments on the problems growing out of this large class in the East, and on the moral character of many Europeans who have in the East temporary homes and wives, who are not wives, and children whom many of them afterward do not recognize as their children. On the Monday evening following, this school was again visited, and while the girls in true Japanese fashion sat in a semi-circle on their knees or on their heels, the writer again addressed them. It not a little disconcerted him to have them give a genuine Japanese bow, the forehead going to the floor, and this act repeated several times.

At the conclusion of the school service Sunday afternoon we hastened to the grounds and buildings of the Yokohama Baptist Theological Seminary, which is beautifully situated on the Bluff, and which overlooks the city and harbor of Yokohama. These comfortable and appropriate buildings were erected in 1894. There are two recitation rooms and a chapel on the first floor of the recitation hall; on the second

floor there are recitation rooms and a library. The inside of the dormitory is genuinely Japanese ; it is well that the students should not be unfitted while at the seminary to go out and live among the people in their own style. The course of study is four years, and during this time the Bible is carefully studied. The library contains about five hundred Japanese books and one thousand five hundred English books. Friends can do good service by sending good books to these shelves. Cannot readers of these words help this seminary? Much evangelistic work is done by the students. Some of them were soldiers in the late war ; and some of them won great praise for their bravery, obedience, and intelligence. The Rev. John L. Dearing, a graduate of Colby and Newton, is the president of the seminary, and his noble wife, the daughter of Rev. Henry Hinckley, of Roslindale, Mass., teaches Greek there.

Leaving the seminary, I was soon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Dearing for the Sunday evening meal ; then off with Mr. Dearing to visit some of his practically outdoor preaching stations. Small Japanese houses are rented, their fronts are thrown open, the evangelists stand inside, the Christians come in to help in the singing, and the crowd gathers outside. In *jinrikishas* we went to two of these stations, which are located in very needy parts of the city. Mr. Dearing is pushing this work with great skill. He is a man as tactful as he is forceful. He deserves and receives the praise of all his brethren. We

have, as I shall later point out in detail, excellent men and women composing our Baptist missionary force in Japan. Returning to the Bluff and to a hall connected with the work of the Reformed Dutch Church, the writer preached to a congregation in which were many missionaries and their wives. Some of them were Methodists who had been attending their recent conference. Such an audience listens with appreciation and tenderness to a voice from the home land which tells of Christ and his love as the inspiring motive in missionary and other kinds of service. It was a busy and a blessed day.

A GLIMPSE OF YOKOHAMA.—This is now the chief commercial port of Japan. In a sense it forms the port of Tokyo. It is the chief treaty port, Kobe alone of the five others approaching anything like the same importance as a foreign trading post. Until the latter part of the sixteenth century, it was included in the village of Ishikawa, but then it was made a separate village and called Yokohama, which means "a by-coast," as it was then connected with the Yokaido, or main road, only by a by-path at Hodogaya. In 1818 it had only eighty-seven houses; in the beginning of 1859 it was only an insignificant fishing village in a marsh on the opposite side of the bay of Kanagawa. This town was the one named by treaty to be opened to foreign trade July 1, 1859. But as the water was too shallow, the place "across the bay," as

some say Yokohama means, was chosen. Three years after the port was opened the foreign community numbered only one hundred and twenty-six; but it has been constantly increasing ever since. Now it is claimed that the population consists of about one hundred thousand natives, seventeen thousand Europeans and Americans, and two thousand six hundred Chinese. Many European nationalities are included in this portion of this greatly mixed population.

There are three great divisions of the city: the Settlement, the Bluff, and the Native Town. In the Settlement is the English Hatoba, the principal landing-place for the city. This part of the city, in the style of its houses and streets and in its general air, is like the British colonial towns found in so many parts of the world. In the early days the Bluff was used for shooting or for pedestrian exercise; now it is covered by the beautiful residences of foreigners. Some of the hospitals and consulates are also located here. Indeed, natives are not allowed to live here unless they are in the employ of foreigners; and foreigners are not allowed to live elsewhere unless they are in the employ of natives. Formerly English and French soldiers were posted on the Bluff for the protection of their respective countrymen; but the progress of civilization and the cultivation of friendly relations with the Japanese have made it unnecessary to furnish protection of this kind. Many of the residences on the Bluff are charmingly located, are superb in themselves, and are in the midst of tasteful

gardens. A little beyond the residences are the rifle-range and the race-course.

The native town stretches along the water front northward and westward. Ornamental trees of flowering plants peculiar to Japan are found on both sides of the wide avenue which divides the Japanese city from the foreign city. In this part of the city are found many of the characteristic features of a Japanese city; here are the shops, tea-houses, temples, and theatres. The people, for the most part, wear Japanese costumes, and it must be said, many of them wear very little of that or any other costume except that which nature furnishes. Here are the streets whose names are well-known, Honcho-dori, and Benten-dori, Benten being some sort of a goddess; here are the shops of dealers in silks, porcelain, embroidery, fans, jewelry, ivories, lacquer-work, metal work, photographs, and curios.

Very marked antiquities are here for sale, all manufactured by the ton recently in Yokohama to suit the taste of enthusiastic American and English buyers. On Main and Walter Streets and on the Bund there are many art establishments. Here is a street given up to small theatres and other shows; here are acrobats, jugglers, living statues, athletes, animal monstrosities, and archery galleries. As we went to the evening service we passed two "yose," where the people were assembled to hear singing and story-telling. Glorious views are had from many points on the Bluff. But there is no space left to speak in

detail of hospitals, bridges, shrines, temples, gardens, cremation ground, cemeteries, and reservoirs; and there is no disposition to speak at length of that part of the city which is one form of answer to one of the most perplexing of all the social problems in municipal, perhaps in human life, a part of the city which tells of sin and sorrow in their inseparable relations.

All is wonderfully strange here; the partial nudity of men, women, and children, the extreme simplicity of the architecture, the coolies with their heavy burdens, the tailless cats, the queer lap-dogs, the little children carrying the smaller children on their backs, and the women with blackened teeth and shaven eyebrows to make themselves hideous. We were told that men and women bathe promiscuously in the public baths. This practice was not seen, as the writer did not take a public bath. Our plans are made to visit Nikko, Tokyo, and other places in the north and the interior.

XIII

JAPAN'S ANCIENT PLACES

MENTION has already been made of the suggestive contrasts between parts of Yokohama. This point is strikingly illustrated as the tourist passes from the Bund, the street bordering the water-front, to Native Town. There is almost nothing in the Bund or in Main Street to distinguish them from British or American thoroughfares. The dress, habits, and language of the people, and the style of the houses, are all European; but when you cross the bridge and follow the street which skirts the canal, or cross the Nippon-dori, you are in a new world. You are among a people whom centuries of isolation have very powerfully individualized.

STRIKING CONTRASTS.—The Japanese are in many respects a unique race. They are quite unlike other Oriental peoples. But in their out-of-door manner of living they are like many Southern and Eastern races. Here the people in the houses are almost as much in sight as if they were on the street. The opening of their stores is practically the taking out of the front of their houses; then the greater part of the

interior is wide open to public inspection. Here is a tailor earnestly at work to complete a garment for which he will get only a trifle; here is a cooper industriously toiling; here is a blacksmith almost without clothing, sitting down while he hammers the iron; and here is a woman mending clothes, another washing vegetables, and a third dressing her children,—a very simple process,—all exposed to the public gaze.

Another peculiarity is that places and things are known to the guides and coolies by numbers. The Grand Hotel is No. 20; call that number and away goes your *jinrikisha* man. Every dish on the bill of fare in your hotel is numbered, and the bill is printed in English. The waiters are little Japanese men with black tights and different kinds of sandals. They understand some English, but in order to avoid mistakes it is a decided gain to look over the bill, select what you wish, and then give the waiter the numbers. He runs off, repeats the numbers, and soon returns with what you have ordered. These people are our antipodes; we would, therefore, expect them to do things very differently from ourselves, and this they certainly do. Indeed, they do almost everything in the opposite way from our method. They draw a plane toward them; so with a saw, and its teeth are set with that fact in mind. They mount their horses on their right and not on their left side; and in serving they reverse our method. Other illustrations might be given of the characteristics of this remarkable people.

A TYPHOON.—During our first days in Japan following the first Sunday the rain fell in torrents. It seemed almost as if the heavens were the mouth of a river, and the wind blew in a perfect hurricane also. On Monday night, while returning from the generous table and hospitable home of Mr. H. MacArthur, a cosmopolitan Scotchman well known in the business and social life of Yokohama, it seemed as if the deluge were to be repeated. The next day a typhoon (*tai fun*, great wind) burst upon the city, and no small amount of damage was done. There were a number of landslides in the city and elsewhere on the railways, and many trains were derailed and a number of lives lost. Junks of many kinds were thrown on shore and wrecked, and the papers later reported that not fewer than twelve thousand houses on different islands had been blown down. The air was robbed of much of its vitality during the prevalence of the typhoon, and one felt like his linen—limp, helpless, worthless.

But Mr. Bennett braved the storm to secure needed passports. Those from one's own government are useless except as they assist him in getting passports from the Japanese authorities. Perhaps in four years they will not be necessary; then the existing treaties will be revised. But now for interior trips they are absolutely essential, as much so as in Russia. There are only a few free ports, as Yokohama, Kobe, Osaka, Nagasaki, Nagata, and Hakodate. Treaty regulations allow foreigners to go and come at pleasure

within a certain radius of these cities ; but if the law were to be strictly enforced a ticket could not be bought at a railway station for the interior, and not even the humblest innkeeper could give lodging to a stranger unless he could show his passport. No wise traveler will make any effort to evade the strict observance of the law. Formerly passports were issued only by the foreign office at Tokyo, but now there is a commissioner at Yokohama who furnishes them when application is made through the diplomatic representative of the applicant's nationality. It is expected that the passport will be returned to the proper authority when the tourist has no further use for it. It is not now, as formerly, necessary to name in the passport all the places which the tourist wishes to visit ; a general passport gives the necessary permission. All these details Mr. Bennett kindly arranged and in his excellent company our first trip was made.

It is fitting to say at this point that Japan is reasonably well furnished with railways ; just at this time, however, they were somewhat interrupted in their regular trips by the necessity of transporting soldiers, because of the exigencies of war. The main line runs from Tokyo to Kobe, a distance of three hundred and seventy-six miles. There are also a number of roads under the direction of private companies, so that in all there are more than two thousand miles of railway, the government owning about one-quarter of the whole. With the exception of three hundred and fifty miles all the roads are

on the main island. The cars are such as one meets with in Great Britain and on the continent of Europe.

KAMAKURA.—Kamakura is about fourteen miles from Yokohama and is reachable either by *jinrikishas* or by rail; we went by rail. The journey took us along the borders of the bay to Kanegawa, the original foreign settlement; then we passed through numerous rice fields, now so deep under water, because of the recent rains, as to cause great anxiety regarding the harvest. Soon we reached the present village. Once there was here a large city; for nearly three hundred years it was the political capital of eastern Japan. It was the seat of the Minamoto family; and Yoritomo, who established the shogunate in 1192, made it his capital.

Kyoto was the seat of the emperor, but only the nominal capital. It will be remembered that the shogunate was a form of feudal government; it practically usurped the functions of the emperor. He was a sort of a deity who lived in seclusion and the shogun was a military leader whose office was hereditary. The authority of the shogun did not cease until 1868, and the transfer of power from the shogun to the emperor is one of the most remarkable events in modern history. The Yokugawa rule was established by the great Ieyasu, and in 1868, for the first time in hundreds of years, the emperor became emperor in fact as well as in name. In the days of its glory the city of Kamakura extended all

over the plain and into the valleys among the surrounding hills. It is believed to have contained then a population of at least a million; now it is a quiet seaside village with a few tea-houses and scattered native dwellings. At this point on the seashore the Mongol ambassadors of Kublai-Khan, who had been sent to demand the submission of Japan, were beheaded.

Kamakura was repeatedly sacked and burned; and it never fully recovered from the disasters of the war of 1455. Finally the city of Odawara rose into importance as the seat of the Hojo family and drew away most of the remaining inhabitants of Kamakura. At first thought it seems strange to us that so great a city could be swept away and leave almost no traces of its existence; but we must bear in mind that, like all Japanese cities, it was built mostly of kindling wood and rice paper. There were no deep foundations, no durable materials, and a great fire, or the flight of years would soon leave no trace of a city. How unlike Rome, Athens, Jerusalem, and the scores of great cities whose ruins are now exciting the interest of all antiquarians.

The Shinto temple of Hachiman, one of the deified heroes of Japan, is an object of much interest. This temple is on a plateau reached by many steps and dates from the twelfth century. Its position at the end of a long avenue of pine trees is very commanding. But the great object of interest here is the Dai Butsu, or Great Buddha. This statue has a supreme place in Japanese ecclesiastical art. It is of bronze, is

forty feet high and ninety-seven feet in circumference. It seems to stand in the nave of a cathedral whose walls are grand hills and camphor and icho trees. There was an earlier image here of wood, which was destroyed in a tempest. Then this one was erected, having been begun in 1252. Once there was a temple over the image, but the sea swept in and destroyed it in 1494, since which time the great figure has been exposed to all the elements. Within it there is a sort of chapel into which devotees and tourists may go. Its walls are covered with bits of papers on which prayers are written. No one can tell how so enormous an amount of bronze was cast, nor how the image was placed in position. The eyes are said to be of pure gold, and the boss on the forehead, weighing thirty pounds, is of silver. Snails are crawling up over the head, but so profound is Buddha's contemplation that he knows not of their presence.

For at least six hundred years this great image has represented profound contemplation. Tidal waves have carried away the temple; earthquakes have shaken his firm base, but there he still stands. In front of him are the chests for offerings, the shrine for incense, the inseparable lotus leaves and the water for ablutions. The great thought set forth by this statue is that which is the central idea of Buddhism, the absolute calm which comes from deep thought and the mastery of passion. In this respect this Japanese sphinx is worthy of consideration, and this is perhaps its only merit as a work of art.

Tourists are sometimes photographed while groups of them sit on Buddha's thumb or stand near his feet.

There are several other small temples near, with attendant priests; some museums containing relics, and a good hotel called the Kaihin-In, or seashore hotel. To the latter place we went and had a good dinner. Then a walk through the woods to the shore, then we went back to Yokohama, not taking in Enoshima, attractive though this island is. This was a somewhat tiresome, but very profitable trip, and Dai Butsu will long live in the memory.

NORTHWARD TO NIKKO.—Still kindly accompanied by Rev. A. A. Bennett, the journey to Nikko was taken. Rev. and Mrs. H. Loomis and their children were also of our party. They were going to Nikko to live for two months in their "own hired house." Mr. Loomis is connected with the work of the Bible Society in Japan. His knowledge of and interest in Christian work in the empire are great.

He was full of gratitude that the military authorities had given perfect freedom to distribute the Scriptures throughout all the hospitals and garrisons in Japan. The commander-in-chief of the Imperial Guard, Prince Komatsu, a cousin of the emperor, and now commander-in-chief of the Japanese army, gave his approval to the work and expressed his thanks for the good which the Bible societies are doing. The vice-minister of war, Major General Kodama, sent

to the agent in charge of the field a letter for each of the division commanders, instructing them to give their personal assistance to the work of distributing the Scriptures to the men under their command. In this way many thousands of copies were distributed, and eternity alone will tell how much good was done. It is not too much to say that in this respect a new epoch in Christian work has opened in Japan. The reports published by Mr. Loomis show that during the quarter ending June 30, 1895, eighty-six thousand two hundred and fifty-five Bibles were sold by colporters, commission sellers, and through other channels. Every Christian must rejoice in these grand results, and especially in their prophetic significance. Mr. Loomis was deeply interested in a Chinaman and a Korean, both of whom may soon help to make, or at least to give interpretations to, international law. Their cases may not yet be discussed in the public prints.

Characteristic views of Japanese villages greeted us, and we passed through many miles of rice fields. We saw numerous illustrations of pears being trained on trellis work as are the vines in Italy. But for such supports, the trees would be utterly broken down in the great typhoons. We had occasional views of the Hakone and other ranges of mountains, and ever and anon we had glimpses of Fujiyama, lifting its snow-capped head proudly over the other mountains, either into the clear blue or into overhanging clouds. This mountain is the

crowning glory of Japan. From the surrounding sea, as well as from many parts of the empire, it can be seen in its symmetry and majesty. We pass many places of interest, change trains, and are finally on the branch road to Nikko. Not far distant is the smoking summit of Nasunoyama. Then come the Nikko mountains; then on each side of the highway the lines of grand old cryptomeria, Japanese cedar trees, extending for many miles. The town of Nikko consists of one long street of typical country Japanese houses, weather-beaten, moss-covered, low and open to the street.

We found a place at the Nikko hotel, and there met Rev. Dr. Guido F. Verbeck, who has been thirty-six years a missionary in Japan. He is a man of whose life and work a volume might well be written. He was born in Holland in 1830, had an interesting career in the United States, and now is a leading man in Japan. He is master of the Dutch, French, German, English, Japanese, and other languages. In the June number of the "Japan Evangelist" there is a fine article on his character and services. He lost, by his long residence in Japan, his Holland citizenship, and he was not a citizen of the United States; Japan, therefore, has given him a special passport, and also, because of his services to the government, the "Third class decoration of the Rising Sun." He is a warm friend of Mr. Bennett. Together they gave me much valuable information regarding the Japanese government, history, and language, and especially

regarding missionary work in the empire. Delightful were the days under the great mountains and noble trees, and beside the rippling waters at Nikko. The long walks and talks form pleasant memories.

There is a Japanese proverb, "*Nikko wo minai uchi wa, 'Kekko' to iu na,*" which, being interpreted, means, "Do not say magnificent till you have seen Nikko." The town itself is absolutely nothing, but the great trees, the hills, the stream, the bridge, and the temples combine to make a picture so superb as almost to justify the proverb. Nikko has been a sacred place from time immemorial, but its adoption as the burial place of the early shoguns of the Yokugawa line gave it its chief historic significance and its present importance. There are no other temples in Japan at all comparable to those of Nikko. Nature has beautifully combined with art in making the place uniquely picturesque. The first Buddhist temple was built in 767 by the great saint Shodo Shonin. Of no saint in the Roman categories are more miraculous stories told. He found the place as the result of a dream. Later the name of the hills was changed to Nikkosan, "Mountains of the Sun's Brightness," and then storms ceased and peace reigned. There is really a sort of religious air about Nikko; the vicinity of the temple grounds is calm, hushed, dreamlike. No wonder that pilgrims, scholars, artists, and tourists, love to abide under the shadow of these great trees and in the companionship of these noble hills.

The Mi-Hashi, or sacred bridge, is an object of special interest. It is of red lacquer, and the contrast with the deep green of the cryptomerias on the opposite bank is very fine. The bridge was built originally in 1638. It is supposed to mark the spot where Shodo Shonin, of alliterative name and traditional and superstitious fame, crossed the stream. It was long closed to all except the shoguns and pilgrims twice a year. Common mortals cross the stream on a bridge about one hundred feet below. This bridge perfectly suited our modest ambitions. It was proposed to General Grant, when on his visit to Japan, that the sacred bridge be thrown open to him, but he declined the offer with thanks and crossed on the lower bridge.

The tomb of the great Ieyasu crowns the temple height. The body was brought here in 1617, imperial envoys, priests, daimios, captains, and nobles taking part in the ceremony. Ieyasu was deified by a decree of the mikado under a name meaning "Light of the East, great incarnation of Buddha." Massive granite *torii*, the symbol of Shintoism, mark the entrance to the grounds. But time and space fail to tell of the magnificent bronze lanterns, the cistern for holy water, the bronze candelabrum presented by the king of Loo-Choo and that presented by Holland; of the five-storied pagoda, graceful and lofty; of the tree guarded by the stone railing, the very tree Ieyasu carried about in a flower-pot when he went abroad in his palanquin; of shrines, of bell towers, rich carvings, horrid ogres, superb

decorations almost rivaling those of the Alhambra at Granada; of the sleeping cat over which Japanese priests become mysteriously and stupidly enthusiastic; of the fabulous beasts and the impossible men in niches; of the silly old woman, a dancing priestess, who for a few small coins would execute gyrations worthy of an Egyptian dervish, and of many other things quaint and queer. Are they not all to be seen under those grand trees, and are they not all described at length in elaborate books on Japan?



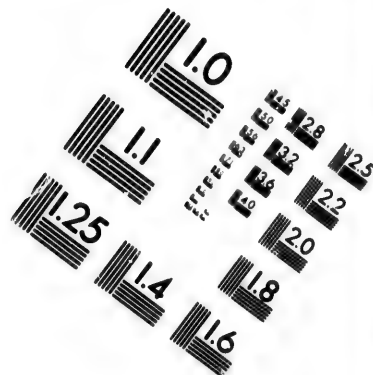
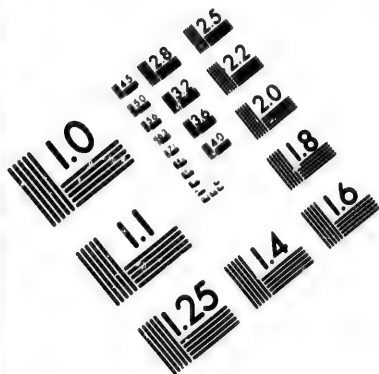
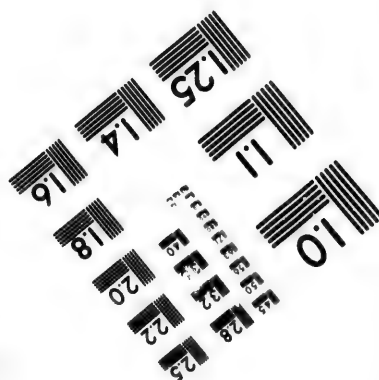
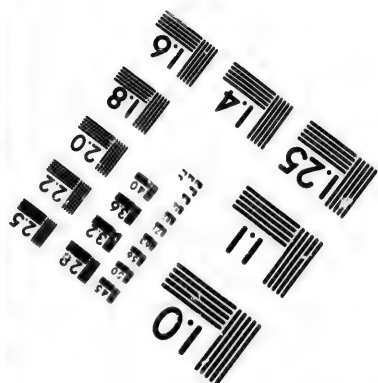
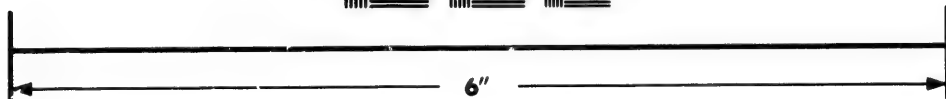
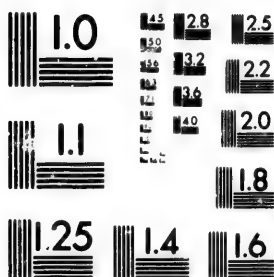


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XIV

TO THE "EASTERN CAPITAL,"

WE had to take the train at 7.30 A. M., and dashed up in grand style with our *jinrikishas* at an hour which, for one tourist at least, was early.

OFF FOR KARUIZAWA.—The ride was one of eleven hours, as we had to change trains often, wait long at stations, and make many zig-zags in our journey. Along the line of railway women were seen to perform most of the hard work; they were digging in the rice fields, ditching, driving to the markets, or riding astride their little ponies. Women have a hard time in Japan. A nation's treatment of its women is the best proof of its degree of civilization, and judged by this standard Japan has far to travel yet before it can come up to American civilization. We slowly climbed the mountains, going through many tunnels,—by the way, the Japs have adopted the word tunnel,—and finally we reached the Karuizawa station.

Awaiting us were Rev. and Mrs. Dearing, Rev. and Mrs. G. W. Taft, and Rev. and Mrs. W. J. White, Doctor Patterson, of China, and other friends. Mrs. Taft is the daughter of Rev. Wil-

liam Humpstone, and the sister of Rev. Doctor Humpstone, of Brooklyn, N. Y. Mrs. White was formerly Miss Eva J. Munson, of Yonkers. She was afterward supported in Japan by the Madison Avenue Church, New York. Mr. White is now most usefully connected with the Tract Society. He spoke in Calvary Church a few years ago. We were a happy group as we walked toward the Japanese vacation home of Mr. and Mrs. Taft, where the writer enjoyed his dinner after his long ride. This village is far up among the mountains. Once it lay on the line of a famous pass, over which daimios and shoguns used to go with their retainers. When the railway was built trade left the village, but now foreigners come here for their holiday season, and rent houses and bring trade and money to the old town. The natives for a time looked upon them askance, but now they bring so much profit to the place that their presence is endured, if not welcomed.

Doll-like were the Dearing and Taft vacation homes. The whole front of the house opens, and the screens slide and all the rooms become one room. The floors are covered with matting so clean that he is not to be pitied who sleeps or eats on the floor. Some of the American gentlemen always took off their shoes before entering a room. One feels almost as discourteous to be sitting in such a house with boots on as he would at home if sitting in a parlor with a hat on. The floor is the seat of the Japanese; why should you put your booted feet on it any more

than you would put them on a silk chair at home? Verily there are worse customs than taking off one's boots before going into marble, wooden, and carpeted halls. Politeness is second nature to the Japanese; prince and coolie alike possess a spirit of courtesy, and some Americans could learn useful lessons at these points from these Oriental Yankees.

There are three kinds of hotels in Japan, the European, the half-European and half-Japanese, *hoteru*, and the purely native inn, *yadoya*, or *hatagoya*. My hotel was of the half and half order. My room was separated by a paper screen, and not thick paper it would seem, from the adjoining room, occupied by two estimable women missionaries from Formosa. They were lovely ladies, without doubt, but I should have been glad to have had them a little more securely separated from their neighbor. Doubtless they had similar thoughts. If one sneezed at night he felt as if he were shaking and waking the whole house. Such thinness of walls and closeness of proximity have their disadvantages. The curiosity of the Japanese children when foreigners are in their village is so great that they wet their fingers, apply them to the paper, and then place their eye to the aperture. In this case there were no children on either side of the screens; still, thicker walls have their advantages.

There were many missionary workers at Karuizawa; they were from Korea, Formosa, China, and all parts of Japan. Those in my own special

circle I have named. The Anglican bishop of Japan, Doctor Bickersteth, was there; so were members of the British and American legations. All denominations meet for common worship except the Anglicans and the American Episcopalians; they, except in a few cases, attend a service of their own in a private house. The Anglican bishop signs himself, "Edwin, Japan," and this assumption, it is said, is as distasteful to the government authorities as it is unfraternal toward other religious workers. Bishop Doane, of Albany, used to sign himself, "William, Albany." An Episcopal rector who was something of a wag, so the story goes, said to him: "If you should remove to Buffalo would you call yourself 'William, Buffalo'?" "Certainly," said the bishop. "Ah," said the rector, "I see, you would then be Buffalo Bill." The bishop's reply is not recorded. Bishop Bickersteth causes many good Christian workers to smile as they think of his assumption.

The rain poured in torrents all day Sunday, but the writer preached both morning and evening to this strangely representative audience. It was an occasion which he will not readily forget. Happy hours those were at the homes and tables of brethren Taft, Dearing, and White. How we talked of brethren at home, of newspapers, theological seminaries, drifts of thought, methods of work, and many, many other things. How precious at times home seemed; how eyes became moist and voices a little choked as we talked, off there among the hills of Japan, of those

separated from us by so many miles of sea and land. Christ was exalted anew in our conversation and enthroned afresh in our hearts. That was a deeply interesting group that came to the train to say "good-bye," and more than once it was difficult to say more than a small fraction of what the heart felt. Mr. Bennett and the visitor hastened on to Tokyo, and soon had a hearty welcome from our dear friends, Rev. and Mrs. J. C. Brand.

A GLIMPSE OF TOKYO.—Charming was the hospitality of Rev. and Mrs. Brand. Mr. Brand was active in religious work in New York when Mr. Varley held his great meetings there about 1872. Mr. Brand was then a Presbyterian, as he had been in his native Scotland. At the time of Mr. Varley's visit, and partly because of some of his expositions of Scripture, Mr. Brand saw that it was his duty to be baptized. Rev. Robert Cameron, then of New York, baptized him. Later he did excellent evangelistic work at Niagara Falls and elsewhere, in connection with the New York Baptist State Convention. He has many kind words to say of Dr. J. B. Calvert's relations to him and the work at that time. Mrs. Brand was formerly Miss Clara A. Sands. She is one of our most experienced and successful missionary workers in Japan. Her knowledge of the Japanese language, as of many other things connected with the work, makes her a most valuable helper to her husband in this great field. A birthday was celebrated while

here, and the thoughtful hosts remembered it in graceful and delicate ways.

A beautiful Baptist circle was found in Tokyo. Of Mr. and Mrs. Taft I have already spoken. There were also Professor E. W. Clement, his wife and mother; Rev. C. H. D. Fisher, wife and children; Miss Anna H. Kidder, Miss M. A. Whitman, and Miss A. M. Clagett. The last three I visited at their work in the Sarah Curtis Home. After dinner at Professor Clement's we repaired to Mr. Fisher's home, where a goodly company, representing several denominations and countries, was gathered, and there the writer preached. Hearty were the greetings, kindly the hearts, and prolonged the social hours at the close of the informal address.

Professor Clement is preparing to open an academy for boys. A fine house has been secured, and the work promises well. There are no more difficult questions in foreign mission work than those which belong to the proper conduct of schools. It is taxing the wisest thought in all denominations. The school question in the States, in Canada, and all over the world, is one of the questions of the hour. For the brethren and the sisters in Tokyo kindest wishes will be cherished and heartiest prayers offered.

Tokyo means "the eastern capital." It is comparatively a modern city. When the new *régime* began in 1868 it was called Yedo. In the time of the shogunate, certain officials were obliged to live in Yedo six months each year,

and in times of war their families were sent there as pledges of loyalty to the shogun. When the mikado went there from Kyoto he took possession of the shogun's castle. The city was then thrown open to foreigners in 1868, but they are restricted in their residence to the district known as the *tsukiji*, or "reclaimed land." Tokyo is a city of magnificent distances. It covers an area of about one hundred square miles, contains two hundred and twenty thousand houses, such as they are; three thousand two hundred temples, such as they are also; and, including the metropolitan district, has a population of one million six hundred thousand, but the city proper probably has fewer than one million.

It is a disappointing city. One grows insufferably weary of its interminable rows of low, weather-beaten houses, many of them no better than the squatters' homes in New York, which we call shanties. Men like Percival Lowell and Sir Edwin Arnold are, in their painfully extravagant descriptions of Japan, the enemies of Japan. The former's description of the Ginza, a very decent street for a Japanese city, is simply ridiculous. A visit to its shops, which he describes as so attractive, makes both him and them ludicrous.

ASAKUSA.—Under the guidance of Mr. Brand a visit was made to Asakusa, now a part of Tokyo. Here we saw heathenism fully illustrated. Worshipers were coming and going in

a constant stream. They rang a bell to attract the attention of the god; they chewed bits of paper and threw them at the wire screen. If one out of three went through and hit the hideous image the prayer was answered. We saw worshipers rub their hands on another hideous image and then rub them on the part of their own body where there was a pain. The image's nose was all rubbed away by the process. In the yard there was a sacred horse, kept for some temple purpose, like the sacred bulls in India. It was all very pitiful and very abominable. The Japanese are an intelligent people, and yet here was idolatry as real and degrading as the fetich worship of African savages. Still, one may see this idolatry almost paralleled in Russian churches; one may see Romanists in New York showing a similar superstition about an alleged bone of an alleged saint's arm. Indeed, Buddhism constantly reminds one of Romanism. Did space permit, some discussion of Shintoism and Buddhism might be profitable.

We visited Ueno Park, with its shrines, museums, and statues; the pagoda at Shiba Park and some of its temples, as well as the observation tower at Asakusa. But these temples, surrounded by bazaars, booths, penny games, cheap shows, shops, and photograph galleries, are a weariness to the flesh and spirit. There is one shrine at which a prayer-wheel can be seen. Compared with the groves, mountains, streams, and stillness at Nikko, this was all very cheap, tawdry, and idolatrous, even in an idolatrous

country. Many of the newer government buildings in Tokyo are really fine, and would be so considered even in a European city. The sooner the day of the genuine Japanese houses is over the better. It would be better to take the risk of dying in a modern house overthrown by an earthquake than to die of the monotony of these rows of shanties.

BACK TO YOKOHAMA.—The good-byes were said and we were off for Yokohama again, stopping on the way, however, to visit the tombs of the forty-seven Ronins, whose romantic devotion fills a large place in the traditional history of Japan and even in the daily life of the people. It is said that during the late war many soldiers went to these graves to say some sort of prayers in the hope of catching the spirit of these so-called heroes. It seemed somewhat like home to get back again to Yokohama. Many letters had to be written, various social courtesies returned, and some preparations made for going to Kobe, and so finally for leaving Japan.

It was a great pleasure to meet Dr. and Mrs. Ashmore at the home of Mr. H. MacArthur, whose wife is Mrs. Ashmore's daughter. Dr. Ashmore gives all who meet him not only stirring and accurate information on many and varied subjects, but he gives an almost irresistible inspiration toward all that is true and Christlike. May his noble life long be spared! A cherished purpose was accomplished in meeting Col. John A. Cockerill, who is in Japan

to represent the New York *Herald*. His letters to that paper are very valuable. He has become an authority on all matters pertaining to the late war and on many other Japanese subjects. He writes fairly regarding Christian work and all forms of missionary labor. He was a brave soldier, and he is a true and patriotic American as well as a manly man and an able writer.

XV

ACROSS THREE SEAS

THE P. and O. boats have been somewhat sharply criticised by some tourists, but the "Verona," of that line, sailed at a convenient date, and passage on her was secured for Hong Kong, touching at Kobe and Nagasaki. She was to sail at 10 A. M. Saturday, August 3, but her departure was delayed until Sunday morning at daylight. Mr. Bennett most kindly saw me on board Saturday evening. His gentleness, kindness, modesty, and ability are worthy of all praise; the memory of his home and family will be indelible.

LEAVING YOKOHAMA.—When we awoke Sunday morning we were steaming along through the quiet waters. Sometimes the passage to Kobe is very rough, but on this occasion the sea was like glass. Bishop Walden, of the Methodist Episcopal Church of America, and Mrs. and Miss Walden and three other ladies, were on board. His discussions of mission work in Japan were very instructive.

At Kobe, which we reached in about thirty hours, Dr. Rhees and Rev. R. A. Thomson kindly met me with a steam launch. We were

soon on shore and driving in *jinrikishas* to the pleasant home of Dr. Rhees. Here Mrs. Rhees and Mrs. Thomson met us, and a little later we were at the dinner table chatting of friends at home and of recent visits which both the missionaries had made to New York. Both Dr. and Mrs. Rhees speak of feeling the burden of increasing years, but he seems to be still vigorous and capable of doing much work. The Baptist church in Kobe is tasteful and commodious. It is an honor to our cause in that city.

Kobe and Hyogo are practically united in one municipality of about one hundred and forty-two thousand inhabitants. In front of the town is a broad bay, and behind it a low range of mountains. There is here both a foreign and a native bund, or water front. In the foreign part of the town the streets are broad and the residences handsome. Hyogo is purely Japanese. From this port twenty-five million pounds of tea are shipped annually to the United States and Canada. Hyogo was not formally opened to foreigners until October, 1893. The southern exposure of Kobe makes it a favorite residence for foreigners in winter. There is considerable of interest in Kobe, and in Hyogo the chief sight is the Dai Butsu, or bronze statue of Buddha, erected in 1891 by a merchant of the city. It is inferior to the one at Kamakura, but is much superior to those at Tokyo and Kyoto.

A VISIT TO ARIMA.—The steamer would not leave for at least thirty hours. What shall be

done with this time? A pass has been secured to visit the palace in Kyoto, the old capital. But the great fair which has been long in progress is closed, the palace is only a larger and finer Japanese house, the temples are numerous but far inferior to those already seen, and a few more rows of Japanese houses are not a very interesting sight. Yonquer, fourteen miles over the mountains, is Arima, a vacation resort for missionary and other seekers for rest. There Mr. and Mrs. Thomson have a vacation home in true Japanese style. They have both come to welcome me to Kobe. He stands ready to go with me to either place. We cannot go to both, and we decide to go to Arima. There, amid many beauties of nature, are men and women who are temples of the Holy Ghost. Temples of Shinto and Buddha one may visit until he has in his mind only a bewildering sense of their great numbers and insignificance. There is no uplift in their influence. For the most part they look like toy houses for their god.

Mr. Thomson is a "hustler." Soon we were off in *jinrikishas*, three in number, and two coolies drawing each one; the distance to be traveled was six miles; Mrs. Thomson led the way; the writer was in the middle; Mr. Thomson brought up the rear. The dogs barked, the people stared, and the coolies ran. They never stopped running for forty minutes, and then they were at the end of the stage, a distance of six miles. Then came *kagos*, pronounced in this part of Japan almost as if written kangos, with

two men to each. The *kago* is a rude palanquin made of bamboo poles; mine was too short for my legs, and too low for my head, which had constantly to dodge the ridge-pole. When the coolies came to lift me they raised me a little way and then dropped me all the distance which had been reached, and then went on a strike until two more coolies were found. Then away we went, the four coolies swinging along with the hard bamboo poles sinking into their bare shoulders.

It is a degradation to men to use them so. General Harrison was right when he said that cheap prices make cheap men. Human flesh here is very cheap. One horse would have carried me better than four men, but there was no horse and men wanted the job. There are only three carriages in all Kobe. Poetry of motion? Yes, poetry with uncertain feet. Still the men kept step fairly well. Up we climbed, resting at tea-houses, walking occasionally and then riding in the *kagos*. What a weird scene it was as in one corner of a tea-house we three drank tea and ate sandwiches in dim lamp-light, and in another corner our eight practically naked coolies drank tea and gambled. Then the rain fell in torrents, and although the *kagos* were covered with oiled paper the rain came through in spots. The summit is reached; the descent is begun; the coolies run. Shaken up? You try it if you have doubts. Home is reached; another doll-like Japanese house. Very comfortable are these beds for tired *kago* travelers.

Through the thoughtfulness of Mr. and Mrs. Thomson, assisted by Miss F. A. Duffield, of Doctor Henson's church, Chicago, a genuine surprise was in store. On coming down to breakfast all the Baptist brethren in Arima were found awaiting my arrival. They were Revs. W. Wynd and J. H. Scott, of Osaka, C. H. Finch, M. D., and W. Wellwood, of China, and E. N. Walne and N. Maynard, of Japan, who are under the Southern Baptist Convention. We had a happy time. Then off to the hall, erected largely through the influence of Mr. Thomson, where a goodly number of missionaries, their wives and children, were assembled, and here an address was given by the visitor from America. Then dinner at Mr. Scott's, and then back over the hills to Kobe.

At Arima there are hot and mineral springs; a railway was in building, and soon it will be a still more popular resort. Nearly all the bamboo baskets for the foreign trade are manufactured there. Its medicinal waters early made it a resort for rheumatics, and Hideyoshi gave it popularity. The top of the mountain, Rokusan, gives a glorious view of mountains, plain, and sea. I would not have missed the *kago* experience for much, but I would not repeat it for more. Two *kago* rides will go a long way with a moderate man.

When Mr. and Mrs. Thomson were in New York the year before they greatly added to the number of their friends, and it is cause for gratitude that Mrs. H. O'Neill is much interested in

Mrs. Thomson's kindergarten work, and has lately given substantial proof of that interest. Mr. Thomson worked in Japan twelve years in connection with the National Bible Society of Scotland, but for about eight years he had been under our Missionary Union. His work in Kobe was very prosperous. A beautiful chapel—of which I have spoken—is built on the main street, and there were about two hundred members. He and Doctor Rhees worked together. They had about twelve stations around Kobe; the most remote is at Liu Kiu, or Loo Choo.

On this trip more of the country life of Japan was seen than at any time before; and so more poverty and nudity. In this latter respect it would be difficult in any country, claiming any degree of civilization, to parallel what one sees in this vicinity. On the way to the hills women of all ages were seen, but one-third clad, men but one-thirty-second part clad, and children and youth of both sexes and various ages entirely unclad. In a few cases boys in their teens were on the public highway unconcernedly going along in purely Edenic simplicity. A little more clothing is certainly needed in all parts of Japan, and a great deal more in some parts.

THROUGH THE INLAND SEA.—We did not leave Kobe until nearly midnight. When the passengers came back to the ship at 4 P. M., the advertised hour, two Russians, one a prince on his way to take command of a warship, and the other a consul on the way to his post, were

shamefully under the influence of liquor. One was glad that they were neither Americans nor Britons, although, of course, they might have been either. From Kobe to Nagasaki we went through the entire length of the Inland Sea; it is a journey of about a day and a half, and it is one which will never be forgotten. It certainly is one of the most picturesque bodies of water on the globe. The sea is studded with islands, and most of them are clothed with verdure. Many of them are inhabited, and are cultivated on their abrupt sides in terraces, like the vine-clad hills on the Rhine, or on the shores of Lake Geneva. Some of them are conical islands, and here and there are bold headlands. The moon shone brightly over the smooth sea, and the trip was simply enchanting. It reminds one of that among the Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence; it suggests the west coast of Scotland, but this is grander; it suggests the coast of Norway, but that is wilder, the shores more rocky and the heights much greater. This has a beauty all its own. We had a Japanese pilot in charge of the ship, who knew all the passages among the islands, although to our eyes it seemed at times as if there could be no outlet. We could have sailed for months without tiring over such a sea and amid such an environment.

Nagasaki has one of the finest harbors in the world; it is four miles long and is locked in by high hills. It does not suffer when compared with the harbor of Sydney or Rio de Janeiro for picturesqueness, so say those who have seen all

three. This city has sixty-two thousand inhabitants, nearly one thousand being foreigners. Here Bishop Walden and his party left us, he intending to go to Korea. In Nagasaki the Portuguese missionaries landed in the sixteenth century; here for two hundred years the Dutch merchants held sway. The foreign settlement occupies a handsome part of the water-front, and beautiful hills rise on every side. In company with Doctor Carrell of the Methodist Mission I visited their boys' and girls' schools, which are picturesquely situated on the terraced hills. A class of girls under Miss Russell was reading Hamlet as we arrived. The Reformed Dutch Church and the Roman Church also have fine school and other buildings. The recent typhoon proved destructive here, producing landslides and injuring buildings. Near Nagasaki is the lofty island of Pappenberg, from which, during the persecution of Christians in the seventeenth century, many were hurled over the steep cliffs upon the seawashed rocks below. This rock stands like a sentinel guarding the harbor of Nagasaki; it has been well called the Tarpeian Rock of the far East.

Here the ship was coaled after true Japanese style. There is a native mine near and coal is cheap; the ships, therefore, take enough here for their trip to Hong Kong and return. The coal is brought alongside the ship in large flat boats. Portholes are opened in the ship, platforms at different levels are erected, two lines of Japanese boys and girls are formed, the coal is shoveled

into baskets which are passed rapidly from one to another, and then the empty baskets are sent back by the other line, the smaller boys and girls forming the second line. Women with babes strapped to their backs were among the workers. Their labor brings but a few cents for six or eight hours of work, but they laughed and sang in their very limited clothing and their abundant grime as if they were entirely happy.

OFF FOR HONG KONG.—We now turned seaward for Hong Kong. Before leaving home it was well known that this trip was taken out of season, but those who are not men of leisure must travel when their work will suffer least because of their absence, or not travel at all. They must be willing to endure some discomfort and assume a little risk. Thus far there has been no risk and not a bit of discomfort. There was not a day in Japan nearly so hot as the closing days in May and the first three days in June before leaving New York. There were two sultry days in Japan, but they were not worse than we often have in New York. Indeed, New Yorkers might come to Japan for a cool outing. It should be borne in mind, however, that this, it is said, has been an exceptionally cool season in Japan. I am glad and grateful to say that thus far not one of the fears of anxious friends at home has been justified; neither anxiety, sickness, nor discomfort has been experienced. These words are written in the Formosa Channel, with Formosa visible on the one side

and China on the other. The ship at times has given us suggestions of possible trouble, but thus far four meals each day and a good deal of writing some days have been really enjoyed. Perhaps later another typhoon may come, but with a staunch ship in the open sea there is a good chance of safety. The proverb regarding the typhoon season says:

June, too soon,
July, stand by,
August, you must,
September, remember,
October, all over.

Well, some cannot stand by. We must go forward, trusting Him who holds winds and waves under his control. The distance from Nagasaki to Hong Kong is nearly eleven hundred miles, and the voyage took between three and four days. We crossed Yong Hai, or the Eastern Sea; then we traversed the strait of Formosa; then came a stretch of nearly three hundred miles across the Nan Hai, or Southern China Sea. Ning-po, Foo-choo-foo, Amoy, and Swatow lie along the coast, but too far away to be seen. But here on the eastward of our course is Formosa, Japan's recent acquisition, which she is paying a high price in blood and treasure fully to possess. Formosa contains an area of twelve thousand eight hundred and fifty square miles, having an area a little larger than that of the States of Massachusetts and Connecticut. Semi-savage clans people the island, but some

day it will add greatly to Japan's revenues. These waters have often been described as the graveyard of commerce, but we had a very favorable voyage.

On the afternoon of August twelfth we drew near to the picturesque shores of China. The steamer threaded its way through the narrow Ly-ee-moon Pass separating the island from the mainland, and at about 9 o'clock P. M. it reached the roadstead in front of this far-away and famous British colonial city, Hong Kong. Its lights flashed brilliantly before us and made the quiet waters resplendent with their various colors.

XVI

JAPAN'S PROGRESS

NOTWITHSTANDING her handicaps, Japan has made wonderful progress, a progress which is one of the marvels of our century, perhaps of civilization. During the past decade there has been a greater proportional development of the cotton-spinning industry than in any other country. In 1888 there were twenty-four mills in operation and one hundred and fourteen thousand spindles; in 1895 she had fifty-eight factories and eight hundred and eighty-three thousand spindles, and fifty-five of these factories produced over one hundred and fifty million pounds of yarn. Electric lighting and power plants have been constructed. In 1870 the first railway was opened; in 1895 there were two thousand six hundred and eighty-one miles in operation. In 1869 the first telegraph line was erected; in 1891—the last report accessible—over four million messages were sent through the empire and abroad. Schools of all grades were opening; there were thirty thousand common and many technical schools. There were seven hundred and sixty-seven newspapers and magazines—agricultural, educational, scientific, and religious. From 1868 to 1881,

inclusive, the balance of trade against Japan was, on an average, five million nine hundred and thirteen thousand yen a year ; from 1882 to 1891 the balance was in favor of Japan, on an average, four million one hundred and fifty-thousand seven hundred yen a year. This progress has only begun. Japan has just begun to feel her power. Americans will yet be building great factories in Japan, and she will be a rival of the United States notwithstanding high duties. There is, therefore, the more need that in this morning of her new life Christianity should be enthroned. In industrial progress and commercial achievement Japan will soon take her place with the great nations of the world, and she will in all probability have many interests in common with Great Britain and the United States, and will be in some form of alliance with them in relation to Russia and other great powers.

JAPANESE MISSIONS.—This subject interested me more than all other topics, and, although it has already been mentioned, the subject is worthy of a fuller reference. Protestant missions are comparatively recent in the empire. The great political revolution of 1868 marked an intellectual regeneration. The late war distracted thought and monopolized effort, and it demanded in the field the presence of many of the Christian laymen and some of the evangelists. Thus the work in some mission stations was much retarded, but there were marked compensations. Opportunities were given under the

approval of the government for distributing the Bible among the soldiers ; many Japanese Christian soldiers had peculiarly excellent chances to witness for Christ, and the Christian soldiers as a whole proved to be so brave, so obedient, so loyal, and so trustworthy, that Christianity won as glorious a victory as did Japan. Indeed, in a very real sense Christianity was on trial in this war, and superbly did it bear the test. I have met some men from the Baptist schools who were brave soldiers for the empire of Japan and the kingdom of God.

I have talked with Christian workers of many denominations, and have tried to classify and formulate their replies to pointed questions. The number of missionaries in Japan seems to be large, but what are they among forty millions of people? This population is about two-thirds that of the United States. What could the hundreds of missionaries in Japan do if they were the only religious teachers in the American republic? All are agreed that the standard of Christian living among the native church-members is constantly rising. They are subject to great trials. Shall they close their shops on Sunday? That is the day of most profitable trade. See those closed shops in that row of busy stores! How eloquent is that silent testimony! Sunday is a holiday for many government employees, and then they wish to do their trading. Examples of superb heroism have been given in many cases by Christian merchants. All are agreed also that since the war congre-

tions are increasing, and in many instances the children of Christian converts are among worshippers and converts. Here is a distinct element of hope and power.

THE SCHOOL QUESTION.—All Christian workers seem to be in about equal perplexity regarding the proper conduct of schools. There is danger that the Christian schools will be secularized. Their students are at a disadvantage at the universities and at the government offices. Ought there to be any schools in competition with the general system of public instruction in an empire like Japan? Ought we to encourage students to continue to take advantage of our schools while they are avowedly heathen and propose so to remain? In a word, the school question is the great modern question in nearly all countries.

A very liberal theology is troubling some churches. The Congregational brethren are face to face with this trial and with other perplexities somewhat related. The great difficulty in getting a usable knowledge of the language in preaching is common to all the workers. Some will never get this knowledge, but they can still do fairly good work through interpreters and in many personal ways. This great field is white unto the harvest. Work to-day will tell mightily in the near future. All seem to be agreed that we need to do a vast amount of distinctly evangelistic work, and also that we ought much more than in the past to use the press. The

Japanese are a reading people. These groups of *jinrikisha* men, whom we see on every hand, are all reading their Japanese paper while they wait for patrons. May the pierced hand of Jesus Christ speedily be put on the press of Japan! We need no mediocre men here; we want our brightest, best, and most consecrated. This is the "Land of the Rising Sun."

We have noble Baptist men and women here. As a whole they are doing grandly amid many difficulties. Scarcely are nobler women found than are these. They are in culture, character, and consecration worthy of their positions and responsibilities. It was a joy to meet them. It will be a pleasing memory to recall the meetings with them in different parts of the empire. I turn away from Japan and hasten toward China, India, Palestine, and finally to America, but I can say in the words which are on Dr. Brown's tombstone, "God bless the Japanese."

SEVERAL JAPANS.—Bishop Hendrix has recently called attention to the fact that there are at least three Japans. There is, first, *Official Japan*. This includes all the public buildings, such as customs, postal service, courts, education, police, legislative and executive departments of the government, and their officers. All these buildings ignore the old Japan and her unique type of architecture. The officers of the government, whether civil, military, or naval, wear foreign dress. They are so uniformed that one can readily tell to what branch of service

they belong. Many of them speak English or French, and were educated in foreign countries or under foreign teachers brought to Japan. Foreign dress, manners, and customs are affected by this class of Japanese. Official Japan is striving to imitate the characteristics of European countries in things both great and small.

Official Japan is ambitious for the future of the country and for its good name among Europeans. It is striving to compel the peasantry to wear fuller clothing. It has also largely abolished the custom of promiscuous bathing on the part of the sexes, and it has controlled many of the barbarous tendencies of the earlier day. It has done much also to remove the offensive clauses of treaties and to bring Japan into touch with the great nations of Europe. Official Japan is courteous to foreigners. It is turning its back toward the early conservatism and its face toward the hopeful progress characteristic of the hour. It is making a careful study of commerce, war, education, and diplomacy. It has not adopted the Christian faith, but it has largely broken with the old heathen superstitions. It is proud, hopeful, brave, and sometimes boastful. It has great possibilities and it is not free from certain dangers.

The same writer calls attention also to *Old Japan*. This Japan is as devoted as ever to its idolatries and ancestral shrines. It is divided between Shintoism and Buddhism. It is industrious and patriotic, but devoted to old customs and habits. It still bows before its shrines, burns

incense, makes its "dead boats," and still seeks to propitiate the fox, as did past generations. Its worshipers are found not only in rural districts but in the large cities. Costly shrines are found in the homes and business places of wealthy merchants, even in the treaty ports. Heathenism is found in Japan still, as truly degraded and besotted as can be seen in southern India. The lavish expenditure once made upon the temples has now in great part ceased, but voluntary contributions are still made by the common people for the support of shrines, temples, and altars. It is true that not many new temples are in building, but it is also true that almost all parts of the country are well supplied with temples already built.

One imposing Buddhist temple has been built in Kyoto within the past few years. Bishop Hendrix calls attention to the fact that its massive timbers were lifted to their places by means of hair ropes, for the manufacture of which three hundred thousand Japanese women consented to have their tresses shorn. These ropes are still shown as evidences of loyalty to the worship of Buddha. Old Japan still clings to the former things and rejects the progress of Official Japan, even in its most brilliant achievements. The mass of the people belong to Old Japan. They are not reconciled to the presence of foreigners, and will have nothing to do with their dress, food, customs, or religion. Christian England and America send improved cotton mills and other forms of machinery, but the

Japanese who work in these mills still retain their idolatry even while they take advantage of the inventions of Christianity.

But there is also a *Christian Japan*, as the same writer has well pointed out. This is as yet but a small part of the empire, but it has already greatly influenced Official Japan. There are about forty thousand members of the Christian Japanese churches. They have more than four hundred churches, and many of them are self-supporting. They have about thirty thousand Sunday-school scholars. The late war did much to increase the social and official influence of Japanese Christians. It had often been doubted whether in the case of a war Japanese Christians would be brave and loyal, as were the heathen Japanese. Once it was feared that Christianity would denationalize the Japanese who accepted its doctrines. Many Japanese believed that those of their number who had embraced Christianity would be little better than foreigners in a war with the Chinese or any other nation, but it was found that there were no braver soldiers than the Christian Japanese. It was not uncommon to hear the Japanese shout as they recognized the bravery of the Christians, "Long live Christians!" Christianity has certainly gained a firm foothold in Japan. Its progress, however, will be necessarily slow, but access can now be had by Christian teachers to soldiers, sailors, policemen, and almost all classes of the Japanese. The chief of police in Yokohama has promised that every man under his control

shall receive a copy of the Bible. He has also promised to distribute two thousand copies of the Scriptures among the fallen women under his control. Admirals, field marshals, and police officers welcome Christian chaplains, and the chief of staff of the Imperial Guards expresses pleasure at the circulation of the Bible among all classes of people.

Bishop Hendrix well remarks that "Sir Edwin Arnold saw only one of these Japans." The new Japan is struggling toward a higher sense of commercial honor, and is striving to make this country worthy of the confidence of all Christian nations. Japan needs a permanent Christian civilization. Japan stands on tiptoe with the light of Christianity falling on its upturned face. China is hypnotized by gazing on its own dead past. Japan is inspired by gazing into its hopeful and brilliant future.

PASSPORTS.—As already mentioned, passports are necessary for traveling in Japan outside of the treaty ports. Upon presentation of my American passport I was furnished with an annexed passport, giving permission to travel in the interior. This passport, it is expected, will be returned to the consul general of the United States of America at its expiration. The bearer of the passport is expressly enjoined to observe in every particular the directions of the Japanese government, printed in Japanese characters on the back of the passport, and also translated into English. It is expressly stated that the bearer

of the passport is "required to conduct himself in an orderly and conciliatory manner toward the Japanese authorities and people." The passport was granted for one year. I did not return my passport, as I wished to retain it as a curious souvenir of my Japanese tour. I suppose I could not procure another passport should I revisit Japan, not having returned this one; but as the requirement of a passport probably will be modified before I revisit that country, I did not feel greatly concerned regarding the return of this passport.

Among the local regulations on the passports forbidding certain acts are the following, which are strictly forbidden, "Attending a fire on horseback." If there is anything which I wanted to do in Japan it was to attend a fire on horseback. Of this privilege I never have availed myself at home, and of course I wanted to enjoy it in Japan. Another prohibition is "scribbling on temples, shrines, or walls." It would be well if this prohibition could be observed in every country. There are ten of these local regulations, the last one being, "lighting fires in woods, or on hills, or moors." My Turkish as well as my American passport is a decided curiosity. Both are so covered with local endorsements as to be worthy of preservation as unique souvenirs of my journey.

SOME JAPANESE WORDS.—Through the courtesy of Rev. A. A. Bennett, of Yokohama, I am able to present to readers some Japanese com-

pounds of *sha*, meaning vehicle or wheel: *Ki-sha* (or *joki-sha*), meaning steam-car; *jin-riki-sha*, meaning man-power (*jin*, man, *riki*, power, *sha*, wheel or carriage); *ba-sha*, meaning any carriage drawn by a horse (*ba*); *gyū-sha*, meaning ox-cart (*gyū*, ox); *sui-sha*, meaning water-wheel (*sui*, water); *ji-ten-sha*, meaning self-revolving wheel (*ji-ten*, self-revolving), as velocipede, bicycle, etc.; *ji-dō-sha*, meaning self-working car (*dō*, working, as an inclined plane); *hō-sha*, meaning gun-carriage (*hō*, gun), a mounted cannon; *denki-sha*, meaning electric-car (*denki*, electric).

XVII

RELIGIONS AND MORALS

THE Ainos are fetich-worshippers. The worship of the reproductive powers of nature and of ancestors has a large place in their idolatrous system. These beliefs also underlie both Shintoism and Buddhism.

NATIVE RELIGION.—Shintoism was the earlier worship; it is now the State religion. Buddhism was imported from India by way of China and Korea. There are nearly two hundred thousand Shinto shrines and temples and wayside chapels of all grades. The Buddhist temples are more marked by images and idolatrous observances. Buddhism was introduced in 552 A. D., from Korea, with its elaborate system of ethics, ritual, dogma, and scriptures. It soon threw the bald system of Shinto into the shade.

Kobo, a profound scholar, in the beginning of the ninth century devised a scheme by which the older religion was swallowed up by the newer faith. He gave all the Shinto deities Buddhist names, and he appointed Buddhist liturgies for Shinto feasts and festivals. This new system turned the emperors into cloistered

monks and the empresses into nuns. A blow was thus struck at Shintoism. The Buddhists were bridge-builders, road-makers, scholars, and benefactors; they were the exponents of civilization and the fathers of literature. From the sixth to the twelfth century is the missionary era of Japanese Buddhism. But since the revolution of 1868 there has been a revival of Shintoism, and it is the State religion still. Many, however, do not know what "ism" they profess. They are indifferent to many of the earlier "isms," and are in danger of falling into practical atheism if they do not receive the gospel of Christ.

There has been an improvement in the morals of the people since the political revolution of 1868 and the introduction of Christianity. But there is still great room for improvement. There is a class known as the Eta, who are considered outcasts and altogether inhuman. In their treatment of this class the Japanese act contrary to the principles of humanity.

In 1888 there was over one divorce to every three marriages. So long as this state of things exists true progress must be greatly impeded. In the recent volume by Doctor Griffis on "Townsend Harris, First American Envoy to Japan," Mr. Harris says, speaking of the Japanese with what, we hope, is some unconscious exaggeration: "They are the greatest liars on earth. The mendacity of these men passes all human belief. They never hesitate at uttering a falsehood, even where the truth would serve the same purpose." Mr. Harris was appointed

minister to Japan in 1859, but on account of ill-health resigned in 1861. He was a very able, and in many ways a typical, American. He did not hesitate sternly to rebuke the Japanese envoys because of their deceptions. He died in New York, February 25, 1878.

LACK OF MORALITY.—The most intelligent and patriotic men in Japan fully realize that moral soundness is necessary to all true and permanent progress. Hence efforts have been made to remove many of the moral eyesores of the earlier heathen days. Visitors to Japan to-day see much which shocks their sense of modesty, but they, and even the new generation of Japanese, can scarcely believe in the existence of the sights so familiar to the first missionaries in that land. The grossness of the immorality of that day is now almost incredible. The most attractive portions of great cities were those given up to the worst forms of vice. Girls were, and to some degree still are, sold as slaves. Evil was publicly exhibited; the most shameful exhibitions were utterly shameless. The most indecent shrines were numerous along the roads in many provinces; the most vulgar representations were wrought into candy, porcelain, and faience. At temple festivals the grossest emblems were publicly carried in parades. The most abominable performances were observed as a part of idolatrous processions.

It is authoritatively affirmed that much of the popular literature of the time was utterly unfit

for publication. The exposures going to and returning from the public baths are almost incredible, and they are still occasionally seen. It is quite true that we ought not to judge them by our standards, as many of our ideas of propriety depend upon training and conventionalism, but judged by any standard, these exposures were as objectionable as they are incredible. Perhaps the admittedly common practice of lying, often so needless, was due in part to the despotism and espionage of the feudal system, now happily passed away.

The disregard for human life, the unquarantined small-pox patients roaming freely about, the miserable class called the Eta often cut down by the swords of the Samurai so that dead men often lay in the public highways, the horribly diseased who lay in wayside huts, the many victims of nameless diseases, these all were characteristic of the old days of heathenism in Japan. To help a man who was an Eta or a Haimin, even if he were drowning, was the exception rather than the rule in the pre-Christian days. The ancient disqualifications on other religions than Buddhism were removed in 1871. Then idolatry, immorality, and fearful diseases went hand in hand. Even children were familiar with the saddest sides of human life and sin. The distinguished Doctor Verbeck says that probably immorality is a more formidable obstacle to the progress of missions than idolatry considered in itself.

The fact is,—and the sooner all recognize it

the better,—idolatry in Japan, China, India, and throughout the world, is organized impurity. There can be no genuine and permanent growth for Japan until Christianity is practically the religion of the country. Heathenism is vile, gross, brutal, vulgar, cruel, and altogether abominable. It may be dressed up for exhibition at the Parliament of Religions in Chicago, but at its home it is unfit for exhibition, and in many of its features is unfit for discussion. Japan has greatly improved even by adopting some of the outward signs of Christian civilization. But unfortunately Japan is not yet Christianized; it is not even evangelized. Its progress has been chiefly on the material side of civilization. It has adopted Western ideas of commerce and war, but it has not yet discarded its false gods. A heathenism as gross as that of Hinduism in India is still prevalent. The deadly microbes of heathen belief have not yet been destroyed, and they are poisoning the vitals of the nation.

WORK OF PROTESTANT MISSIONARIES.—By the Townsend Harris treaty, July 29, 1858, certain ports were opened July 4, 1859. Immediately the Reformed, Episcopal, and Presbyterian Churches availed themselves of this opportunity. J. C. Hepburn, M. D., afterward the famous lexicographer, who represented the Presbyterian Church, arrived October 18 at Kanagawa, near Yokohama. Dr. Verbeck, representing the Reformed Church, arrived November 7, at Nagasaki. Three missions were estab-

lished before January 1, 1860. Rev. John Liggins and Rev. G. M. Williams represented the Episcopal Church. April 1, 1860, Rev. Jon. Goble and wife, and the Japanese Sentaro, the former a marine and the latter a waif in Commodore Perry's squadron, were sent out by the American Baptist Free Mission Society. For ten years, with but few accessions, these four American missions occupied the field. Some of the workers on account of ill-health were obliged to abandon their posts. Dr. Hepburn, in 1862, settled at Yokohama doing dispensary and lexicographic work. Rev. David Thompson joined the missionaries in 1863, and has long been active as a missionary in Tokyo. In 1869 Dr. Verbeck went to Tokyo to organize a national scheme of education and to be at the head of the Imperial University. In 1872 an embassy was organized to go around the world to study Western civilization, and half its members had been Dr. Verbeck's pupils. Eternity only can show the full results of Dr. Verbeck's great work.

In August, 1869, Miss Mary Kidder, now Mrs. E. R. Miller, arrived in Yokohama. She was the first unmarried lady missionary going directly to Japan from America. In 1869 the Church of England organized work at Nagasaki; and in 1870 the American Board began a work in Kobe. 1872 was the year in which the harvest began. On March 10 of that year, the first Christian church was organized at Yokohama. Rev. Messrs. J. H. Ballagh, O. H. Gulick, J. B. Davis,

M. L. Gordon, and Dr. Berry and their wives were leaders in the work. In October, 1872, the Woman's Union Missionary Society established a home in Yokohama. About a year after the organization of the first Christian church, the government abolished the lunar and adopted the solar calendar of Christendom.

Then following the removal of the anti-Christian edicts, the return of the embassy from its tour around the world, the organization of a New Testament Translation Committee, and the arrival of a large force of missionaries. Until the spring of 1872 only ten natives had been baptized. The first church organized was the direct outgrowth of the earnest observance of the week of prayer, the meetings of which had been prolonged to the last of February. The book of the Acts had been daily studied, and the prayers of the Japanese for Japan were so earnest as to stir the hearts of all the missionaries.

DIFFICULTIES OF THE MISSIONARIES.—The first missionaries were objects of intense suspicion. All Japanese who communicated with them were also suspected. The first teachers of the missionaries were practically official spies; and the missionaries were supposed to have come to corrupt the morals and to decrease the loyalty of the people. The most abominable stories were told against the character and purpose of the missionaries. They were charged with being sorcerers; even in the treaty ports they were closely confined to the treaty limits, and

were constantly in danger of incendiarism and assassination. Many of their opposers had belonged to the Samurai class, but had degenerated into infuriated ruffians. Some of the legations were even attacked.

These opponents of all foreigners claimed to be acting from patriotic motives. They revered the mikado. They desired to embroil the tycoon, by whom treaties were made with foreigners; and thus they would assist the mikado in his desire to secure a return of his ancient supremacy. Their cry was, "Expel the foreigner," but their real purpose was to hasten the revolution which came in 1868, and so hasten the larger liberty which now is enjoyed. Neither missionaries nor diplomats could see then, as we do now, the ultimate purpose of those who then opposed them. But the missionaries toiled on. Soon they dispelled suspicion, conciliated the hatred of their foes, removed the ignorance of all, and so manifested the spirit of Christ as to win the respect of all classes.

Soon the temper of the people was changed, like the climate from January to June. Mr. Liggins, of the Episcopal Church, Dr. Nathan Brown, of the Baptist, and Dr. Hepburn, of the Presbyterian Church, had done good work in making translations. Educated Japanese could read the Bible in the Chinese version. The Bible was translated into Japanese in 1887 after many trials and great labors. Mrs. Hepburn, Miss Kidder and Mr. and Mrs. Carrothers, and Mrs. Pruyn did excellent work in teaching the

young ; and Dr. Hepburn was disarming prejudice by his skill in medicine as well as his earnestness in Christianity. All these influences helped also to keep reasonably pure the social life of the European Christians, who though professing Christianity were in danger of the evils arising from constant association with heathenism. The earlier missionaries worked long in a darkness illuminated only by the power of God and the light from the cross.

UP TO 1890.—During the eighteen years from 1872 to 1890 wonderful progress was made. The Doshisha College was established in Kyoto by the celebrated Neesima, in 1875, and fifteen young men were graduated from the theological department in 1879. In 1889 the first bishop of the English Church, Dr. Poole, was appointed ; the present bishop of that church is Dr. Bickersteth, who lives in Tokyo. Since 1877 the churches of the Presbyterian polity have been united in one general body. There now are more than seventy churches under the Presbyterian polity, and of these three are self-supporting. In no country has woman's work for women been more general and helpful. The Baptists began work under J. Goble, in 1860 ; eleven years later Dr. Nathan Brown began his great work. His version of the entire New Testament was published in 1880. The Baptists in 1895 had about forty preaching stations, including places where missionaries visit, but do not reside. All our Baptist workers strive to develop

the idea of self-support. The First Baptist Church in Yokohama was organized March 2, 1873, and the first in Tokyo, May 14, 1876.

The Disciples of Christ began their work in 1883; in 1895 they had about ten stations. The Christian Church of America is also in the field. The Congregationalists have many earnest and successful workers. They man two churches in ten cities and have preached at nearly one hundred and seventy outstations. They began in 1869 at Kobe with Rev. and Mrs. C. D. Greene, and have spread out with great rapidity. They have not been without their troubles, but it is hoped that divisions may cease and harmony prevail. They have had some remarkable native workers, and also a number of journalists and other men of scholarship and literary influence. Rev. W. H. Noyes and wife labored under the auspices of the Berkeley Temple, Boston. But few independent native churches have yet been formed.

There are five groups of Methodist missions, the largest of which is the American Methodist Episcopal Church, which began work in 1872, under the leadership of Rev. R. S. Maclay, a veteran from Foochow, China. They have reached both extremes of the empire, and have many excellent lay workers and Bible women. The Canada Methodist Episcopal Church and other branches of Methodism have several stations and energetic workers.

The Society of Friends, the Christian Alliance, the American Unitarians, formerly represented

by Rev. Arthur Knapp, in Tokyo, the American Universalists, represented by Rev. George Perrin and others who labor in Tokyo, the Bible societies, tract societies—all have their representatives in this hopeful empire. Great unity marks the labors of all these bodies of Christian workers. The American and Scotch Presbyterians work together; so do also American and English Episcopalians.

The majority in all the churches are young men. Time will equalize the proportion of the sexes and ages. Great practical questions must soon be discussed—the Sunday question, temperance, morals, etc. On Sunday the government ceases its labors, but the day is not observed as a holy day. Efforts are being made to purify literature of its cruel, revengeful, and licentious elements; and in all these endeavors several flourishing Young Men's Christian Associations are rendering excellent service.

XVIII

PECULIARITIES OF JAPAN

MANY things were witnessed and carefully considered in the visit to Japan which there is not space to describe, but a few general observations seem to be in place as Japan is now left behind.

CHEAP LIVING.—Living in Japan is cheap. Expenses in any city or country are largely what one chooses to make them, but there are some expenses common to all persons which will serve to illustrate the scale of prices. Here is a laundry bill of one dozen pieces, of which six are shirts of various styles. The work was done promptly and excellently. What was the amount of the bill? The figures are given in gold or American money; the bill reached the enormous sum of fifteen cents. Surely there is no excuse for not having frequent changes of linen while traveling in Japan. In Yokohama the foreign hotels are like leading hotels in Europe. At the Grand the charge is in gold about two dollars and fifty cents, at the Club about two dollars, and at the Clarendon one dollar and twenty-five cents to one dollar and fifty cents per day, and everything included in each case. I tried the

last two named and I would prefer the Clarendon, even if the prices were the same. Here a room was occupied which was twenty by thirty feet, with two large windows opening on a veranda, the meals were excellent and the service was good. It is a private hotel, kept by Mrs. Staniland, a worthy Englishwoman.

At Nikko, up among the grand mountains and the glorious trees and near the terraced hills crowned by temples, prices in the hotels are from one dollar and fifty cents to two dollars and fifty cents in gold per day. Here, as in most of the leading hotels, the waiters are little Japanese men in black tights and some style of sandal, but in some hotels the waiters are young women. They are quick, intelligent, and willing. Europeans—which term includes all who are not natives—expect to pay more than natives at these hotels. Perhaps they ought to pay more; they demand a greater variety of food and vastly more attention. If one were willing to put up with what he gets at a genuine Japanese country hotel, sleeping on the floor with a wooden pillow, making his toilet at a pump or using a common basin, and eating Japanese food, he could live for a mere trifle.

Mosquitoes and fleas are among the trials of Japan, and especially of Japanese hotels; but a flea bag, a sheet so stitched as to cover the body and the arms and to tie with a drawing string around the neck, will lessen the discomfort of the one pest, and a properly adjusted mosquito net over the bed will entirely prevent annoy-

ance from the other pest. The mosquitoes were vastly worse in Honolulu; often they are worse in New Jersey. From neither of these pests—and to both I am peculiarly sensitive—was there really any discomfort worth mentioning. Had there been a sojourn in a genuine native hotel a different report probably would have to be made. Our missionaries often suffer seriously from the wicked flea, which flees indeed, but bites nevertheless. Many missionaries carry some sort of flea bag with them, and also various powders and lotions, while on their journeys through country districts.

Speaking of low prices, I have learned that a man and his wife can be secured as servants, he deciding on the *menu*, making the purchases and cooking the food, and she being waitress and maid of all work, and they "finding" themselves, for the enormous sum per month for both of six to seven dollars in gold. Think of that, ye lordly Hibernians, with your brogue and brogans, who condescend to reign in our humble American homes. Truly, the United States, whatever the cause may be, is the paradise of workingmen and women.

Think of buying an outfit, consisting of bath-room *kimono*, socks with the separate great toe, a sash, or *obi*, and sandals, for one dollar and twenty-five cents. A Japanese young man or woman of the working class could dress well for fifty cents; some of them probably dress for twenty-five cents. But going a few steps higher, a good outfit can certainly be secured for two

dollars, or even somewhat less. The daily newspapers printed in English are a marked exception to these low prices. The "Japan Mail" is warmly pro-Japanese, and the "Japan Gazette" is vigorously anti-Japanese. Both are sprightly and ambitious. They contain, however, but little reading matter, and each costs about fourteen cents. A morning newspaper at this price is a veritable luxury. Of course the circulation of these papers is small, but if the prices were smaller the circulation would be much larger.

Europeans have to pay at nearly all the shops much higher prices than natives. Time is a small object in the Orient. A shopkeeper will chaffer long over a few cents, and he will ask often twice as much as he finally will take. It is humiliating to make purchases after this fashion, but if you do not dicker you will be cheated. Some shops now have adopted the one price system, but in any case when you get the lowest price most things are cheap. Labor is cheap; humanity is cheap. Men, women, and children work in factories for a song. Christianity gives dignity to labor, nobility to manhood, honor to womanhood, and protection to childhood. All these things Japan much needs.

DIMINUTIVE PEOPLE.—The Japanese, as is well known, are very small. It seems almost certain that the habit of sitting on their heels for centuries has shortened their legs. Their shortness is in their legs rather than in their bodies. But although the army, officials gen-

erally, and many others have adopted European dress and many other European customs, it is still difficult for the people to learn to sit on chairs or seats of any kind unless they sit in some way on their feet. In European homes they will slip off the chairs, with the apology in winter that their feet and limbs are cold and some other apology in summer, and drop on their heels on the floor. It is interesting to see a man and his wife enter a railway car. They slip off their sandals, put them partly under the seat, jump up on the seat, gracefully adjust their *kimonos* and squat on the seat facing each other. Soon both will have their little pipes filled with tobacco, the pipe holding about enough tobacco for half a dozen puffs. The puffs are taken, the pipes refilled, and the process repeated a few times, but they never seem to smoke much. One wonders why the pipe is not made bigger if the smoker must have more than one pipeful.

Probably the habit, and especially the method, of carrying the children on the backs of their mothers and of their still little brothers and sisters, has something to do with the size and form of their bodies. This practice may account for crooked legs and curved forms. The American Indians show greater wisdom in their method of carrying their children. The Japanese babies, while carried, have no proper support for back, head or legs. Often they are sound asleep while carried, and their heads fall backward or sideways while the scorching sun falls on their

unprotected heads and faces. It is often a wonder that their brains are not roasted. Many of the little mothers are mere children. One such rowed me to a steamer the other day. Her babe was asleep in the little cabin of the boat; the mother was herself only a child. The babe awoke; the mother stopped rowing, attended to its needs in various ways, then strapped it on her back and good-naturedly resumed her oar, the babe in the meantime looking wonderingly at the stranger. Japan must give additional honor to women if the nation is to have a high place among the great nations of the earth. No people can be great unless they have great and good mothers. Japan at this time of her marvelous history cannot afford to dwarf her people, to dishonor her women, and so her men.

PRACTICALLY SLAVES.—There is a class of women who are practically slaves. This general class will suggest to all thinking persons most difficult problems in all countries. It is really a question of fallen human nature. Japan has adopted a method of treating this unfortunate class, of controlling the social vice, which is practised in many cities of several countries and which now has been advocated in other countries. Of course this is not the place for any broad discussion of the question, but in Japan the system adopted results in most grievous social debasement. It cannot be passed over in these concluding notes without some slight notice. The traffic in question has legal sanc-

tion in Vienna, in Paris, and in some other cities ; but it is peculiarly abominable when contrasted with many of the peaceful, gentle, and courteous aspects of Japanese domestic life. It would be easy to name cities in Japan in which there are public establishments whose young women are as truly slaves as are the Caucasian girls who are bought and sold for Turkish harems. In Japan some parents sell their daughters when mere children to be sacrificed on the altar of sin. Lately efforts were made to get a student in one of our schools for this purpose. These girls are formally registered and officially degraded and sacrificed. It is a terrible subject. God save the women of Japan, of America, of the world ! May all races be saved, exalted, and divinized !

POLITENESS.—Politeness is second nature to the Japanese. Very young children are taught to manifest civility and to show respect. The spirit of courtesy marks prince and coolie alike. Villages are often excited with curiosity as they see strangers, but their curiosity is natural in the presence of foreigners, whose ways are to them so novel. Professor Chamberlain says : " Many travelers irritate the Japanese by talking and acting as if they thought Japan and her customs were a sort of peep-show, set up for foreigners to gape at." In many respects we might well imitate the example of gentle behavior and of cordial good nature set us by the Japanese.

Their salutations are extraordinary. Some-

times they are profound, deliberate, and even majestic. On the deck of our steamer two Japanese men in mature life and in good circumstances were parting. They bowed almost to the deck, bowed repeatedly, and remained bowed for a considerable time. It was fortunate for them that the boat was not ready to start else both would have been carried away. In a village I saw a young man kneel on the floor before a man who was presumably a local magistrate and touch the matting several times with his forehead. I have been frequently disconcerted at our schools for girls and in meeting our church-members because of their prostrations and other salutations. There is danger that this will minister to European pride and to an unchristian spirit of caste. It is said that two coolies, each carrying two heavy baskets of fruit on bamboo poles on their shoulders, ran against each other on the street and spilled their fruit in every direction. For a moment they looked at each other aghast, and conflicting emotions seemed to strive for the mastery. Then they bowed low and often to each other and went to work with a will, each helping the other to gather up the fruit. Indeed, it is said that, strictly speaking, profanity is foreign to their language. Unfortunately, Europeans and "Christians" are teaching these people both vulgarity and profanity.

The vanity of the women seems to manifest itself in attention to their dark and abundant hair. It is dressed elaborately. Saturated with

pomade, it is worked up into all sorts of shapes, made sometimes to look like a bird with outspreading wings. One dressing will last for several days, the wooden pillows on which they rest their heads at night not seriously disturbing the dressing. The head is always uncovered, the thick hair being sufficient protection. The same is true in part of the men. The only ornaments the women wear are their flashing hair-pins. The women are polite as well as the men, but their training, their sense of inferiority, makes them timid, shrinking, and diffident. They are interesting in their native dress. Some of them, according to their, and even our, standard, are pretty. They look like bundles of goods, but the common working woman is very common-looking indeed. What a noise a train-load of Japanese make as they shuffle, clatter, and rattle over the pavement when a train discharges its occupants.

Japanese women in European garments are utterly out of place. Then they are completely disillusionized; then they are brought into comparison with our noblest women, greatly to the disadvantage of the Japanese. Their curved figures cannot stand European clothes; their turned-in toes may be modest and perhaps in a way graceful, as they grip with them their clattering sandals. But in boots and dresses let Japanese women never appear. If they are wise they will never make the attempt. But let all dare what many are now daring, not to blacken their teeth and shave their eyebrows. This

practice makes them hideous. What a horrible commentary on the nation it is that the only way a married woman can be trusted is by making herself abominably ugly. One would think she would like to be attractive for her husband's sake ; one would think that he would like to have her so, alike for his sake and hers.

It is said that Japanese politeness is like their famous lacquer-work, only on the outside ; perhaps this is largely so. But better politeness than rudeness in any case. I can well understand that many Japanese are shocked at the rough and ready ways of many Americans. Really, we might well learn lessons from them in regard to politeness. The Golden Rule given by Christ formulates the true spirit of courtesy, and is the highest law of etiquette. I have seen in some of our missionaries distinct traces of the influence of Japanese politeness. Politeness is a Christian virtue in whatever people found. Nothing is more certain than that our Lord, in all the noblest senses of the term, was a "gentleman."

JAPANESE HANDICAPS.—In a recent speech to students, Lieutenant Viscount Soga pointed out some difficulties now before Japan in the great international competition on which she has entered. There is, first, the handicap imposed on her students by the clumsy ideographs of the written Japanese language. We know that the Japanese have natural intelligence, though her students who have come to America are, of

course, picked students. They certainly have won their full share of honors in our highest schools of learning. But their own language is a serious drawback to them as well as to all our missionaries. In a recent article in a Japanese paper, referring to the address to which I have alluded, it is pointed out that the four thousand characters in the language must be mastered before a student can read an ordinary newspaper, and it is shown that acquiring this knowledge is an appalling waste of time and effort. The writer of the article claimed that there is nothing in these languages valuable either in medicine, in mathematics, in philosophy, in poetry, or in religion; that there is not a thought which has not been better expressed elsewhere; that these hieroglyphics limit thought, fetter the imagination, and restrict the reason; that they make the mind helpless as a caged eagle.

No doubt this barbaric calligraphy is a great barrier to Japan's progress. She ought to come into the great family of nations using the Roman character; then all foreigners could readily learn the language. The world would lose but little if all the literature in the old characters were destroyed. There is a society of the Japanese to encourage this idea, the Romaji Kwai. All our missionaries will welcome the introduction of the Roman character. They tell me that the use of the Chinese characters in conjunction with the Japanese is the most perplexing part of the study. Japan has already borrowed too much from China. Let her now free herself

from the shackles of her barbaric infancy and come out with a Japanese language in the characters of the most enlightened nations of the earth.

Another handicap pointed out in the address is the incompetency and unreliability of Japanese business men. Their word, according to well-nigh universal testimony, is untrustworthy. A case has recently come up in a Japanese court which illustrates this statement. It is affirmed that a Japanese firm, in dealing with a British house, will break its contracts when a change in prices makes a violation of contract a financial gain. The Chinese business men are more competent. They are found in banks and in the great houses of merchandise in places of trust, and the Japanese fear them.

There are historical reasons for the defects of Japanese business men. Under the old *régime* the soldier was the man whom the people honored; next to him was the manufacturer or artisan who made swords for the soldier; next the farmer who raised grain to feed him, and far down the list were peddlers and merchants who merely sold goods. All this was reversed in China. There the soldier was despised, the merchant honored, and we see in the two nations to-day the results of these different standards of character and conduct. But the Japanese merchant will improve. He must. He has to adapt himself to new conditions, and he is Yankee enough to learn soon, from policy if not from principle, how to do it.

The third barrier named in the address is the

peril of armaments disproportioned to the revenues of the country. Japan's revenue is less than fifty million dollars. She hopes greatly to increase it when she has Formosa fully conquered, but that result is still in the future. Granting that her revenue were one hundred million dollars, that would be a small amount to enable Japan to compete in the new world into which she is now entering. He was a foolish Japanese who said to Mr. Bennett and me the other day on the train, foolish though a university professor, "Japan can whip any two nations on the earth." Perhaps this bumptious spirit is inevitable just now, when the people are intoxicated with success, but it is just the spirit which true Japanese dislike. Great Britain spends yearly on her navy a sum nearly twice as large as the entire present revenue of Japan. She needs to cultivate modesty and all the arts of peace. She has a great future, and she must prepare for it by being in the highest sense a great, a fully civilized, and a thoroughly Christianized people.

XIX

THE GIBRALTAR OF THE EAST

HONG KONG might mean "Red Harbor"; if the form Hiang Kiang is adopted, the meaning will be "fragrant streams." The word Hong often signifies a row or series of rooms, shops, factories, or warehouses. Each block of factories is called by the natives a "hong." When about a dozen merchants at Canton had a monopoly of the foreign trade they were called "hong merchants."

HONG KONG HARBOR.—Weird was Hong Kong as we entered its harbor after nightfall. The sky was bright with stars, and the electric lights, rising row upon row, illuminated the hill which rises behind and above the city. Both the stars and the electric lights were reflected in the placid waters. The varied-colored lights from the many ships in the harbor mingled their rays with the other lights, thus adding to the beauty of the striking scene. Jutting out from the mainland opposite is the little peninsula of Kowloong, whose lights completed the unique picture. This territory was ceded to the British government by the convention of Peking, October 24, 1861. The next morning we waited

on deck until the clouds lifted—some rain having fallen in the night—and then the entire view of hills, harbor, and city burst upon our sight. This magnificent harbor, surrounded by its ranges of lofty hills, renders shelter and affords depth for any known tonnage. It is a beautiful amphitheatre, a watery arena, covered with merchantmen and men-of-war of all nations.

Hong Kong is the great emporium of the east. With rare skill does Great Britain find and secure strategic points on many shores. The statesmanship of Britain is concerned only in small part with the little islands which make up Great Britain. It is the greater Britain reaching to the ends of the earth which must chiefly occupy the minds of British statesmen. The prime minister who cannot by a wise and vigorous policy conserve these interests, whatever else he may be in many other important respects, cannot really govern Great Britain. Her relations are so numerous and complicated that the utmost wisdom is required to hold the balances justly, preserving her dignity, asserting her authority, and yet observing the rights of other nations. Years have taught her wisdom. One almost hesitates to speculate on the "might have been" if Britain had acted wisely toward her American colonies, now the United States of America. Britain now gives her colonies many rights which were then denied. They enjoy an autonomy, which once would have seemed impossible, either to the mother or to the children. These colonies are virtually repub-

lics, though the shadow of the British throne falls on them in the appointment of the governor general, who for a time is the representative of royalty. As a rule, however, these colonies are bound to the mother country by ties of loyalty as strong as they are tender. Spain's treatment of Cuba shows how little true statesmanship Spain possesses. Anglo-Saxon blood and Protestant faith are needed for the world's greatest prosperity. This blood and this faith will yet rule the world. Thoughts like these suggested themselves as this remote British colonial city rose up before us in its beautiful situation.

About us are the bluish-green and greenish-blue waters, and yonder the mountains of volcanic rock rising sheer from the water's edge. These mountains rise in terrace above terrace in the form of a crescent. Our steamer is surrounded by scores upon scores of utterly unsightly and abominably unclean sampans and other small craft. Many of the boats are "manned" by loud-voiced women, who steer, scull, cook, manage the numerous children, and drive hard bargains, and, when not otherwise engaged, quietly smoke or noisily chatter with their sister boatwomen. It is said that there are over twenty thousand Chinese in Hong Kong harbor who have no other dwellings but small boats, such as sampans, hakans, and various sorts of diminutive junks. They earn a scanty subsistence by fishing, by transporting passengers and cargoes to and from shore, and in attending in other ways on the ships. The

women seemed to be quite as strong and skillful as the men; they were quite as able to push their boats into the line and to shout for passengers as are their husbands and brothers. In this latter respect they rival New York hackmen and London cabmen.

Steam launches, belonging to the ship or to the hotels, carried the cabin passengers ashore, and then the steerage passengers were beset by the runners from the native hotels. These runners wear a cone-shaped hat, bearing in Chinese characters the name of the hotel represented. They are a noisy crowd, and scramble up the sides of the ship with alacrity. To each steerage passenger on this occasion there seemed to be at least twenty runners, but no doubt when large numbers of Chinese are returning from America, Hawaii, and other lands, these runners find many patrons. Both hotel runners and boatmen and women are for the most part Hakkas, who were formerly the sole dwellers on this island.

The island of Hong Kong is eleven miles long and its width varies from two to five miles; its circumference is about twenty-seven miles, and it has an area of about twenty-nine square miles. Its cession to Britain by the Chinese government took place in 1841 as a preliminary measure; and as in 1843, by the treaty of Nankin, it was ceded in perpetuity to Her Britannic Majesty, it is now a crown colony. It is situated at the mouth of Chu Kiang or Pearl River, ninety miles below Canton and forty miles from

Macao, the Portuguese port. A rugged mountain runs from east to west, rising at its highest point to eighteen hundred feet. On the south coast sandy beaches and bold cliffs alternate. The houses rise on terrace after terrace and are imposing and some of them beautiful.

THE CAPITAL CITY.—The island is Hong Kong, but the legal and official name of the city which is the capital is Victoria. After spreading out along the water's edge for some miles the city climbs the steep slopes at its back in villas and gardens until it reaches almost to the summit of the peak. The population is somewhat over two hundred and forty thousand, of which number fewer than five thousand are Europeans and Americans. These figures show that the proportion of Chinese residents is very great, and about one-third of them are by birth British subjects. The Chinese section flanks the foreign quarter, and is quite characteristic of the race, being crowded, dirty, and abominable.

A very busy scene meets the tourist when he reaches the shore. He will be impressed immediately with the variety and picturesqueness of the population. The ends of the earth meet in Hong Kong. It is in many ways the world's exchange. Here the east and the west and the north and the south meet to do business, and meet often to cheat and to be cheated. A *jūri-kisha* ride on the broad Praya, an avenue which is to Hong Kong what the Bund is at Yoko-

hama or at Kobe, being the street which fronts the water, will show the visitor streets swarming with a motley crowd. All classes, conditions, and phases of humanity seem to be here. Here are Jews, Turks, Mohammedans, Europeans, a few Americans, Hindus, Javanese, Japanese, Cingalese, Malays, Parsees, Sikhs, Portuguese, French, Spaniards, and Germans,—the last being mostly Jews and money-lenders,—half-castes, Chinese merchants, and, always and everywhere, the Chinese coolies, carrying poles, buckets, baskets, and sedan chairs, or clumsily trotting with the clumsy *jūrikishas*. The Chinese *jūrikisha* and the Chinese runner have neither the grace nor the endurance of the Japanese vehicle and man.

Continuing our ride or walk, we observe these various classes more closely in this bedlamic whirl of their commingled existence. Here is an Indian *ayah* clothed in white; here is a Sikh policeman, trained in the British army, standing on the corner in a statuesque and semi-military attitude; here is a Chinese policeman looking quite out of place in a semi-European dress, and here is a European policeman. You ask him a question and he answers in a broad Irish brogue, and, if you are in any doubt, hear him shout at the Chinese loungers, and you might almost make an affidavit that you are in New York; here a mender, who will do your darning and patching, sits by a basket of rags; here a peripatetic barber lays down his poles and boxes, takes out his tools and begins operations on a

needy customer ; here pig-tailed boys at play ; here peddlers shouting their wares. It would seem that the custom of compressing the feet is dying out. Some elderly women were hobbling along as the victims of this custom, but young women seem to have been brought up with more sense. Here also are elegant men and women riding, driving, walking. Here are British soldiers, whose drum-beat is heard around the world, dressed in white linen in summer and in their scarlet uniforms in winter. This is the bewildering panorama which one sees on the Praya, Queen's Road, and a few other thoroughfares.

This is truly a cosmopolitan city ; it is one of the great highways of the world ; it is the meeting-place of Asia, Australia, Oceanica, Europe, and America. The garrison of troops gives one a sense of security. These troops suggest British might, enterprise, and wisdom. Wherever the British flag goes commerce goes, liberty goes, progress goes, civilization goes, Christianity goes. Hong Kong is a strong fortress, a safeguard to all Asia, the Gibraltar of the East. Its commerce is enormous. It registers, perhaps, a greater commercial tonnage than any other port in the world. The city of Victoria is a British colony by itself, having a colonial governor and staff, and maintaining a small court, with social ambitions as high as their sphere is narrow. Here is the naval station for the British Asiatic fleet, and at Kowloong, on the opposite shore, are the docks, arsenals, and foundries which fur-

nish every necessary requirement for peace or munition for war.

As one might expect, the summer temperature is high, as the place is only a little over twenty-two degrees north of the equator. There is also here at times great atmospheric humidity. From May to October the heat is oppressive, and is accompanied with rain and dampness. But the houses are usually built with broad verandas and receding apartments, so that their interior is comfortably cool. Many of the houses built in this fashion seem almost like fortifications. The buildings in the European quarter are largely of granite, there being an excellent granite quarry in the neighborhood, and labor being cheap the solidity, massiveness, and stability of the houses in this quarter are observable. After seeing the flimsy and ephemeral homes of Japan, it is a comfort to see these great and massive structures. The arcades over the walks are also a marked feature; they give needed protection from rain and sun. They remind one of many European cities, and especially of some parts of Paris. Some foreign residents own carriages drawn by horses, and there are a few drays, but the *jirikisha* and the sedan chair are the chief means of locomotion, and even heavy merchandise is carried by poles on the shoulders of men. A few horses here are of more value apparently than many coolies.

CHARACTERISTIC SPOTS.—Most of the wholesale trade is carried on in the Praya, and in the

Queen's Road, running directly behind the Praya, the retail shops and marts for curios are found. In this latter are the Chinese money-changers, with baskets on the floor at their feet, into which they throw the silver in heaps when they have tested it by feeling and sounding it. Silver filigree work, ivory, carvings, porcelain, and ornaments of gold and silver are temptingly displayed. The Chinese dealer is very shrewd, and generally asks much more than he will finally take.

Hong Kong being a free port, European goods are bought at prices but slightly in advance of home rates. A Hong Kong newspaper, which contained nothing except advertisements, a few scissorings, and two editorials in very indifferent English, cost me the exorbitant sum of fourteen cents. In Hong Kong, as in Japan, the plan seems to be to put the daily newspapers at such prices that no one will buy them, and it would seem as if this end were fully attained, except when an ignorant tourist is betrayed into making a foolish purchase. In the banks, Chinamen or half-castes share the duties with Europeans, and some of the banks are fine structures. Coolies swing great fans over the desks, and the clerks, dressed in white, work very deliberately. Getting five pounds in one of these banks proved to be a prolonged and very solemn function.

Near the city is a race-course in a locality known as the "Happy Valley." There are also the Protestant, Roman, Mohammedan, Parsee, Hindu, and Chinese cemeteries. The City Hall, Hong Kong and Shanghai banks are fine build-

ings. To some the military parade ground, cricket grounds, and barracks are an attraction. The Government House, public gardens, and St. John's Anglican Cathedral, the clock tower, and several club houses will attract attention. So will the lines of two viaducts, the Bowen and Kennedy Roads, as those high promenades are called, being named for two favorite governors of the colony.

The peak is reached by an inclined railway, which is worked by a cable. It goes to Victoria Gap, which is at a height of fourteen hundred feet. The road rises more than one foot in four. At the top are two large hotels and numerous dwellings, and good roads go four hundred and twenty-five feet higher to the main signal station. It is easy to imagine how superb the views are from this height. At the feet of the beholder lies the city; stretching out before him is the harbor, with its many ships; inland the vision extends to the encircling mountains and outward over the limitless ocean. Standing on the deck of the steamer, the night of our arrival, we watched at first with a puzzled interest, not knowing what they were, the lights of the cable cars as they were going up and down the mountain, a track of fire marking their course.

Previous to 1861, Kowloong, of which mention has been made, was considered neutral territory, but the Chinese having violated certain treaty conditions, were punished by having Kowloong occupied and Canton captured by the British. Canton, however, was held only a short

time, as the Chinese government came to terms. Kowloong, consisting of only four square miles, was then added to the colony.

Hong Kong is usually called a "fast city." Seaport towns uniformly possess all the vices of civilization. Unfortunately, these come sooner far than the virtues. There is a British society here which certainly is not "slow." Balls, horse races, regattas, and *fêtes* of many kinds are common. Club life is a characteristic of Hong Kong; so are late hours, evening entertainments, and their inseparable accompaniments. The serious affairs of life are left behind, left "at home." This condition of things is inevitable when military life is a predominating element in any community.

THREE-CENTURY-OLD MACAO.—From Hong Kong the sea-paths, if one may so speak, diverge to the ends of the earth; this city is the hub, these paths are the spokes, and the circle of the earth is the tire. But before going out to the larger world, or on to Canton, a glimpse of the old city of Macao will repay the trouble. The trip planned in New York admits of but three days in this vicinity, and that plan will be observed; but it is quite possible, with energy and diligence, to get a hasty glimpse of both Macao and Canton. In a few hours one may go from Hong Kong to Macao, which is on the western part of the estuary of the Canton River, forty miles away. It is an old Portuguese trading town, having been founded in 1557. For a long

time it was an important commercial city, but when Hong Kong arose, Macao declined. It is a quaint old place, with a population of about seventy thousand. Its buildings are of many colors,—in this respect like those of Moscow,—buff, blue, gray, salmon, terra-cotta, and other shades. On the border of its promenade is a dwarfed species of the banyan tree. The gardens and grotto where Camoens, the Portuguese poet, wrote his “Lusiad” and other poems, are shown, for it is said that after the vessel in which he sailed had been wrecked he dwelt on these shores.

One may here see the licensed gambling houses where the Chinese and others play the game of “fan-tan,” for Macao is the Monte Carlo of the far East. Here we see also the loading of opium cargoes, and the great industrial establishments where silk, tea, and tobacco are prepared for the various markets. The public and private gardens, the cathedral, and the *façade* of San Pablo will repay the time required for their examination. There is a good hotel and the opportunity for enjoying a refreshing sea-bath. Macao, off here in the East, is a slice, an echo, a glimpse of medieval Europe.

XX

A NICK OF CHINA

IN laying out the present trip there was no thought of visiting China, beyond getting a glimpse of one or two of her typical cities. A country so vast as China, and whose modes of travel are so primitive, cannot be extensively visited by a vacation tourist. When China comes into line with the fully civilized nations of the earth, and introduces modern modes of travel, and learns to treat foreigners courteously, she may expect even the hurried traveler to visit considerable parts of her enormous country; but certainly not till then.

NEARING KWANG-TUNG.—No city in China, perhaps, certainly none so easily accessible, is more typically Chinese than Canton. Two boats go daily each way between Hong Kong and Canton. If one were greatly hurried he could start in the morning from Hong Kong for the trip of ninety miles up the Pearl River to Canton, and then return to Hong Kong the same night. If he were to go and return on the night boat he would have an entire day in Canton. The ordinary traveler does not need more than one day to see the sights in this noisy and ill-

smelling, but, in its way, interesting Chinese city. The day trip up the river affords fine views of the productions of the country. Banana, orange, sugar-cane, and tea are seen in all the stages of their growth. Bright-plumaged birds, brilliant flowers, and strange trees are also seen, the trees being trained to grow in the shape of men and of animals of many kinds. Large portions of the country are under rice cultivation, and here and there are fruit and nut orchards. The soil is very fertile, the vegetation at times showing the luxuriance characteristic of tropical countries.

The river is often at least two miles wide, and there are also occasional bays apparently from six to eight miles across. The water-ways are of the greatest importance in a country where railways have not been introduced. China depends largely on her canals and rivers, her highways being such only in name. China lives in a dim and hazy past. She is an enigma to the world. In the journey two lofty pagodas, belonging to Whampoa and Honam, were observed. In the galleries of one of these pagodas, trees and shrubs are growing, giving it a strangely picturesque appearance. As we approached Canton, the boats in the river, of many kinds, rapidly increased in number. The fishing boats indicate that a large percentage of the people secure their daily food by fishing. Women are more numerous than men as the managers of these boats, and the ubiquitous baby is on their backs. The women row, fish, run, and jump,

and the baby sleeps or crawls, but seldom cries or looks in any way unhappy. The market-boat, propelled by a large wheel at the stern worked by a dozen or more semi-nude men in a sort of tread-mill fashion, especially attracts attention. There are also steamers, junks, and swarms of smaller craft of many kinds.

Nearing Canton the city wall, the many-storied pagoda, and the twin spires of the Roman Catholic cathedral are seen; so are the high, square, tower-like buildings, which are pawnshops, a very important feature of Chinese life. Drawing still nearer, a fleet of boats, called "slipper boats," is seen. They have a boothlike covering running down to a point at the forward end, so that they rightly bear a name derived from their resemblance to a slipper. This class of boats is of a higher order than the sampans ordinarily seen. They are also chiefly managed by women, who vociferously shout for passengers, as the boats are mostly used to carry passengers from one side of the river to the other. For Chinese boats they are reasonably clean, and they are sometimes even adorned with pictures and mirrors.

The river population of Canton is supposed to be from two hundred thousand to three hundred thousand. These people form a separate class, living in the innumerable boats moored in the river and the network of creeks through the city. They are born on these boats, on them they live, and on them many die.

The so-called "flower-boats" are another pe-

culiar feature of Chinese life. In many respects they resemble canal boats; on them houses of one or two stories are built. They are securely moored, and do not change their location, being arranged in regular streets and avenues. They are fitted up as restaurants, and are approached in boats. A fire about a year before this visit much reduced their number, but hundreds of them still remained. These early glimpses of the Celestial Empire suggested the adjective "infernal" rather than "celestial."

THE WALLED CITY.—Canton, or Kwang-tung, is situated on the Chu Kiang or Pearl River; it is the capital of the important province of Kwang-tung, and the place of residence of the viceroy of the two Kwang provinces, Kwang-tung and Kwang-si. It is the emporium of Chinese commerce. The river is very picturesque. The entrance to it is called "Boca Tigris." This is the Portuguese translation of the Chinese *Hu-mun*, meaning "Tiger's Mouth." The city proper extends to a breadth of two miles, and is about six miles in circumference. It is enclosed by walls about twenty feet thick, and from twenty-five to forty feet high, through which entrance to the city is made by sixteen gates in addition to two water gates. A guard-house is attached to each gate. Canton has been called at times the City of Rams and the City of Genii. Of course legends have suggested these names. According to them five protecting spirits descended from heaven, more than two thousand

years ago, mounted on as many rams. It would seem as if in the interval since then almost everything which might claim, even in legend, a heavenly origin had departed from the bedlam called Canton. It is, however, the chief trading center of southern China.

Ever since the eighth century of our era the city has been known to foreigners; but the southern enclosure, known as the new city, is comparatively modern, having been added in 1568. In the suburbs are found the European factories, or *hongs*. We know that Arab traders were in Canton in the tenth century; the Portuguese came early in the sixteenth century; and early in the seventeenth century the Tartar invasion occurred. The Tartar population is found now chiefly in the old city. The famous East India Company found a foothold here in the seventeenth century, and for one hundred and fifty years controlled foreign trade.

Attention has been called in an earlier paragraph to the fact that the city was invested by the British in 1841; at that time it would have been bombarded but that it paid the sum of six million dollars for its release, the Chinese having been guilty of violation of treaties. In December, 1857, Canton was captured by the allied forces of the British and French, and held in their hands for nearly four years, the government being administered by a joint commission. China finally came to terms, and the foreign troops were withdrawn. Great Britain has had a summary way of dealing with Asiatic nations,

and recent massacres in China demand at this moment decisive measures.

The sight-seeing of the day must begin. Already the babel of many voices falls upon the ear; it is in the distance like the roar of the sea as its waves beat on the shore. There is a hotel on the Shameen, a small island, which is separated from the mainland by a small stream or canal, and on this island is the pretty foreign settlement, near the western suburb; here are quiet and shady walks to which one is glad to retreat from the noises, sights, and smells of the typical Chinese city of Canton. But the traveler need not get a room at the hotel; perhaps he has an invitation from one of the foreign residents, but if not he can secure a cabin in the boat which is to take him back to Hong Kong. He can also bring his "*tiffin*," luncheon, with him from the boat.

The Shameen is really an Arcadian island. One would think that the contrast between it and the Chinese parts of the city would favorably impress even the Chinese, and would inspire them to imitate the neatness and cleanliness of the foreigners; no doubt it does impress the Chinese and does inspire them—inspires them to look down with unutterable contempt on these barbarous foreigners. Just at this time especially the Cantonese were not disposed to look with favor on foreigners; it was therefore well for tourists not to notice critical comments which they could not understand, nor unpleasant gestures whose meaning is not concealed.

The stream or canal which separates the Sha-meen from the mainland is filled with sampans, but there are only two avenues of approach, one by the English and the other by the French bridge; these bridges are closed at night and guarded by the police, and Chinese are not allowed entrance unless they have a permit. The closing and opening of the gates are marked by a great din caused by blowing horns and beating drums, and reaching a climax in the discharge of an old musket. The racket is so great as almost to lead one to suppose that the whole Celestial Empire is in a state of rebellion. It is, indeed, an "infernal" din to be made by a "celestial" city. It is supposed that the law is made majestic in proportion to the noise which accompanies its manifestations.

STREETS OF CANTON.—The noise, bustle, crowding, and squeezing are all one can endure. You select one of the corps of professional guides, or perhaps some less pretentious *cicerone*, and the company starts; the sedan chairs follow their leader in single file through the streets, making a procession as unique to European eyes as it is natural to the eyes of the Cantonese. The route is the established one, chosen as the result of experience so as to give the visitor the greatest amount of sight-seeing with the smallest expenditure of time and labor. The sedan chairs cost but little, and they save time and strength, but their most important service is that they lift one above the horrible filth of the

vile streets; if they could only protect the nostrils as well as the ankles their value would be greatly enhanced.

Streets, did I say? Well, by courtesy they are called streets. There is in Canton a population of perhaps a million and a half, and there is not a street in the city more than eight feet wide; many are from six to seven feet, and some are even narrower, even though the law is that they shall be at least seven. Horses and carriages are unknown here. I thought the streets narrow in Spanish cities; but think of those of Canton. Even the comfortable *jimrikisha* cannot be used here; everything has to be carried on human shoulders. Two chairs and their coolies can barely brush past each other. Turning a corner often necessitates invading a shop front with the poles of the sedan chair, and a chair may for a time block a whole street. Then a babel of shouts rends the air and almost splits the ear. Where streets meet, or in front of some special business house, or some dignitary's dwelling, there is a little additional space, but such spaces are exceptional.

The street scenes are a study. In front of some shops there are brightly colored signs, mysterious, hieroglyphical, bewildering. Occasionally, as in Seville, a canopy is drawn across the street and the sky is hidden from view. The shop fronts are removed and all goods are open to inspection, and narrow as the streets are, some of their space is occupied by merchants ambitious to display their goods. Long-gowned mer-

chants abound ; and porters in scantiest garb are hurrying to and fro, carrying great bundles suspended from poles on their shoulders. Here comes a dignitary with a two-storied red umbrella. Who may he be? His umbrella proclaims him to be a man of rank. He claims the right of way. Ordinary citizens flatten themselves against the wall or find shelter in a doorway to let him pass. Here comes a gayly painted and gilded wedding-chair, with sounds called music heralding its approach. By all means yield the right of way again.

Did you think the streets were narrow, foul-smelling, and generally disgusting? Has your olfactory sense been in a state of rebellion ever since you began your strange journey? You are quite mistaken. "What is in a name?" You shall see. You have complained, good friend, of the thousand mingled and vile odors which saluted your nostril in yonder street. Then know, O complaining mortal, that you were in the "Street of Refreshing Breezes." Breezes, indeed, but refreshing! Well, that is not exactly the name which occurred to you. Were you deafened by the din of that other street? Did you determine to hasten from it to one which you found still fuller with rushing tides of humanity and noises of bedlam or babel? Then know that the latter street is none other than the "Street of Ten Thousand-fold Peace," and the former the "Street of Multiplied Blessings."

Does this nomenclature madden or sadden you?

Preserve your soul in patience; go farther and you may travel through such streets as "Everlasting Love," "Thousand Beatitudes," "One Thousand Grandsons," "Benevolence and Love"; or, what seems more in keeping with all you see, smell, and feel, the street of "The Saluting Dragon." Some of the streets are devoted to distinct trades; thus there is "Carpenter" Street, "Apothecary" Street, and others of other trades or pursuits. Verily, there is much in a name; in the streets of Canton much contradiction and sometimes much righteous indignation.

CHIEF SIGHTS.—Here temples abound. In this respect China goes ahead of Japan. There are in China three great *isms*: Buddhism, Confucianism, and Taoism. Confucius lived about the sixth century before Christ; Lao-tse, the founder of Taoism, was his contemporary, and Buddhism was introduced from India about the time of the Christian era. Except among the learned Chinese there is no clearly defined distinction between these various beliefs; their lines cross and recross one another. In temples dedicated to one faith there are found forms of worship and images which are utterly repudiated by the founders and the intelligent devotees of that faith.

The one dominating religious faith in China is the worship of ancestors. This is the distinguishing element in their religious philosophy, and is the only faith which may rightly be called national. While on this journey I read

careful histories and arguments on this subject, and I was convinced that this is the one dominating faith and worship. It often controls the administration of justice; it determines the succession to power; it influences every social relation; it even leads to the return of the Chinese emigrant, living or dead. This is not the place for the discussion of this broad subject; but it is certainly true that all minor matters of belief are absorbed in this national tenet of Chinese faith.

In China, as in Japan, there are numerous sects of Buddhists. There is in Canton a temple to Confucius in every division of the city, and these temples, like the Shinto shrines in Japan, are relatively plain, while the Buddhist and Taoist temples have many deities and strange and often hideous objects of worship.

One will, of course, visit the temple of the Five Hundred Genii, situated in the western suburbs. This temple is sometimes called The Flowery Forest Monastery, and it is said to have been founded about the year 500 A. D.; it contains the images of five hundred disciples, sages, and apostles of Buddha. The only thing worthy of notice is that the expressions on the features of these deified sages and warriors differ essentially; but they all agree in being exceedingly commonplace. The images of the good Emperor Kien Lung, who ruled for sixty years, and of Marco Polo, the famous Venetian traveler, are worthy of a second look because of their historical associations.

The Taoist monastery of Three Chiefs occupies a picturesque location on the side of Kun Yam Hill. The water clock is largely a very commonplace affair; it is a very crude mode of measuring time; indeed an ordinary American boy could improve upon it in all its parts. The five-storied pagoda is a long red building rising over the wall. It commands a superb view of the surrounding country. The Flowery Pagoda is a nine-storied octagonal structure of great beauty. It is probably fourteen hundred years old, and is one hundred and seventy feet high. Like towers in Pisa, Bologna, and other places, it leans from the perpendicular, but only slightly. A few years ago the sum of ten thousand dollars was expended on it in making extensive repairs. The natives regard the temple of Honan as possessing great sanctity; here Buddhist priests officiate and there is a group of shrines dedicated to various deities. The trees shading the courts are of great age, height, and size. As often seen in Japan, two hideous idols of colossal size, half man and half animal, are placed at the main entrance; they are the guardians of the portals. Shaven-headed priests, like those one often sees in Roman churches, sleek, fat, and gross, were burning incense, chanting, and performing other rites. The temple of Horrors is one of the popular places of Buddhist worship; in its horrid representations of Buddhist hells it is worthy of its name.

The Examination Hall is a historic institution. It is in some sort an approach to foreign

universities. Here examinations are held, lasting three days, under the direction of high officials. There are twelve thousand cells on the grounds, and for two days and nights the candidates are kept therein; a strict watch is maintained that they may not communicate with one another or with any persons in the outside world. When a death occurs the body is removed through a hole in the wall, for the gates cannot be unlocked until the examination is over. Usually only forty to fifty students receive degrees, and these go to Peking for further examination, and, if successful, are then given positions of honor under the government. But there is not space to speak of the city prison, where punishment is barbarous and where decapitations take place each Friday; of the temple of Longevity, of that of the Queen of Heaven, of the pen of sacred swine, of the Viceroy's Literary Club, of the Magistrate's Halls, or *Yamens*, of the Tea Merchants' Guild Hall, and still other objects of interest.

In the bazaars are seen fine specimens of porcelain, of jade-stone jewelry, of ivory carvings, of silks in many kinds, of goods and curios of various sorts and prices. There are shops for the sale of edible birds' nests, brought, it is said, from Borneo; and there are restaurants and markets where cats, dogs, and rats are sold as the staple foods; but these are found only in what we would call the slums. The rat is certainly in the market; no one can truthfully deny that statement. It is there alive in cages; it is there

fresh or dried on meatshop counters ; it is there in the queer-looking bit of dried meat, making itself known by the long, thin tail "curled like a grape tendril."

Let the bewildering, dazing, tiresome, instructive day pass. Let this city of splendor and squalor, of Oriental wealth and barbaric grandeur, fade out of sight ; but the memory of its simmering cookery, its vermillion signboards, its bustling crowds, its seething streets, its blaze and glitter, its beautiful and abominable sights, and its indescribable odors will linger in the mind in all the years to come.

XXI

MORE ABOUT CHINA

AS we are about to leave Hong Kong a few comments on Chinese peculiarities seem to be in order. The filth of these Chinese cities invites all forms of epidemic diseases; the mortality is often very great; but one is not surprised that many die in these vile abodes, only that any persons live. Surely one poison must neutralize another, or no one could survive.

CHINESE TRAITS.—The opium-smoking Chinaman is readily detected. This vice leaves its mark in bleared eyes, sallow features, unsteady step, and general collapse. To explain her poverty, a poor Chinese woman has only to say, "My husband is an opium smoker." This is almost the only form of stimulant used by the Chinese. Men intoxicated by liquor are very rare; of that vice Europeans have a monopoly, and many of their ailments in tropical lands, which they attribute to the climate, are due to their indulgence in spirituous liquors. Britain has forced the opium trade on China, and it flourishes to the dishonor of Britain, of China, and of humanity. For this vice there seems to be little hope of cure. Japan does well to for-

bid under heavy penalties the illicit introduction of opium, and she will not make it legal, except for specified purposes.

A queer creature is John Chinaman as one sees him in Hong Kong and Canton. Each John resembles the other. There he stands with his shaved head and pigtail, his loose cloth blouse, half shirt and half jacket, his thick-soled shoes—a unique, smart, cunning, dangerous, enigmatical creature. When the Chinese meet each shakes his own hand. The women are seen on all the boats wearing trousers and the men wearing a sort of skirt. The hair of the men reaches in some instances to their feet; but the hair of the women is tied tightly around their heads.

As Mr. Ballou remarks, the spoken language is never written, and the written language is never spoken. White is the color of mourning, black of rejoicing. Dinner is begun with the dessert and ended with substantial food. The Chinese mariner's compass points to the south and not to the north pole. The Chinaman mounts a horse on the right, and not on the left side. Chinese men carry fans; the women do not. When not in use, the fan is thrust in the back of his neck, leaving the handle to protrude.

The Chinaman and his vast country have been hidden from view by a false conservatism; but that is disappearing. The extravagant ideas long entertained of the Celestial Empire are finding correction, and the world is finding out the true Chinaman in his vices and virtues alike.

I wish to write with absolute fairness. In domestic comfort and personal cleanliness the Chinese are far behind the Japanese; but in avoidance of nudity they are far ahead of the Japanese. Of course, a vacation tourist cannot see the best specimens of either nation; Oriental exclusiveness shuts away the best specimens of Chinese women, and this is well understood. The Japanese give you a sense of kinship quite unknown when you meet the Chinese. Cooked food is placed near the dead; but a similar custom may be seen at Genoa, at Pisa, and in other countries where Romanism is dominant. The Chinaman has made swine sacred, but the Hindu deifies cows and monkeys.

There is another side to the Chinese character. In many of the cities of China there are philanthropic societies which will take rank with those of Europe and America. This strange people comprise a great share of the human race. The peculiarities and difficulties of the Chinese language help to shut out the people from the knowledge of other nations, and their enormous self-conceit adds to the same result. No nation but the Japanese has ever borrowed from the Chinese language. It was probably composed originally of hieroglyphics, which eventually came to be symbolic as the language now stands.

But it must not be forgotten that the Chinese have had a great history. They were a learned people when the great nations of to-day were barbarians. The Japanese borrowed their lan-

guage, their literature, their philosophy, and their religion largely from the Chinese. Chinese records go back to the days of Abraham. Printing by movable types was known in China five hundred years before printing was known in Europe. In geography, astronomy, and allied branches, China was early far advanced, and learning is still honored and considerably diffused. The percentage of illiteracy is far lower in China than in such Roman Catholic countries as Spain, Italy, and Mexico. Civil service examinations are marvelously rigid. A knowledge of the use of gunpowder and of the magnetic compass went from China to Europe, probably by way of Asia Minor or the Red Sea. China has had a great past; God grant that she may have a great, a Christian future. It would not be surprising if God should, by marvelous overturning in this land of hoary tradition, shake the country to its foundations; it would not be surprising if European nations should yet get a foothold here, and perhaps divide the country among themselves to the great advantage of all the interests of civilization, humanity, and Christianity.

THE MASSACRES.—Just at the time of this visit all Europeans in the East were terribly bitter against China because of the Satanic Kucheng massacre. Nine of the missionary band were killed outright, and two died afterward, while four more were cut and hacked by spears and tridents. This was not a sudden outbreak

of spasmodic ferocity against the foreigner; it was rather a deliberately planned and desperately wicked attempt to work a hellish cruelty on innocent foreigners. It was in no small part another "slaughter of the innocents." The missionaries gave absolutely no provocation. America and Great Britain have been too lenient with China. She has sent cultured gentlemen to represent her in London and Washington, and the governments of both countries have judged the nation by these representatives.

It will not do for our countries to allow China to punish a few hired coolies who were at most only the less guilty instruments in the barbarity; the real authors must be found and punished. China must be made to feel that she cannot trifle with Britain and America, cannot trifle with the civilization of this century. She must be made to feel the only power which she is capable of feeling. We have too often treated her as if she were fully civilized, and she has too often taught us that, in important respects, she is still wholly barbaric. I have no sympathy with the remark I am constantly hearing, "China is not worth saving," neither have I sympathy with a sickly sentimentalism which refuses to hold China up to the scorn of the world and to the hand of justice for her crimes.

The Chinese fled like sheep before the Japanese soldiers; but, though cowards then, they became wonderfully brave when, as bullies and murderers, they attacked helpless women and children. They have earned the contempt of

the world. The gospel of Christ can save even China and make her future a thousand-fold more resplendent than her traditional and wonderful past. The influences of the gospel are her only hope; only these will break up the conservatism of centuries and lead China out into the highway of prosperity among the civilized nations. Divine providence is already using the war with Japan to show China the inferiority of her ancient and heathen civilization in comparison to that of the great Christian European nations.

LEAVING HONG KONG.—From Hong Kong pathways over the sea radiate in many directions; from this point the traveler may take ship to any country on the globe, may start to "all the ends of the earth"—Singapore, Penang, Java, Sumatra, Ceylon, Australia, New Zealand, the great tropical realm of the South Sea, all parts of India and Burma, with their cities of Madras, Calcutta, Bombay, and Rangoon, and other cities and countries too numerous to mention. These all lie before the traveler, and the particular places he may wish to visit will determine his route from this point or from Colombo. What a new world opens to the imagination as these new quarters of the globe are suggested! How real the old names of boyhood's geography become when you are actually at some of the places and are heading for others which hitherto had a name, but only an ill-defined local habitation!

On Thursday, August 15, at one o'clock, we

left Hong Kong for Singapore, Penang, and Colombo, on board the good steamer "Kaisar-i-Hind," of the P. & O. S. N. Co. This ship was named in honor of Queen Victoria, bearing her latest title, "Kaisar-i-Hind," which, being interpreted, means "Empress of India." When launched, in 1878, it was probably the largest ship afloat; it was the yacht of the P. & O. fleet; since then some P. & O. ships, and many of other lines, have been built which are larger and much finer. But she is still a noble ship and worthy of the honor which the queen conferred by visiting and naming her when she was launched. Her able commander was Captain Frank H. Seymour, who had been many years in the P. & O. service, and for the last ten years commander of different ships belonging to this great company. Captain Seymour is not only an able seaman, but an intelligent, genial, and courteous gentleman. He did everything in his power to make this trip pleasant and profitable.

All passengers holding through tickets are guests of the line in any harbor from the time of their arrival on one ship to the time of their departure on another, if they remain on board. In harmony with this rule, two gentlemen, one for Penang and one for Colombo, were transferred, with the writer, in the company's steam launch from the "Verona" to the "Kaisar-i-Hind." So were a family occupying the second cabin, who were returning to Australia. Of course, when we left the ship to go sight-seeing, we ourselves had to provide for our entertainment.

Four young English midshipmen came on board at Hong Kong; they had been on the warship "Leander" and had been ordered back to England to be transferred to another branch of the naval service. They proved to be agreeable young men as fellow-passengers. A young Chinaman was also a passenger; he evidently belonged to some one of the better classes of his countrymen. Not being able to speak English, and taking his meals in his cabin, he must have had a somewhat lonely trip, but he seemed to be sufficiently happy in his Chinese reading and in his characteristic seclusion. Some additional second cabin passengers came on board at Hong Kong, but at this season of the year, in this latitude, it is expected that travel will be light. We had not even one lady passenger in the first cabin, neither had we had since Bishop Walden and his party left us at Nagasaki. Passengers in the second cabin are more fortunate. This ship was to sail from Bombay, October 5, for London, reaching "home" about the end of that month. By that time Captain Seymour and the other officers would have been absent from their families about one year. Certainly these long absences, and occasionally they are considerably longer, make the lives of seamen in the Orient anything but enviable.

ORIENTALS ABOARD.—Some of the waiters on board the "Kaiser" were an interesting group. They were Goanese, the descendants of Portuguese adventurers, who settled about two hun-

dred miles from Bombay and married native women. Their descendants have intermarried, so that the two original lines have been many times crossed and recrossed. They are still Romanists in faith, that faith having been transplanted by their Portuguese ancestors to the soil of their Indian home, and they still possess characteristics of speech and manner inherited from their Portuguese fathers and their Indian mothers. A partially corrupted Portuguese language is spoken by them; the Indian is spoken also, so is the Coanese, which is in part a mixture of the other two tongues. Many of them now speak English. In their dark jackets and white trousers they look tidy, and they render prompt and efficient service.

During my last two voyages my cabin stewards were Chinamen, and there was no fault to be found with their conduct or service. But it was nevertheless an agreeable change on this boat to have for cabin steward a young Scotchman with the suggestive name of MacDonald. On the whole it is a name preferable to Ah Sin or Wong Lung. There surely is no serious objection to having a steward who can fully understand and be fully understood.

Our sailors were the most picturesque sailors I have ever seen; they were in this respect—perhaps in all respects—a great improvement on the Chinamen who were the sailors on my last two ocean trips. The dull colors and unsightly shapes of their ill-fitting and nondescript garments, not to mention undesirable qualities

in their persons, contrast greatly to the disadvantage of the Chinese, with the bright colors, tidy outfit, and alert movements of the Lascars, who were the sailors on the "Kaisar." It is admitted, however, that the Chinese when properly officered make competent, faithful, and even brave sailors.

The word Lascar properly signifies a "camp follower," but is now generally applied to native sailors on British ships. They often are the descendants of a race of pirates. They inherit a love for the sea; they also inherit daring, skill, and endurance; but they are naturally irritable and of a revengeful nature. Their appearance is very striking. They are of average height, or a little over, are slenderly built, erect and alert, and are wiry, merry fellows to an unusual degree. They attract immediate attention as one comes on board; and they evoke appreciation as one studies their sea-going qualities. Dressed in a cap of straw, partially covered by a bright red turban, with a long white or blue garment over white trousers, a red, or yellow and red handkerchief as a sash, and with bare brown feet, they are truly picturesque. Many nations of the East love bright colors, and many of them show unique taste in their combination of colors. The bare feet of the sailors admirably fit them for climbing ropes and standing in dangerous places. Their feet grip almost as readily as their hands; they are almost another pair of hands. Even when attending to the routine duties of sailors they have a firmness

of step, erectness of carriage, and dignity of general deportment most pleasing to observe.

Formerly there were sailing ships manned by these natives in which their youth were trained for more important service; but now the P. & O. Company takes the boys into its service and trains them for the various positions which they show ability to fill. The sailors on board come from different places in the northern part of India. That great country is destined in many ways to fill a large place in the commerce and general business of the world. All countries with an extensive seaboard train sailors.

XXII

SINGAPORE

WHEN one has to spend fourteen days on the same steamer he rightly takes pains in the selection of his cabin. On this voyage the number of passengers was so small for a large ship that great latitude was allowed in choosing a cabin. Indeed, the privilege was granted the writer to change his cabin as he desired so as to avoid sun and spray and to secure the greatest degree of air and coolness.

A FLOATING HOME.—The cabin chosen was spacious; reasonably large for four, it was agreeably roomy for one. Upon taking possession of it for so long a trip there was the natural desire to make it as homelike as possible. Garments were shaken out and hung up; "penates" and "genii" in the form of family pictures and favorite books were displayed, and so the voyage over the China Sea and the gulf of Siam was begun.

Five days after we left Hong Kong the rugged shores of the Malay Peninsula came in sight as we plowed through the placid waters for Singapore, which we would soon reach. The days had been very pleasant. Sitting on the



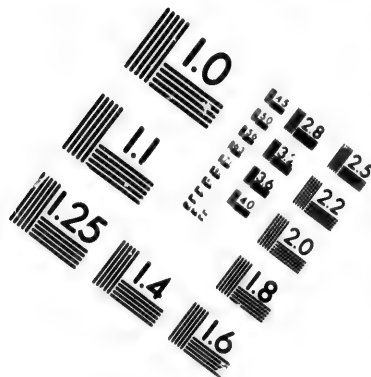
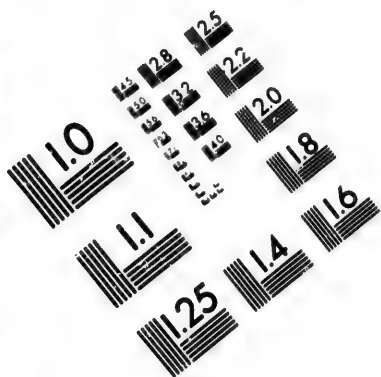
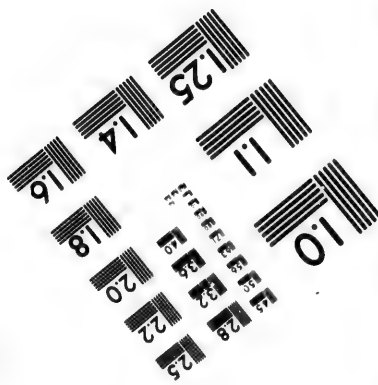
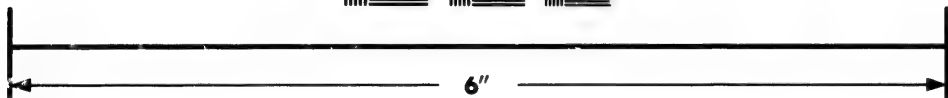
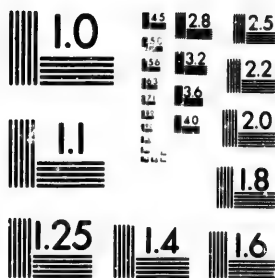


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spacious quarterdeck, under the awning, which protected from the sun but admitted the breeze, it was difficult to realize that we were out on the China Sea and not on the piazza of a first-class seashore hotel.

There was much time for reading. Light but good literature received attention, literature which at home, it is felt, must be for the most part set aside. But no student can afford to neglect the great authors. No musician can afford to hear only second-class music; he must study and hear the great masters. So we must read the great masters of prose and poetry. There ought to be, and there was on this trip, the reading of almost daily portions from Shakespeare, Tennyson, and other immortal writers. There was time for writing also; several newspaper letters were written on board different ships. There was time for meditation on God and duty. In our busy, work-a-day lives there is far too little opportunity for quiet and fruitful meditation. There was also planning for many forms of aggressive work. Sitting by my cabin porthole, not the ordinary port, but one nearly two feet square, watching the quiet sea, great thoughts of work pressed on mind and heart, but rest, genuine rest, was experienced. In such an experience lines of weariness go out of the face, ozone fills the lungs, iron the blood, courage the will, and gratitude the heart.

HALF-WAY AROUND THE WORLD.—At 8 P. M.
Monday, August 19, 4° 12' north latitude, 106°

east longitude, I was just half around the world from New York as the starting-point. During all this journey there had not been a moment of sickness, not really a moment of discomfort; the oft-dreaded *mal de mer* had not been experienced even in the slightest degree; not a connection had been missed, and not a disappointment experienced. Kind friends abounded and the goodness of God in a thousand ways had been manifested. In such circumstances even an ingrate might be grateful. None of the fears entertained by solicitous friends regarding the possibility of typhoons in the China Sea, although there was one the week before I sailed, nor regarding the expected great heat, were realized. At this point we were out of the China Sea and out of the gulf of Siam, and typhoons were not expected.

We were only a few degrees north of the equator, and yet in the evening, while walking on the deck, a reasonably heavy coat was not uncomfortable. We passed through the seas where waterspouts are occasionally seen, and had this journey been made in December with a north-east monsoon behind us, instead of in August with the wind in the opposite quarter, we might have been gratified with the sight of one while running off the gulf of Siam; but obliging though Captain Seymour was, he had to draw the line at the waterspout.

It certainly was deeply interesting to realize that the Philippine Islands were off on our left, that Borneo was on our port bow, and that as we neared the equatorial line the ship was headed

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for the mouth of the straits lying between the Malay Peninsula and the island of Sumatra. We were thus, with quiet seas, open ports, and glad hearts, nearing Singapore, the most southerly point of Asia.

THE CAPITAL OF THE STRAITS SETTLEMENTS.—Singapore is situated at the mouth of the Malacca Straits. On the charts another point is called the most southerly point of Asia, Singapore being an island and not reckoned in that classification as if it were on the mainland; but Singapore is nevertheless really the most southerly point of Asia. The great majority of ships to and from the East touch at Singapore. This fact gives importance to this place. Much cargo is taken on and put off here; it is also an important coaling station for steamers following various routes to and from the East. Singapore is separated from the mainland by a strait perhaps not more than a quarter of a mile wide. The approach to the harbor is very picturesque; many islands are scattered about it, thickly wooded and rising from the sea in rounded hills.

As we came to the wharf our steamer was quickly surrounded by Malay boys in boats which were the merest shells; only those skilled in the management of them could remain in them for even a few minutes without capsizing. The boys were on their knees and propelled their little boats with paddles. Soon they were calling out in broken English:

"Have a dive? dive for a *rupee*, for twenty cents, for ten, for five, for a penny. Fire away! a penny, a penny! Come, now! Here's a dive, a big dive!"

Coins were thrown into the water by a number of passengers, and immediately there was a great splash, the boats were all emptied, and the boys were struggling and plunging in the water. Sometimes all of them were out of sight. Then they emerged, one of them triumphantly holding the coin in his teeth. Most deftly would they put one hand in the center of the boat, and then with a spring they would again be in their places in the boat, again repeating their calls and their dives as often as coin was thrown into the sea. Sometimes they would utter their cries loudly and entreatingly in a sort of rude chorus. This they kept up at times as long as the steamer remained at the wharf, and when it was about to sail the next day they came in larger numbers and produced greater clamor. Their brother divers of the Hawaiian Islands are equally expert as swimmers and divers, but they did not use boats in harvesting their pennies, being able to remain often for hours in the water simply by using their hands and feet. Other boats containing parrots and other birds of brilliant plumage, and still other boats with beautiful shells, came alongside of the steamer, soliciting us to make purchases.

A ride was taken with Captain Seymour into the town of Singapore, which is about three miles from the boat-landing. We were drawn

over the smooth road by a very little horse, which seemed too small to perform this task, but the carriage, though large, was light, and the road was excellent. Evidences that we were in a tropical climate abounded on both sides of the road. There were luxuriant palm trees of many species, some of them laden with coconuts and other fruits of the palm family; there were hedges of growing rattans, neatly clipped; and there were groves of bananas and other tropical fruits.

We observed that the houses, some of them large and somewhat pretentious, and occupied by European and other officials, and occasionally by Parsees, were built on piles and raised a considerable distance above the ground. This is done as a protection against snakes, scorpions, spiders, lizards, and other kinds of poisonous vermin; in the earlier days perhaps protection against the then dreaded tiger was another reason. One learns in visiting many countries that local peculiarities are usually founded on good reasons.

Large numbers of carts drawn by little hump-shouldered oxen, and laden with boxes and bales from the steamer, were passed on the road. These oxen were like the sacred cattle which the small boy has so often admired at the circus or the menagerie. A cord is passed through the cartilage of the nose, and to it reins are attached with which the animals are driven. Their horns, for the most part, slope back at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and are often painted blue, and sometimes in different colors, forming

some sort of a design. They, like the little horses, are spirited creatures, and when driven singly in harness, as they occasionally are, will go along at a lively trot. In Japan oxen are shod with shoes made of rice straw; but in Singapore they are shod with neat iron shoes. They have often bells about their heads, and occasionally a bit of ornament in bright colors.

Their drivers are mostly Malays or Tamils, with scarlet turbans and a piece of bright red cloth about their bodies; the few clothes they wear are of the brightest colors. They wear more clothing than do the Japanese coolies, and the bright colors make them much more picturesque. It was a pleasure to see oxen and horses so much in use in Singapore. In Japan and China men are made beasts of burden. Manhood there is cheaper than cattle. It is a step up in civilization when cattle and not men are made beasts of burden. In China man is brutalized by doing the work of a brute; so in part, but not to so great a degree, in Japan.

The houses in the town proper are substantial structures of brick or of coarse plaster. The latter are covered with a blue or yellow lime-wash which gives a very striking appearance, though perhaps in combination of colors not very æsthetic. All the shops are largely open to the street; their floors are of terra cotta, and they all have arcades, or, as they are called here, verandas, over the walk. One can thus walk from shop to shop protected from the heat of the sun.

THE CHINESE AGAIN.—Chinamen abound here, as there are no restrictions upon their coming. Their shops are numerous. Chinamen are in banks and business offices; they carry heavy loads through the streets; and they run with the clumsy *jinrikishas*. The Chinese are a patient, plodding, industrious population. They contribute in no small degree to the prosperity of Singapore, and many other places along this extended coast. Let us give them credit for their industry.

Here, as in the Hawaiian Islands, they are crowding the natives to the wall. They are always in a hurry, as you see them on the street. They have an object; they are here to make money, and then to go home to live in ease and honor. The natives are the idle children of nature; more than sufficient to them is the work of the day, and they care nothing for the morrow. The Chinaman will do the work of to-day, and will soon lay up sufficient money for many to-morrows. A cold climate and an inhospitable soil seem necessary to call out the highest energy of most men. Nature, when too generous with her gifts of fruits and fertility, makes her children lazy, thriftless, and comparatively worthless.

Chinese women were seen hobbling about with deformed feet. They are pitiable creatures. They walk simply on the heel, not really walk, but only "peg" about, looking as if at any moment they might topple over. Some assist themselves with a cane, and some require help from

others; they cannot move their ankle or knee joints, but only the joints of the thigh. Perhaps the idea is that ladies of quality shall not walk at all. Some were seen riding behind closely-drawn curtains. Tourists rarely see any women of the higher walks in social life, and that fact ought always to be borne in mind when judgment is passed in these Oriental countries on the women whom the traveler sees in public.

Peddlers go through the streets selling soup, fruit, and a jelly made from seaweed, and called "*agaragar*"; they sometimes have on one end of the pole on their shoulders a sort of stove to cook the food, and on the other end a kind of table, and they supply, for about two cents, a meal to the coolies who coal the ships and to the drivers of the oxen. In the market a great variety of fruits and vegetables was seen; among the fruits was the delicious *mangosteen*, which Mr. Ballou calls "the seductive apple of the East." He tells us that it is not found indigenous in any other country.

The Botanical Garden is spoken of as containing a remarkable collection of tropical fruits and flowers. There is a good museum and a valuable public library. The Anglican Church has its cathedral, and the Presbyterian, Methodist, and Dutch Churches have organizations and mission stations. Most of the Malays are Mohammedans. The Tamils are almost as dark as Negroes, but without the very thick lip and the flat nose.

Singapore is a busy and prosperous place.

Europeans of many countries are here pushing their fortunes, and many of them are attached to the town and the island. It is about thirty miles long and half as many broad, and its population is said to be about one hundred and fifty thousand. Its productions are varied, among them being tapioca, cocoanut oil, gambier, tin, indigo, tiger skins, coral, gutta percha, camphor, and other things characteristic of tropical regions.

In former days tigers were the great foe of the people, and to some extent it is still so. They swim across the straits from the mainland, hide in the thick jungles, and then prey on the people living on the plantations. Until the jungles are removed, the island will not be free from the depredations of this fierce animal. The word Singapore, most probably of Sanskrit origin, means "Liontown"; but in later days the terror of the natives has been the tiger. Some years ago statistics show that not fewer than three hundred persons yearly, out of a population of one hundred and ninety thousand, were destroyed by tigers. Pits have been dug in which many of them have been caught, and as the island is more fully cleared and inhabited they become rarer.

TROPICAL HEAT.—The people who live in Singapore speak of it as being a healthful place. Soft and fragrant breezes blow from the spice-bearing fields of the surrounding islands. It is the home of many kinds of beautiful birds,

many varieties of insects, and many specimens of rare shells. It is the best place in the world in which to make collections of butterflies. One writer calls attention to the fact that "the great green-winged ornithoptera, the prince of the butterfly tribe," abounds here; and that an enthusiastic German naturalist had collected within a month over three hundred remarkable specimens of beetles within a space of two miles from the center of the town.

Here there is no winter, no autumn; it is unchanging summer. No sooner does a leaf fall than another bud appears, and thus nature, month after month, lavishes her gifts upon her children in Singapore. This town is only about eighty miles north of the equator; it ought, therefore, to be very hot; and it certainly is not an Arctic region. We did not wear heavy ulsters; but neither was it very hot. Against this place, more than any other, were warnings given. Here, it was said, Europeans were well-nigh roasted; here there could be no protection against the sun's scorching rays. Well, this writer walked not less than four miles in or from Singapore, when returning to the steamer, on Wednesday, August 21, at noon, and suffered not one moment's inconvenience. Monday forenoon, June 3, in New York, it was ever so many degrees hotter and ever so much more trying in every way.

There is a positive gain to Americans, who are accustomed to great summer heat at home, in visiting tropical countries in summer. They

find the atmosphere just about the same as at home if they come in summer; but if they come in winter they have had the enervating effects of summer at home and they find summer here, and on going home they have summer again. They thus have three summers following one another; and coming to Singapore, for instance, in December and finding the thermometer about ninety, there is a depressing sense of contrast which makes the heat almost intolerable. The opinion just expressed is as original as it is paradoxical; but it is as honest, and judging from the writer's experience, as intelligent as it is honest or paradoxical. Most writers who have expatiated on the great heat of these tropical countries compare them with parts of Germany and Great Britain and not with New York, Chicago, and other parts of America.

Large numbers of Europeans, mostly British, as well as natives, came down to see the ship go out on Wednesday, August 21, at 4 P. M. It is thoroughly pleasant when in the East to be under the British flag, and to see the faces and to hear the voices of robust men and fair women speaking one's vernacular. Britain purchased Singapore from the sultan of Johore, Malay Peninsula, as early as 1819, so that to-day in all parts of Singapore, Chinese, Malay, and European quarters alike, Britain rules. Again and again one is reminded of the great wisdom of the British government in maintaining a line of outposts to her vast Indian possessions; of this point mention will be made later.

There was much in Singapore to remind one of the Hawaiian Islands—palms of many kinds, including fan-palm, the bread-fruit tree, dates, figs, mangols, bananas, flowers, and people. But in wealth, beauty, and charm of fruit and flower, shrub and tree, mountain and valley, atmosphere and people, the Hawaiian Islands are as sunlight to moonlight when compared to Singapore. They are likely to be peerless, even when compared with "Ceylon's isle."

XXIII

PENANG AND CEYLON

FROM Hong Kong to Singapore we sailed to the south and slightly westward. On Monday, August 19, at 3 P. M., as already indicated, we were exactly half-around the world in longitude, but at Singapore we distinctly turned the corner, if one may so speak. Now we were heading for home, now every throb of the engine was carrying us nearer to those who are dearest. Optically also, as a glance at the map shows, this fact was evident. It was found at times exceedingly difficult to keep our geographical position in mind. All a Western traveler's usual relations to the countries he has been accustomed to call Eastern countries are entirely changed when he is in the far East. To us, where we are now sailing, Beluchistan, Afghanistan, Persia, Arabia, Africa, Egypt, Palestine, and all Europe are Western lands. This was a fact extremely difficult of realization. To be east of these lands was a peculiar sensation. To dwellers in Cathay the Levant seems almost to be Europe.

At 4 P. M., on Wednesday, August 21, we left Singapore for Penang. The trip was truly delightful. The sea was emerald; its ripples were liquid gems. Islands for a time rose up from the

placid waters and stood on each side like mighty sentinels. Spice-laden breezes fanned our cheeks; heart and lungs rejoiced in the soft, healing, and soothing atmosphere. There was no oppressive heat; indeed, on the quarter-deck, in the evening, the air was almost too cool for comfort, dressed, as we were, in light clothing. This fact also is difficult of realization when one remembers that we were only a few miles north of the equator. Of course, any exertion would readily give the sensation of heat, but exertion being absent, there was not a moment of discomfort because of high temperature. Perhaps this was an exceptionally cool season; one is certainly inclined so to believe as he remembers the charming accounts which he has heard and read regarding the heat of these equatorial regions. The captain said it was an exceptional season. This writer can speak only according to his personal experience.

PENANG.—After a run of thirty-six hours, Penang was reached. This was once called Prince of Wales Island, or Pulo Pinang, or Betelnut Island. Here we remained seven hours, time enough, however, to see most that is distinctive in Penang. This is the most northerly seaport of the Malacca Straits. A glance at the captain's chart showed that we had been running northwest since leaving Singapore, and that Penang is where the straits open into the Indian Ocean. Somewhat more than one hundred miles southwest lies the island of Sumatra, farther

south and east are Borneo and Java, and to the north is Bangkok, Tavoy, Moulmein, and Rangoon, these last four places being so full of interest in connection with our missionary work.

The shores of Penang are well wooded; hills rise until, inland, they become mountain ranges of considerable size. Penang is separated from the mainland by a narrow strait, forming an island thirteen miles long and five to ten miles wide. Its location, as well as its productions, make it a valuable port.

The areca palm, sometimes called the Penang tree, gives its name to the island. This tree is the source of the betel nut, which is cut up and wrapped in a leaf of the same tree, to which is added a small quantity of quicklime, and sometimes a little tobacco, and the preparation is vigorously chewed by the natives. The chewing gives their teeth and lips the color of blood. The quid lasts about half an hour, and in many cases it is frequently renewed. It is said to be a powerful tonic. The habit of chewing it is well-nigh universal among the lower classes of Asiatics. In some parts of India, it is said that pepper and cardamon seeds are added to the mixture, and when so prepared, it is believed to be a partial antidote to malarial influences. While in Colombo, I heard that a few days before a native had been fined five rupees for expectorating this juice on the walls of the Colombo post office. If we had in America a similar law against the habit of expectorating tobacco juice on floors and walls of public buildings, it would

be considered a benediction by thousands of long-suffering citizens.

In 1786 Captain Francis Light, an English sea captain, married the daughter of the king of Queda, and received this island as her marriage portion from her father. Then the town consisted of but a few Malay fishermen. He transferred the island to the East India Company, and he was retained as superintendent and the king received six thousand dollars annually. The island has since greatly increased in population and in commercial importance. The town consists of one broad street intersected by other streets at right angles. Its productions are very similar to those of Singapore. Here, as there, the Chinese abound, and here, as there, they dominate the natives. The natives are slight, but often tall and straight. They are, for the most part, indolent, shiftless, and nearly unclad. They are the thoughtless children of nature. There are no domestic relations, as such are understood among truly civilized and Christianized people. The moral life of the people it is not necessary to characterize.

Birds of the most gorgeous colors are everywhere seen. Butterflies of great size and brilliant hues are numerous. This is a land of perpetual summer. The cocoanut tree, in its abundant and varied productions, is a constant marvel. Well might the old Asiatic poets sing of the three hundred and sixty uses which its trunk, branches, leaves, fruit, and juice could subserve. From the bud of one variety is ex-

tracted a liquor called *sarce*, which, when fresh, is cool and wholesome, but which may become highly intoxicating. Penang will long live in the memory as a picture of a land where nature is so indulgent to her children that they have never developed the nobler possibilities of manhood. Better the sterile soil and the chilling temperatures which make robust men; these conditions have developed the races that are to be masters of the world.

ON THE INDIAN OCEAN.—At 11 A. M., Friday, August 23, we sailed from Penang for Colombo, nearly one thousand three hundred miles away, full of anxiety to hasten forward. More than half the journey around the world has been accomplished, so far as distance is concerned, and about half the time allotted for this trip has been passed; but what remains to be seen in India, in Egypt, in Palestine, in Athens, and in Constantinople is, in many respects, so vastly more important than what has been seen, that we are conscious of an ambition to hasten forward. For a little time after leaving Penang our course was slightly northward, but soon it lay due west across the Indian Ocean, on a line of about the sixth degree of north latitude. This particular part of the trip had been dreaded even before leaving home, and was entered upon with mingled fear and hope.

For a time the good ship "Kaisar-i-Hind" plowed her way through smooth seas and under a clear sky. The air was soft and balmy; the

nights were serene and bright. Passengers delighted in reclining or walking on the deck, watching the phosphorescent waters, the cloudless skies, and the gleaming stars. We seemed almost to be in fairyland, floating in a phantom ship between the fleecy clouds above and their reflected and chastened beauty beneath. But after a few days, a moderate southwest monsoon suddenly struck us and it soon changed the spirit of our dreams. It made the decks suggestively silent and caused an occasional vacant place at the table. The wind whistled and howled, the waves hissed and moaned, the ship rolled and plunged, but grandly forged ahead through darkness and storm.

On Wednesday, August 28, at 5 A. M., we were in the harbor at Colombo. Near us in the harbor were two other P. & O. boats, the "Malta" and the "Himalaya," bound for "home"; there was a German man-of-war, and there were also several other steamers of various lines. As a matter of course, several passengers repeated second-hand jokes about "Ceylon's isle," where "every prospect pleases, and only man is vile." I had promised myself not to quote these words and so to do something original and heroic, and they are given now only as quoted by others.

We were up early this morning, although early rising is not a feature of life on shipboard when coffee, as a part of *chota-hazri*, is served at seven in the berth, followed by a nap, and breakfast is at nine; but letters were expected this morning as soon as some of the officers could

return from the P. & O. office. Soon the cabin steward came to my cabin with a package, and a hasty look showed on two bulky letters a specimen of chirography which for more than a quarter of a century has not failed to produce a little throb somewhere in the vicinity of the pericardium. There was news which made the heart very glad and some which made it equally sad. It will not be denied that there was a time of great loneliness as the realization of the thousands of miles of distance from family, church, and country pressed upon mind and heart.

A DILEMMA.—But plans of travel had to be considered. Inquiry revealed the fact that there was no P. & O. steamer here for Calcutta and that there would be none for two weeks. This possibility was known before leaving New York, but it was said, while coming from Hong Kong to Colombo, that there would almost certainly be a steamer here on our arrival. What course was it best to adopt? One could profitably spend two weeks, if he had plenty of time, on the island of Ceylon, but two weeks here would lead to a delay of three weeks on the trip because of the unavoidable loss of other connections. There was a tramp steamer soon to leave for Calcutta, but its speed was slow and its accommodations were poor; that was, therefore, rejected.

It was possible to get a steamer soon for Tuticorin, the extreme point of Southern India. This plan had something in its favor. It would give the opportunity of seeing this town, once

famous for its pearl fisheries, and now a sample of an utterly sleepy and forsaken place; of seeing Madura, one hundred miles farther north, famous for its ancient pagoda, supported by two thousand stone columns; of seeing Trichinopoly, another one hundred miles northward, famous for its varied manufactures, and interesting as the place where Bishop Heber was drowned in 1826, while bathing, and where he is buried; of seeing Tanjore, a large fortified city, with its ancient palace with lofty towers,—formerly that of the late rajah,—with its large gilded car of Juggernaut, and with its magnificent pagoda, fourteen stories high, so familiar in engravings and carvings, with its gigantic figure of a reclining bull, hewn from a single block of black granite; of seeing Madras, with its varied attractions, and then on to Calcutta. Of all these places there had been much careful reading and their attractions were familiar, and so they entered into the decision which had to be made. But the thought of the distances to be traveled, the heat to be probably experienced, and the poor hotel accommodations to be endured led to the rejection of this possibility.

It was learned also that, by putting forth great energy, Colombo, and also Kandy, could be seen with reasonable thoroughness, and the trip to Bombay could be taken by remaining on board the "Kaisar-i-Hind," and then crossing India by railway, in three nights and two days, from Bombay to Calcutta. This route was selected. This plan necessitated hard traveling and cross-

ing Northern India twice, but the journey would be made by different routes and so more of the northern part of the country would be seen, traveling in which, even in midsummer, not being specially uncomfortable.

Can sufficient courage be summoned to see Ceylon before the steamer leaves? It remains thirty-three hours. A part of the work can be done; a part at least will be done. The resolution was made, but it must be confessed that the flesh was somewhat refractory, although the spirit was very ambitious. One cannot help having some sympathy with the schoolboy who was sorry that he had not lived two thousand years ago so that he would not have so much history to learn. So one almost wishes that he had lived when the world of travel was smaller and when there were fewer objects of interest to see. But as I am deliberately attempting to do in less than six months what ought not to be attempted in less than nine months, perhaps, I must not complain, and must hasten to a pleasurable, though a fatiguing, task; there will be time enough for rest during the remainder of the voyage.

THE ISLAND OF CEYLON.—The island of Ceylon is usually spoken of as the most beautiful spot in the world; certainly its soil and climate are remarkable for their luxuriant production of almost every beautiful tree, shrub, and flower known to the tropics. In natural scenery it vies with any part of the world. As it rises from the

ocean, clothed with the rich luxuriousness of a tropical vegetation, it seems almost like an enchanted island in dreamland. Its hills rise grandly until they are lost in mist and cloud. A sea of sapphire dashes against its rocks; and the yellow strands are shaded by groves of noble palms. It resembles a pear in shape, but its natives more poetically compare it to one of their elongated pearls. It lies south of India, somewhat as Madagascar lies south of Africa. Undulating plains cover about four parts and the fifth is covered by a mountain range, containing a group of mountains rising to eight thousand feet. The south side of the island is drained by ten rivers of considerable size. A fine breakwater has made the harbor of Colombo safe. This is a point of call for steamers coming from and going to all points of the world. The harbor is almost always full of vessels of nearly every nation in Europe. The island contains a little over twenty-five thousand square miles, and a population of three millions.

The coast is hot, but it is comfortably cool among the mountains. The sea breezes pleasantly moderate the heat, and the climate is not considered unhealthful for Europeans. The temperature is equable; the average in Colombo is 80°. April is the hottest month.

Comparatively few know of the antiquity of its history, the glory of its former civilization as evidenced by its buried cities, and the ethnic interest attaching to its primitive and later races. Here is an island where once, without doubt,

there was a mighty empire ; here are marvelous remains of gigantic temples and magnificent palaces ; here are prehistoric monuments ; here are ruins of elaborate systems of irrigation ; here is a vast field of only partially explored remains, which for the next half-century will be the wonder and delight of learned antiquarians of all nations.

Egyptians, Persians, Greeks, Romans, and Arabians traded with the ports of Ceylon. Many believe that this island was the Ophir of the Hebrews ; it certainly corresponds in its precious stones and other forms of mineral wealth to the descriptions in the Bible of that land of precious gems. The gems of Ceylon have been celebrated from time immemorial. Sapphires, rubies, topaz, amethysts, cinnamon stone, cat's eye, and garnets are the principal gems and precious stones of the island. The most valuable is the sapphire. In 1853 one was found worth twenty thousand dollars. The pearl fisheries are also famous.

The traveler who judges the ancient Sinhalese—that is probably the better spelling—by the voluble venders of spurious gems met with in Kandy or Colombo, will do great injustice to a wonderful race and to his own reputation as an intelligent critic. Just now there is a revival of interest in this people and in their prehistoric monuments. The modern Sinhalese is certainly no fair representative of a people that could build a city of gigantic monoliths, carve a mountain into a graceful shrine, and adorn its monuments

with pillars and capitals not unworthy of Greek art in the days of its meridian glory. Of course this writer could not in his brief visit to the island, personally examine the remains of these buried cities,—the months of January and February are the time for that purpose,—but he has learned enough to start him on new lines of reading and thought, and he wishes to incite all his readers to pursue similar lines of inquiry.

THE MAHAWANSO.—The Sinhalese are not a literary nation; they have not produced a single author of literary prominence. But they have given the world a series of chronicles of unimpeached authenticity which bring their history down from the earliest times to the last century. These chronicles are known as the "Mahawanso," or "Genealogy of the Great" and Sir James Emerson Tenent, in his work on Ceylon, gives a full account of their character. They were begun by a Buddhist priest in A. D. 460, and his work covers the period from 543 B. C., when the Sinhalese first reached Ceylon, to A. D. 301. Various monastic successors of this priest have carried the work down to the time of the British rule. 'His says that in 543 B. C., Wijeyo, a son of one of the petty princes in the valley of the Ganges, and his Sinhalese followers landed in Ceylon and conquered the primitive peoples. The chronicles explain the name of the race by tracing it to Sinha, the word for a lion.

Whatever of doubt may attach to these early chronicles, the monuments bear a testimony of

their own. Who were the artists whose skill and taste cover such extensive areas? Were they Sinhalese or Tamils? Did these two ethnologically distinct races become one race? Where did the vast stones come from? How were they transported? Were elephants employed to transport these great stones? How were they raised to their positions without the aid of cranes or pulleys? Was the space filled with earth, an inclined plane formed, and the great masses thus placed in position? Who can tell?

How were these great buildings brought to ruins? Was it done by the iconoclastic zeal of the Tamils? Or was it done by the roots of trees, by vines, by seeds? Was it by some convulsion of nature? Or were there, as some believe, defects in the foundations of the great structures? What could have swept from the earth a population of millions? Marvelous are these remains of carved pillars, great slabs, and crumbling columns. Back into the dim past they carry us.

The antiquarian has not thus far been able to light the path with his lamp of learning. Here are the skeletons of a dead and buried past. Perhaps even before the pyramids or the sphinx existed a great race lived on Ceylon's beautiful isle. Who can tell? How little even the most learned know! How foolish to deny the teachings of revelation regarding the spiritual world, because of the supposed opposition of scientists, when they cannot explain prehistoric monuments of this material world. Ceylon is now a

crown colony ; it is ruled by a governor aided by executive and legislative councils ; most of the officials are British, but the natives are not excluded from office. The government has opened roads, endowed colleges, aided missionaries, and in every way has striven to uplift the people.

In 838 B. C., the Tamils established a kingdom in the northern part of Ceylon. In 1505 the Portuguese first visited Ceylon and in 1518 they acquired possessions. In 1658 the Dutch secured possession of the port. In 1796 the English got the island, and in 1815, with the fall of the Kandyan king, the last semblance of power on the part of the earlier rulers came into their hands. They promised not to interfere with the religion of the conquered people, and equal rights were guaranteed to all, whatever their race or religion.

THE ISLAND PEOPLE TO-DAY.—The two chief races are the Sinhalese and the Tamils. These differ widely from each other. The Tamil, for a dweller in the Orient, is industrious and enterprising. The Tamils largely people the northern part of the island ; there are also Tamil laborers in the cities all over the island. Often they speak English reasonably well, and occasionally they push into honorable offices. Although they have adopted the creed of Brahmanism, they have retained much of their old worship of demons. Devil temples are common among them. Caste is less powerful in Ceylon than in India. In Ceylon few of the Brahmans learn English ; others fill

the positions requiring education. By the laws of Hinduism a Brahman who crosses the sea loses caste; therefore, only Brahmans of inferior position or damaged reputation go to Ceylon.

The Sinhalese are less vigorous and energetic than the Tamils. Few races in the world are so torpid, so dull, and so conscienceless. Climate and religion have done much to bring about this result. Nature here is too generous. Every want is provided by the gentleness of the climate and the fertility of the soil. Civilization is too simple to create artificial wants, and furnishes no ambition, no enterprise, no stimulus. Their religion is a form of Buddhism; but it has borrowed much from Hinduism. Temples to Hindu gods exist by the side of those dedicated to Buddha. Among them, as among the Tamils, there is much of demon worship. Their priests are of inferior education and rely for influence among the people largely on the practice of medicine and astrology.

Buddhism is the prevailing religion. The Mohammedans have many followers, who are called Moormen. The Veddahs, one of the most degraded races of mankind, are found in the island. In the interior are many Kandyans; there are also Hindus, Malabrians, and naturalized descendants of the old Dutch and Portuguese colonists along the coast.

In dress and appearance the Sinhalese have remained unchanged since the days of Ptolemy. Their long hair is turned back from their foreheads and is confined with combs; they also

wear earrings. The women adorn themselves with an endless variety of necklaces, bangles, rings, and other forms of jewelry. Polyandry still lingers in the interior. One woman often has three or four husbands.

For nearly four hundred years Ceylon has been mission ground, with three chief epochs. In Jaffna, in the north, isolated by the sea on the one side and trackless jungles, the Portuguese carried things with a high hand. They threatened, they cajoled, they promised, and the Roman Church was made the road to civil preferment.

When the Dutch came into power the Portuguese and the Romanists lost influence. Roman rites were forbidden, priests were banished, and converts to a form of Protestantism were numbered by thousands. But it was not heart religion, and the classis at Amsterdam condemned the methods which had been employed. This was mere government Christianity.

The English period has been one of true mission work. Baptists were the first Protestant body to enter the field. Mr. and Mrs. Chater arrived in 1812, and for twenty-two years labored in Colombo. They were succeeded by Mr. Daniel, who labored for fourteen years. His name is held in high honor by the Sinhalese. In 1854 the mission had reached one hundred and forty villages. To-day there are five missions, twenty-two native preachers, one thousand communicants and two thousand five hundred children in Sunday-schools.

The Wesleyan Methodists came next. Theirs

is indeed a marvelous story. Dr. Coke died on the way. In 1814 five men landed. To-day there are two thousand communicants and four thousand children in Sunday-schools. The American Board in 1813 was represented in the person of Mr. Newell. Four missionaries from Boston arrived in 1815, and immediately began work. The Church of England began work in 1818. They opened schools and started printing presses. A knowledge of the English language was greatly desired. The Salvation Army, under Mr. Tucker, formerly a civil service officer in India, has sent workers to Ceylon. They have adopted the native food and dress of the Hindu mendicants; but this is still an experiment.

XXIV

CITIES OF CEYLON.

KANDY is about sixty miles from Colombo. Leaving Colombo on the early morning train one could spend three hours in Kandy and be back in Colombo about seven in the evening. Kandy has been called the mountain capital of Ceylon. The name comes from the Sinhalese word kandy, which signifies a mountain. The elevation is one thousand seven hundred feet above the level of the sea. The road to Kandy has been in operation since 1867.

THE TRIP TO KANDY.—Soon after leaving Colombo the train passes through a succession of cinnamon groves, groups of cocoanut and betel palms, mango, jak, breadfruit, and various other tropical trees. There is a wealth of verdure and a variety of color which cannot fail to charm the tourist. The line crosses the Kelani-gangā, the second largest river on the island. The extensive stone quarries which supplied the material for the magnificent breakwater at Colombo are passed some distance off to the right. Soon, if the day be clear, Adam's Peak, towering high above surrounding ranges, can be seen rising more than seven thousand feet above the sea. It

is the site of a shrine at which Buddhists, Mohammedans, and Hindus worship; here also is the gigantic "footprint" of Adam, Siva, Buddha or the Apostle Thomas, according to the superstition of the devout pilgrim.

On the way are tea plantations, and the Government Experimental Gardens, where almost every variety of cocoa and India-rubber trees are found; here also is the district long known as "The Valley of the Shadow of Death," because of the fearful mortality among the coolies who were employed in building the line. Soon after comes Rambukkana, where begins the very steep grade, necessitating an extra engine. In thirteen miles the train climbs more than one thousand four hundred feet, and so Kandy is reached.

The town lies at the base of an amphitheatre of hills; it is certainly one of the loveliest spots in an island of extreme beauty. The principal object of interest is the celebrated Dalada Maligawa, the temple of the Tooth, which overlooks the Esplanade. This temple enshrines the sacred tooth of Buddha; here for more than one thousand five hundred years this so-called tooth has been revered by millions of Buddhists. It is protected by six golden covers and is exposed to public view only on grand religious occasions, or when visited by distinguished potentates, and then amid great ceremonies. The temple is an irregular structure of indescribable architecture. Yellow-robed and filthy old priests keep up a show of daily services with grotesque dancing, beating of drums, and blowing of fifes. Here

heathenism is peculiarly heathenish and repulsive. A motley throng of beggars well-nigh pester the life out of visitors and quite rob them of patience.

Near here is the old audience hall of the Kandyan kings; so also are the old palace, the botanical garden, St. Paul's Church, clubs, and other buildings, and Lady Gordon's, Lady Horton's, and Lady Macarthy's drives. The sacred bo tree, near the temple, is believed to be the oldest historical tree in the world, and its record has been carefully kept since three hundred years before the Christian era.

Beyond this region, it is said, wild elephants are sometimes seen in herds. Flying foxes are numerous in this part of the island. Coffee plantations once abounded, but a few years ago the trees were blighted and the production was of necessity greatly reduced. Banana groves and cocoanut trees are to be seen on every side. Much attention is now given to the production of the cinchona, which flourishes even at great elevations.

The houses of the natives are made of bamboo poles with walls of mats or coarse mud plaster; they are thatched with large palm leaves, ingeniously combined so as to exclude even equatorial rains. They have no chimneys and no windows, all the light that is required being admitted through the open doors, and the little necessary cooking being done in the open air. But some of the chiefs have houses which are tiled and whitewashed.

GLIMPSES OF COLOMBO.—The early name of Colombo was Kalan-totta, the "Kalan ferry," because of its nearness to the river. The Moors corrupted the word into Kalambu, or Columbu, and the Portuguese wrote Colombo, in honor of Christopher Columbus.

The first thing which is seen on coming into the harbor is the low sandy beach in the foreground, with its fringe of waving coconut palms, and the background of mountain range rising into the sugar-loafed peak of Adam. The magnificent breakwater next challenges attention. Its first stone was laid by the Prince of Wales, in 1875, and it was completed in 1884. Its cost was great for a city the size of Colombo, whose inhabitants number one hundred and twenty-eight thousand. Over this breakwater the waves often dash, and most beautiful is the sight of the spray, as seen in the moonlight, rising fifty to seventy feet into the air. Hour after hour I watched it with the utmost pleasure.

Colombo is the capital of Ceylon. *Via* Brindisi it is five thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight miles from London; *via* Gibraltar it is six thousand seven hundred and three. It is a prominent port for passengers to and from all parts of the East and Australia. The British government has here excellent barracks. From this point soldiers can be sent to meet any emergency, to India or elsewhere in the East. Britain's line of outposts extends from the Mediterranean to the far East; their order is Gibraltar, Malta, Aden, Ceylon, Penang, Singapore, and

Hong Kong. Thus Britain dominates the south of Asia and has an unobstructed road to her vast Indian possessions.

Ceylon is a crown colony, and although so near India is separately governed. A governor is appointed by the crown, and associated with him is an executive council of five and a legislative council of fifteen. Britain has made her colonies, including Canada, to be practically republics. If only Great Britain had the Hawaiian Islands she would have another chain, with those islands as one of its links, stretching from British Columbia to Australia; but probably the United States might have something to say regarding that.

The red soil of the streets of Colombo makes one think of New Jersey, and the dust which fills mouth and eyes, of New York in certain conditions of her streets. The Pettah Quarter, or Black Town, is inhabited by the natives; it is the Whitechapel district, or the Five Points of Colombo. In the suburbs are the pretty but modest dwellings of the Dutch and Portuguese, some of which date back to the earliest occupation of the island by any peoples outside of the native races.

The shops are numerous and attractive, but the shopkeepers in their importunity are a positive nuisance. They will sometimes follow a stranger for half a block urging him to buy their jewelry, their sapphire and cat's eye, often doubtless largely spurious, and perhaps manufactured at Birmingham for the delectation of the gullible

globe-trotter. It was amusing to see the little oxen driven singly to yoke or harness and trotting through the streets with three or four men or women in the carriage, and they do trot quite fast. You can hire a man and a boat for an hour for a mere trifle; the same remark applies to carriages and *jinrikishas*. Men who live in the East forget how to help themselves; they have servants for everything and at every turn. There is great danger that the spirit of caste may be encouraged; because of this system of service it is almost inevitable. It has to be guarded against even in missionary work.

Many of the men are tall, erect, and stately; and they are lithe, wiry, and strong. In their scant clothing standing on a street corner they looked not unlike bronze statues. Some of them wear skirts, and their hair being done up in a queer knot with a shell comb surrounding the head, they look very effeminate. Young boys, with their satin skin, white teeth, and bright eyes, are often handsome, but as they grow older they lose their beauty and become indolent and languid creatures. Some of the women might be called pretty. The "get-up" of nearly all is unique; silver and brass jewelry adorns the tops and bottoms of their ears, rings are on their toes, and "bells" also, for silver coins are attached to the rings; fingers, ankles, and wrists are often similarly adorned, and sometimes the rest of the body is very scantily clothed.

Mr. Ballou and others call attention to the women employed as nurses by the wives of Eng-

lish officers. They form a separate class, and they have developed a remarkable taste for cheap jewelry ; they are dressed in the "loudest" possible style. Some of them I chanced to meet. They wear a white linen garment, cut very low and reaching to the knee ; over this is a blue cut-away jacket, covered with braid and buttons, and drawn in at the waist with a sash. Perhaps this description is not very intelligible, but I have done my best in a new department of literature. These nurses are very affectionate and to them children become much attached.

The Sinhalese seem to be painfully conscious of the superiority of the white races ; they call every white man "master," and all the shopkeepers beg the "master" to buy this or that. *Jinrikisha* men, beggars, and shopmen are painfully persistent. They follow one through the streets offering their services ; on one occasion no fewer than five formed a procession around or behind me, until decided words drove them away. The population in Colombo is very mixed, Sinhalese, Nubians, Arabs, Javanese, Afghans, Kaffirs, and Jews being constantly seen, but there are no Chinamen. I saw on the street three American Negroes, their speech and dress indicating their country ; they were probably cooks on some sailing ship in the harbor.

Crows are plentiful. They hover about the ships, fill the streets, are everywhere ; probably they are in some sense scavengers in the towns of the East. The Sinhalese canoe is long and very narrow and has an outrigger fastened by

arched bamboo poles. With this apparently frail craft the natives will venture far out in almost any weather. They also have catamarans in frequent use, similar in design to boats I saw at the Hawaiian Islands; but the latter boats, like the people, were much better in finish and in appearance.

A COMPARISON.—How does the Island of Ceylon compare with the Hawaiian Islands? That is a fair question, and to it I give as fair an answer as possible. In historic interest, in variety of productions, in size and solidity of hotels, shops, offices, and some public buildings, Colombo far surpasses Honolulu; but in well cultivated lawns, trained shrubs, superb lines of royal palms, luxuriant growths of many other beautiful tropical trees, and in the intelligence of the natives and the enterprise and success of foreigners, and especially in the charm of its matchless atmosphere, Honolulu stands peerless among all the islands of the seas, and in the last respect among the countries of the world. Colombo is more than four times the size of Honolulu, and gives evidences in many ways of its great antiquity and varied forms of civilization. Honolulu has just been rescued from savagery; but it has made noteworthy progress and gives promise of a still more remarkable future.

Much interest was felt in all this region over the funeral of the sultan of Johore, who died in London early in June. He was widely known in London, and at one time figured in an unsavory

social scandal ; he was not unknown in America. He was a man of ability in many ways, and showed an appreciation of the progress made by civilized nations. His remains were carried by the P. & O. steamer "Bombay" until they were taken on board Her Majesty's Cruiser "Mercury," which was to convey them to Penang, and thence they would be taken to Johore. The deceased sultan's flag floated over his remains. The funeral at Johore was to be the grandest ever accorded a Malay potentate. In all the mosques on Friday, the twenty-third of August, the Malays held services in memory of the deceased.

At two o'clock, Thursday, August 29, we left Colombo for Bombay. These notes were written with the ship gliding over the waves. We sailed first through a part of the Indian Ocean, or it might be called the bay of Bengal, and rounding Cape Comorin we were in the Arabian Sea ; as we rounded the cape the chart showed the Maldivé Islands on our port hand. The trip was ideal, the sea being like glass, the moon bright, and the air cool. At three o'clock, Sunday P. M., we were at Bombay, and soon after I was in the Baptist church of that city, with gratitude to God for all his mercies on this journey.

It was now just exactly ninety days since I left New York, and counting the day of arrival in Bombay, just fifty of the ninety days had been spent on the sea ; and of the last thirty days but parts had been spent on the shore, and every night but one was passed in some one of several boats. Welcome India !

XXV

"INDIKA"

BEFORE continuing our journey through India, it is fitting that a chapter should be devoted to the history and characteristics of this vast empire. This empire consists of twelve provinces directly under British control, and of about one hundred and fifty feudatory States and principalities which acknowledge the authority of the British crown. The whole empire comprises about one million five hundred thousand square miles, and perhaps two hundred and eighty to three hundred million inhabitants, including what is known as British Burma. Attention has been called to the fact that the area and population are just about equal to that of all Europe, less the empire of Russia; and also that the population is more than double that of all imperial Rome, including all the races and nations that acknowledged the Roman authority in the days of its meridian splendor. Gibbon makes the population of Rome at that time one hundred and twenty millions.

NO INDIA.—The Indians really have no name to describe their vast country. Bharata is the name of a legendary king of the Lunar line

of sovereigns. In Sanskrit the name of the country would be Bharata-varsha, but it has been well said that Sanskrit is no more the language of the country than Latin is the language of Europe.

Sir John Strachey tells us in his recent volume on India that the most essential fact about India which a student of that country can learn is, paradoxical as the statement may seem, that there is no such country as India. That is simply a name which we give to a region representing a number of countries. He also reminds us that the differences between Bengal and the Punjab, or between Madras and Rajputana are, beyond comparison, greater than between the different countries of Europe. He affirms that Scotland is more like Spain than Bengal is like the Punjab. The native of Calcutta or Bombay is as much a foreigner in Delhi or Peshawar, as an Englishman is a foreigner in Rome or Paris. Britain never conquered the people of India; there never was a people of India, never a language of India, never a religion of India, never a national sentiment in India. There never was a country of India in the sense of there being any sort of unity, physical, social, or religious. Britain merely conquered India's conquerors.

The name Hindustan is simply Hindu and *stan* or *sthan*, meaning land, or settled habitation; but this word is of Persian origin, and thus the name means just the land or habitation of the Hindus, or of the river Indus, just as Afghanistan is the land of the Afghans. The

Persians applied the name Hindus at first only to the dwellers on the banks of the river *Sindhu*; this was the Sanskrit name for Indus. The change of *s* into *h* gives us the Persian *Hind*. The Greeks borrowed the name from the Persians, and by the peculiarity of the Greek tongue, Hind became Ind. By certain linguistic causes this name was thus given at first to the valley of the Indus, and later to the whole country.

Sometimes we speak of the East Indies as opposed to the West Indies, but while this is an old name and is still found in some of the early Parliamentary records, it is acknowledged by all to be an inaccurate name. Bishop John F. Hurst entitles his work on India, "*Indika*," deriving the title from the Greek Megasthenes, who was the first writer to portray the inner life of India to the western world. Strictly speaking, *Indika* means Indian things. The book which Megasthenes wrote on his return to Greece was an account of his travels in the distant land of India. This is not, therefore, a title of the country so much as a word meaning certain things in that country.

THE COUNTRY DESCRIBED.—India is the middle of the three irregularly shaped peninsulas which jut southward from the mainland of Asia. Attention has been called to the fact of the similarity of position between India and Italy on the map. India is a vast triangle with its base on the Himalayan range of mountains; the west side is washed, for the most part, by the Arabian

Sea. It is bounded on the north by China, Turkistan, and Tibet, from which it is separated by the Himalayan range. On the east by Burma and Siam, and on the west by Baluchistan and Afghanistan. The coast of the country east of Cape Comorin, the southern extremity of the peninsula, is washed by the bay of Bengal. The extent of the coast line is upward of four thousand miles in all, and one-half of this distance is on the bay of Bengal. The extreme length of the Peninsula from north to south is about nineteen hundred miles, and its extreme breadth from east to west, not including British Burma, is about seventeen hundred miles.

In the north are the extensive river basins of the Indus and the Ganges. In the central portion of the country is the great diamond shaped tableland, with its greatest length from north to south. The plain of the Indus comprises the Punjab. This is "the country of the five rivers." The plain of Sind is rainless and unproductive except as artificially irrigated. The plain of the Ganges constitutes Hindustan proper; this is the densely populated region, teeming with fertility and especially rich in historic interest. The highlands of central India comprehend the whole of the interior plateau not included in the Deccan. The Deccan was the term originally applied to the whole peninsula of India south of the Nerbudda River; but the term is now greatly restricted. This portion of the country consists for the most part of an elevated table-land enclosed by plains which reach to the seashore,

and being buttressed by the eastern and western Ghats. I may be permitted to refer again to Sir John Strachey. He calls attention to the danger arising from over-bold generalizations on India. Nothing could be more complete than the delusion that the people generally live on rice. In the greater part of India rice is a luxury enjoyed only by the comparatively rich. It grows chiefly where the climate is hot and damp. He estimates that out of the whole population not more than one-fourth live on rice. Millets and pulses are the chief food of the people in many parts of India. Many people get their ideas of India from what they have seen or heard on the coasts, and because the ordinary food in Lower Bengal is rice, it is assumed that this is the ordinary food all over the country. Sir Henry Maine shows how Mr. Buckle, in the general introduction to his "History of Civilization," has erred by his unwise generalization. He derives all the distinctive institutions of India, and the peculiarities of the people, from their consumption of rice. This food, he tells us, "is of an oxygenous rather than a carbonaceous character, hence the law of caste prevails, that oppression is rife, that rents are high, and that customs and laws are stereotyped." Sir John Strachey wisely remarks that: "This is as if an Indian traveler, landing on the west coast of Ireland, and finding that the people live on potatoes, were to assume that potatoes were the ordinary food throughout Europe, and was to base upon the fact conclusions regarding the condi-

tions of society in Germany and Spain." These unwise generalizations will account for the many contradictory statements which we hear from many persons who have lived in only one section of India and who have had but few opportunities for travel or mingling with the people of different sections.

It is an interesting fact that when the sun sets at six o'clock in Calcutta it is just midday in England, and early morning in New York.

A RICH CONTINENT.—India is rich in varieties of scenery, climate, and productions. It boasts the highest mountains in the world, and the country slopes from these lofty heights to the vast river deltas. It is not really a country, in the ordinary sense of the term, but rather a continent. Himalaya means the "dwelling-place of snow," the Sanskrit word for snow being *hima*, and the word for house, or abode, being *alaya*. These mountains form a double wall along the north of India, and at their eastern and western extremities they send out offshoots to the south. The country is immensely productive when properly watered by rain or by irrigation. Three harvests are often reaped, and there are never less than two. Rice, contrary to the ordinary opinion, is the staple crop in only a small part of India, and the daily food of only a comparatively small proportion of the people. Elephants are a government monopoly, and shooting them is prohibited except under well-recognized restrictions. The right to capture elephants is

leased out under special laws. There is a fine of five hundred rupees for the first offense of the man who kills, captures, injures, or attempts to injure, capture, or kill an elephant.

Few people know how deadly the poisonous snakes of India are. It is often supposed that the stories regarding this matter are greatly exaggerated, but statistics show that in 1877, nearly seventeen thousand persons were killed by snakes as compared with eight hundred and nineteen who were killed by tigers. During the same year the sum of eight hundred and eleven pounds was paid for the destruction of one hundred and twenty-seven thousand snakes.

One-third of the country is still under the control of native hereditary rulers. The population subject to these rulers is about fifty-four millions, or about one-fifth of the whole population of the country. The results of recent efforts made to secure the exact census indicate that the population is larger and not smaller than was usually estimated. According to the report of the registrar general upon the English census of 1871, "Any density of a large country approaching two hundred to a square mile implies mines, manufactories, or the industry of cities." But in India there is a density of six hundred to a square mile throughout large districts of the country. This is a remarkable statement, as showing the great density of population in most parts of that vast empire.

There is a well-graded system of education throughout the country; and there are three

universities, one each at Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay. A certain number of colleges are associated with each of these universities. Below these colleges are high schools, where students are prepared to enter the colleges and universities. There are also middle schools and primary schools, where an elementary education is afforded. The colleges are numerous in different parts of the peninsula. The Indian educational system is designed to encourage the cultivation of the English language and to diffuse a knowledge of European science, art, and philosophy; but very much still remains to be done regarding the impartation of even the rudiments of education. Enormous portions of the territory are yet practically untouched by British instruction or any civilizing influence. Sir John Strachey, in the volume to which allusion has already been made, charges James Mill with great misrepresentations regarding Warren Hastings and his alleged cruelties in the province of Rohilkhand. The history of Mr. Mill, he charges, is "saturated with party politics." Sir John personally investigated the facts regarding the sale and extermination of the Rohillas, having spent several years of his Indian service in that province. He declares that no one there ever heard of the atrocities which still fill Englishmen with shame; that the English army was not hired out for the destruction of the Rohillas; that the story of their destruction is purely fictitious; that Mill garbled his quotations, utterly misleading his readers; that Lord Macaulay accepted Burke

and Mill as authorities; that thus Macaulay was misled; that these false statements are misleading intelligent Indian youths, creating in their minds feelings of bitterness toward Britain; and that, finally, this entire period of history will yet be rewritten, giving the truth which has so long been concealed. This is a matter of the utmost importance, and I am well satisfied that Sir James Stephen, Sir Henry Maine, and Sir John Strachey, by their robust, careful, and dispassionate criticism, place all students of history under a great debt of gratitude, and relieve the reputations of many Englishmen in the early days of European history in India of enormous alleged cruelties which never were committed.

The railway system dates from the administration of Lord Dalhousie. The first line of railway was projected in 1843, by Sir Macdonald Stevenson, who was afterward active in forming the East India Railway Company; but the financial panic, which soon afterward followed, entirely defeated for the time being the project which had been inaugurated. Bombay saw the first sod for a railway turned in 1850, a line of road to Thana, a distance of only three miles, was opened in 1853. Lord Dalhousie contemplated five great trunk lines connecting all the chief cities and the military cantonments. The total mileage of railways at present is nearly twenty thousand; and of this total over eight thousand miles are State lines worked by companies.

Cotton weaving is one of the oldest indigenous

industries of the country. It is an interesting fact that the Greek name for cotton fabrics, "sindon," is etymologically the same as that of India or Sind. In latter days Calicut, on the Malabar coast, gave us the name of the fabric still called calico. In this way the study of etymology throws light on the history of Indian industries, as a similar study throws the brightest light on the tribal relations of the earliest populations of India. Cotton and silk always formed a part of the rich cargoes which European traders brought back from India when they found their way to that mysterious land. The English were especially careful to fix their earliest settlements in the midst of the weaving population. It is stated on good authority, that in delicacy of texture, in grace of design, and in fastness of color, Indian cotton can still hold its own against the world; but although labor is there so cheap, the manufacturers of Manchester can undersell the handwork of India.

THE GOVERNMENT.—The government of India is extremely complex. It is to be expected that a government which is the outgrowth of so many civilizations and conquests, would be complex in the extreme. By several acts of Parliament, supreme authority is vested both for executive and legislative purposes in the viceroy, who is called, in a business sense, governor general. The ultimate sanction to all legislative acts must be given by the secretary of state for India, at Westminster. There was at first the

rule of the East India Company. This lasted from 1600 to 1857, when the Sepoy rebellion necessitated a change in the government. The present government has continued since 1857. It became evident after the Sepoy rebellion that to hold India the government itself must be directly responsible.

The real work of government is done by the local body in India. The queen, who is empress of India, of course is nominally the supreme head of authority. In exceptional cases the governor general may act independently of the council. There is an executive council meeting regularly at short intervals, and there is also a legislative council, meeting only when required. The secretary of state for India is vested with vast power. He represents the sovereign; he can veto any legislative enactment, and the viceroy and his council in India are almost entirely under his control. He is governed by the advice of the local council, and his course usually is considerate and wise, but his power is well-nigh unlimited. The viceroy, often called the governor general, is appointed by the queen, and his term lasts five years. His winter capital is at Calcutta, where he lives in the great Government House, with almost regal honors; but his summer capital is in Simla. For administrative purposes there are five provincial governments; and each of these is equipped with civil and judicial officials. The two presidencies of Madras and Bombay still retain evidences of their original equality with Bengal; each has an army,

and each a civil service of its own ; each also has a governor directly appointed to his place with the executive and legislative council.

The Church of England exercises a vast amount of authority in India. The bishop of Calcutta is the metropolitan bishop, and there is a bishop of the Church of England in Madras, Bombay, and the Punjab. There are some chaplains of the Church of Scotland, but the majority of the well-nigh two hundred chaplains belong to the Church of England. These chaplains are supported at enormous cost. Perhaps it would not be discourteous to say that they by no means are worth that cost.

I had the opportunity of meeting many officers of the army and learned much concerning both the native and the British armies in India. It is a matter for sincere sorrow that immorality prevails to so large a degree in the British army and is now making its way also into the native regiments of the country. Facts learned concerning this matter are of the gravest kind and are worthy of the most careful consideration of officers, of Christians, and of all patriots and philanthropists, both in Great Britain and in India.

The army for India, during the government of the country by the East India Company, did not form a part of the regular army of Great Britain. There is now a large body of English soldiers all the time in India. India pays the bill for her soldiers, both native and European. I was surprised to learn that the government at

home does not pay a shilling toward their support, not even the expenses of their transportation. It is thus a fact that nearly one-third of the British army costs the British taxpayer absolutely nothing. The present strength of the army is two hundred and thirty thousand; and of this number about seventy thousand are European troops. Thirty thousand are made up of the militia, the young men in the various offices and railway companies being regularly drilled and liable to be called upon for service at a moment's notice. The native soldiers number about one hundred and thirty thousand. The annual cost of supporting this army is put down at £16,000,000; of which sum £12,000,000 is spent in India. The horses for the cavalry service are mostly brought from Australia.

This native army is thoroughly well drilled. I was frequently told that no part of the army of Great Britain is more thoroughly equipped for service than the native regiments of India. The officers and soldiers long for the opportunity of showing to Great Britain and to the world what they can do on the field of battle. If Great Britain and the United States should engage in war, native regiments from India representing various tribes and faiths, would be brought immediately into conflict with American soldiers. India pays her own bills for her soldiers and Great Britain takes remarkable care to guard herself from liabilities for this. Britain rules India largely by Indian troops and makes India pay for keeping herself in subjection.

XXVI

CONQUESTS OF INDIA

AT the dawn of Indian history two races are seen struggling for the soil. One is a fair-skinned people, who seem to have but lately entered the country by the northwest passes. They were of the great Aryan stock; they spoke a stately language, and they worshiped gods who were on friendly terms with the people. The other race was distinctly of a lower type. The new-comers drove them from the plains to the mountains or made them their slaves. All authorities are now agreed that the Hindus were not the first inhabitants of the country, but were an invading race.

THE ABORIGINES.—These rude aboriginal tribes are still in the central and southern portions of India. We do not know the race name of the lower tribes; they are, therefore, generally called non-Aryan, or aborigines. They have left no written records. Their monuments which have come down to us are rude stone circles and upright slabs beneath which they buried their dead. They were supposed to have consisted of three great stocks—the Tibeto-Burman tribes, the Kolarian tribes, and the Dravidian. War seems

to have been their chief occupation; it is almost certain that they were not acquainted with the use of metals, but used rough flint weapons of various sorts. Other tribes succeeded them who fought with stone implements, not unlike those used by early Scandinavian peoples.

Then came a race that knew the use of metals, that fought with iron weapons, and that wore copper and gold ornaments. The Vedic hymns teach us that the conquerors called the conquered peoples *Dasas*, or slaves. They despised them as flat-nosed or noseless, and as feeders on flesh. In Bengal the name *Dasas* still remains as the name of many of the lower classes. The race from the north prided themselves on their fair complexions, and the word for color, *varna*, came to mean race or caste. Their poets, perhaps four thousand years ago, praised in the "*Rig-veda*" their gods who had protected Aryan color and who had "subjected the black skin to the Aryan man."

We now come to the period of the great invasions of India. There are many legends of the sovereigns of the race of the sun and the moon. Their contests are recorded in the poem known as the "*Mahabharata*." The most celebrated of these was Rama Ramchunder. He is supposed to have lived in the twelfth or thirteenth century B. C. His deeds are the subject of the great epic called the "*Ramayana*." These legends tell us that a battle of fifty-six kings was fought for eighteen days; but all these matters are purely legendary. The first event to which

we can attach historic importance was the invasion of India by the Persians under King Darius, about 518-512 B. C. He attached great provinces to his empire, so that it is said that one-third of the revenues of the Persian crown came from the provinces on the Indus.

THE GREEK PERIOD.—In 327 B. C. Alexander the Great invaded India. We have from the historians of his expedition extensive accounts of the manners and customs of the Hindu races; but there is not space in this chapter to go into the details of this invasion. After the downfall of this empire India was divided into a number of petty kingdoms. Great importance is attached by all historians to the Greek episode in Indian history; it was the revival of intercourse between long separated members of the great Aryan family. Bishop Hurst calls attention to the fact that the two groups were strangely alike, whether studying astrology on the plains of Delhi, or rearing the matchless Parthenon at Athens, or building on the banks of the Tiber a city which should become the mistress of the world. Indeed, as he reminds us, the ancient Hindu Pantheon is strangely similar to that of the Greeks. This subject is worthy of careful consideration by all who wish to become masters of the influences exercised by the great Aryan races.

The Scythian invasion, continuing from 100 B. C. to 500 A. D., started not far from the original home of the Aryan race; they marched down through the northwest pass into India, and they

reared on the ruins of the Greek colonies a great kingdom. The rule of the native Hindu in India lasted about five hundred years. India came again into relation with the external world in 715 A. D., when the Mohammedan governor of Bassorah sent an army to obtain restitution of the Arab vessel which had been captured near the mouth of the Indus. Then began the course of the Mohammedan conquerors. No one can understand the history who is not familiar with this remarkable and, in many ways, brilliant era in the history of this great country. An entire volume might be devoted to this element in the history and civilization of the Indian peninsula. There were great conquerors, marvelous builders and founders of empires among these invaders. Of some of these rulers mention will be made in connection with the cities which they founded and the great buildings which they erected.

MODERN CONTACTS.—The Portuguese were the first of the nations of modern Europe to obtain a foothold in India. In the sixteenth century they seized some ports on the western coast and finally made themselves masters of important cities and districts. Their capital was Goa. All that the Portuguese now possess in India are Goa, Daman, and Diu, with a population of about one-half a million and a territory of four hundred square miles. They are a mixed people, half Indian and half Portuguese. The men are engaged largely as sailors and in other forms of sea-going service.

The Dutch were the next Europeans to invade Indian territory. In 1594 they reached the eastern seas; in 1605 they expelled the Portuguese from certain territories and controlled the commerce of the seas until driven out by the English. The Danes secured two settlements in India, both of which are widely known in connection with missionary history, and to one of which I shall have occasion to allude later. The French organized their East India Companies in 1604; and as early as the fourteenth century they roamed over many seas and organized settlements in many countries, both on the east and on the west. But the English were destined to put an end to the hope of French dominion in India by their victory near Madras, in 1759.

The English East India Company was chartered in London in 1600, and soon it erected fortifications and established trading posts in many parts of the peninsula. For nearly a century and a half this great company was almost omnipotent in its relations to India and to the other countries having posts in that land. It finally surpassed them all in its claims of supremacy. This company was really the British nation. For a long period France and Britain strove for the first place. Associated with Clive were Watson, Coote, Forde, and Warren Hastings. Terrible were the conflicts between the British and various Indian tribes. The conflict with the Mahrattas began in 1775 and lasted for seven years.

GREAT BRITAIN IN CONTROL.—The story of British dominion is marked by great cruelty, often, doubtless, necessary, and by great trials, but by continuous victories. The "Black Hole of Calcutta" suggests a tragedy which will never be forgotten in British history. The battle of Plassey, which Clive fought against the judgment of a council of war, was one of the turning-points in the struggles of Britain for supremacy in India. This battle gave Northern India to the British crown. Between 1818 and 1857 the supremacy of Great Britain was apparently complete.

In 1857 came the terrible mutiny known as the Sepoy rebellion. The British government had always been lenient in dealing with the natives and native tribes. The real cause of the mutiny was the realization on the part of the remaining scions of the old princely families that British supremacy would soon be complete and the native authority be entirely overthrown. There were minor causes; it was said that the British government in making cartridges used the grease of cows and hogs, and that the natives would be polluted when they bit off the ends of their cartridges in loading their guns. The use of this grease was an offense to the caste prejudice both of the Hindu and the Mohammedan. Of the mutiny I shall speak more fully when we visit Cawnpore, Lucknow, and Delhi.

The greatest blessing which could possibly have come to India was the triumph of Britain over all European claims for Indian territory,

and over all the ambitions of the tribes themselves. Wherever the British flag went, civil and religious liberty speedily followed. To-day there are immensely difficult problems for Great Britain in the management of the Indian peninsula. As we have seen, a large portion of the territory is still under the control of native princes. They are loyal in a certain way to the British crown, and as between Great Britain and Russia they prefer Great Britain; but if they believed that Russia would be victorious, should a conflict arise, they would quickly transfer their allegiance to the victor. Great Britain is managing the enormously great problems of Indian government with remarkable wisdom.

The British government in India is a despotism; the people, strictly speaking, have no voice in the government of their country, but it is a beneficent and perhaps a necessary despotism. There is, however, a new India coming to the front. It is made up in part of Anglo-Indians of the second and third generation in India, and in part of educated Indians themselves, who will want, before many years shall pass, a voice in the government. They must prepare themselves for the honors and responsibilities which await them in the development of this new India.

The hope of the land is in the dissemination of Christianity. Nothing but Christianity, with its attendant education, will break down the barriers of caste now separating the various classes in India. The spirit of caste seriously interferes with the unity and effectiveness of the army, it

practically destroys all social life, and it makes the government of India an extremely difficult task ; but Great Britain, under the guidance of Christian faith and its resulting civil and religious liberty, will solve all the difficult problems and will move on toward the highest possibilities of this great country before the twentieth century shall be past.

RELIGIONS AND PEOPLES.—It is authoritatively stated that nineteen out of every twenty in India are either Hindû or Mohammedan, but that there are seven Hindus to every two Mohammedans. The old races of the southern part of the country are known as the Dravidians ; the hill tribes of central India belong to the family known as the Kolarian ; the tribes of Indo-Chinese origin inhabit the southern slopes of the Himalayas, the greater part of the Assam Valley, and much of Burma. The high caste Hindus are supposed to be an offshoot of the noble Aryan race. The successful waves of Mohammedan conquerors exercised much influence on the civilization and architecture of the country. It is supposed that there are at least forty millions of Mohammedans now in India. They belong to four classes, and one class claims to be the lineal descendants of the great prophet. The Sikhs are confined almost entirely to the Punjab. Their strongest districts include the historical cities of Lahore, Amritsar, and Amballa.

There are nearly one hundred thousand nominal Christians of various names. It is supposed

that at least one quarter of them are of European origin, or at least possess some European blood. In southern India the work of the missionaries has greatly changed the statistics of the country, but in the northern part of India that influence has not yet been powerfully felt. Christianity has been in southern India for many centuries. We know that tradition speaks of the preaching of the Apostle Thomas in different parts of southern India. The Roman Church was the first that secured a foothold, through Xavier and his followers. There is still an enormous amount of missionary work to be done in India. When one contemplates the vastness of the field yet unoccupied he is almost ready to say that nothing has yet been done, but the next quarter of a century will probably see greater triumphs of Christianity than were wrought during all of the century now closing. This century has largely been a period of preparation. All the elements of civilization in railways, telegraphs, printing presses, telephones, and the many other forms of scientific progress, will now be consecrated to the spread of the gospel and to the advancement of all the interests of Indian civilization and Christianization.

XXVII

CALCUTTA

IT was our purpose to arrive at Calcutta by steamer from Colombo ; but, as no steamer was going immediately to Calcutta, we sailed for Bombay, and the trip from Bombay to Calcutta was made by railway. It is not necessary now to give the details of the journey across the country, as the return journey with its visits to its varied historic cities will be fully described.

The approach to Calcutta by sea is most striking. The pilots on the Hugli River—this is the latest authoritative spelling—are well educated and occupy a more responsible position than any other pilots on the coast. The river is dangerous and extremely difficult for navigation ; not only are there at certain seasons of the year fearful cyclones, but the bed of the river changes constantly. New shoals are continually forming and in order that a pilot may safely take his vessel over the river, he must have experimental knowledge of the shoals and tides. One of the most dangerous of the shoals is called the "James and Mary." Some suppose that the name dates to the wreck of a vessel called the "Royal James and Mary" on that bank in 1694 ; but there is another and better explanation of the origin of

the name. It is said that in Hindi *jal* means water, and *mari* means fatal, so that the two words mean "fatal water." I heard the most thrilling stories of the terrible experiences of captains of various vessels in this "fatal water."

Our arrival was by rail and not by steamer, and therefore some of the most interesting views of approach to the city were not experienced.

INDIA'S CAPITAL.—The word "Calcutta" is the English form of "*Kali Ghatta*," and this means simply the *ghat*, or landing-place, of the goddess Kali, wife of Siva, whose temple stood on the bank of the river. Calcutta is the capital of the province of Bengal, and the political capital of India, and so the seat of the supreme government. It is about eighty to one hundred miles from the seaboard by the river. The city is built along the bank of the River Hugli, an arm of the Ganges, for a distance of about eight miles. Since the opening of the Suez Canal, Bombay has become a sharp rival in all commercial respects. At the close of the seventeenth century Calcutta was little more than a cluster of muddy villages: now, however, it has a population of nearly nine hundred thousand.

Its founding, by Governor Charnock, took place in the year 1686. Then the British merchants at Hugli were obliged to leave their factory and go twenty-six miles down the river to Sutanati. Their settlement spread rapidly, and soon it included what was the village of Calcutta of that day. In 1689-90 the members of

the East India Company determined to make this place their headquarters, and in 1696 they built the original Fort William. In 1700 three villages surrounding the factories were conferred upon the company by the emperor of Delhi, and a moat was constructed. The place was subsequently called Calcutta, the name of one of the villages. There were natural advantages in the town which enabled the people to protect themselves from the Mahrattas, and Calcutta, in 1707, was made the seat of a presidency, and soon became one of the safest places in India for trade. The low level of the Hugli River, however, rendered drainage very difficult, and the result was that until a recent date malaria was very common. The jungle and paddy fields closely hemmed in the European residences. The Maidan, with its gardens and promenades, where every evening the rank and fashion of Calcutta may be seen, was then a swamp for a part of each year. The spacious Wellington Square was built on the filthy creek. So great was the mortality in that early day, that many sailors and others represented the name Calcutta as being equivalent to Golgotha, the "place of a skull."

In 1756, June 20, a terrible misfortune befell the rising town; it was sacked and Fort William was captured by Surajah Dowlah, the Indian ruler of Bengal. The majority of the English residents escaped to the mouth of the Hugli; all the Europeans who remained were compelled, after undergoing a two days' siege, to surrender to the young prince, and one hundred and forty-

six of them were driven, at the point of the sword, into the guard-room. This was a chamber only from eighteen to twenty feet square, and it had only two small barred windows on one side. The sufferings of these wretched prisoners from pressure, heat, thirst, and want of air it is terrible to contemplate. In the morning only twenty-three out of one hundred and forty-six ghastly creatures were found alive; all the rest had been suffocated in this dungeon, which is still named in Fort William the "Black Hole." Mr. Howell was one of the survivors, and he has written a graphic account of the awful experiences of that terrible night. A monument fifty feet high has been built to commemorate that dreadful event, and stands in front of the supposed location of the door.

The Mohammedans changed the name of the town to Alimagar. In January, 1757, about eight months after its capture, the English retook Calcutta under Admiral Watson and Lord Clive. The foul crime perpetrated on Englishmen in the "Black Hole" aroused Clive's wrath, and nerved him to make one supreme effort for English supremacy in India, and this effort resulted in the superb victory won in the battle of Plassey. This battle formed an epoch in the stirring history of those heroic days. The English found that almost everything of value had been taken away. A large sum of restitution money was received, and was divided among the sufferers. Commerce rapidly revived, and the ruined city was speedily rebuilt.

Modern Calcutta really dates from 1757. The citadel called Fort William was rebuilt by Lord Clive, being completed in 1773. It is the largest fort in India, and is said to be large enough to hold fifteen thousand soldiers. Its cost was not less than ten million dollars. The fort is an irregular octagon, five sides looking landward, and three to the river. It is surrounded by a fosse thirty feet deep and fifty feet broad, and this fosse can speedily be filled with water from the river. At the time the new fort was built, the superb park and driveway known as the Maidan was formed.

In 1707 Calcutta was declared a presidency,—up to that time it had been dependent on the older English settlement at Madras. In 1852 Calcutta was erected into a municipality, the people paying assessments for cleansing and otherwise improving the town. It was contemplated at one time to remove the city of the supreme government from Calcutta. The town was so unwholesome, and it was so remote from the center of the country that another location was desired; but modern engineering has made the city substantially healthful and altogether beautiful, and railways have brought it into close touch with all parts of India, and telegraphs with Great Britain and the whole world. It is now considered to be among the most healthful cities in the East, sanitary reforms having worked wonders. The improvements of English civilization have thus enabled Calcutta to hold its place as the capital of India.

THE CITY OF PALACES.—Calcutta, because of its many fine buildings, has sometimes been called the "City of Palaces." It certainly is a most interesting, and at the same time a very Indian city; and notwithstanding that it is the home of many Europeans, it still holds its distinctive Indian character. As seen from the river its strong array of fine buildings makes it very attractive; but the tourist has no sooner entered the dirty streets, some of which still remain, than he becomes aware of the filth of its native population. Naturally the Government House attracts immediate attention. It is a specimen of remarkably fine architecture, and it stands in a garden of six acres. The design is copied from that of Kedleston Hall, Derbyshire. It is built around an open square, and is so constructed that it becomes a citadel when necessity arises. It is under a semi-military organization, and always ready to anticipate a popular uprising. Its dining room, throne room, and council room are worthy of careful examination and description. Famous pictures adorn the walls of these rooms. In the council room are the pictures of Warren Hastings, Marquis Wellesley, Lord Clive, and others whose names form an inseparable part of the history of Britain in India.

The town hall stands west of the Government House, and is a noticeably fine building. The High Court and the Secretariat are noble buildings; the latter stands on the north side of Dalhousie Square. The Indian Museum, the Calcutta University, the post office, Dalhousie

Institute, and St. Paul's Cathedral are all buildings worthy of careful examination. The Romanists have a church in honor of St. Thomas. There is also a Scotch kirk, St. Andrew's, a Greek church, and an Armenian church; the Brahma Somaj, the reformed theistic sect of the Hindus, has a place of meeting. This sect has very little hold upon the ruling population, but it has earnest followers from among the Hindus of education and good social position. It was founded in 1830; but in 1858 Keshub Chunder Sen joined the Somaj and gave it considerable popularity.

The Botanical Gardens, on the west side of the river, are worthy of a visit. These gardens include an area of two hundred and seventy-two acres with a river frontage of a mile. They are marked by excellent taste, and as a whole are worthy of great praise. Here is found an enormous banyan tree, said to be one of the largest of its species in the world. It has often been represented in school-books, and is so old that its age is incalculable. Practically this species of trees lives forever, as it continually multiplies itself. To the right of the entrance is the remarkable avenue of Palmyra palm trees; and there is also in the immediate vicinity an avenue of mahogany trees. There are here also specimens of the sacred bo tree, and a camphor tree of great size. There is a large conservatory devoted to the cultivation of ferns, and one will travel far before he will see so many varieties of ferns and so superbly trained as are here found.

All visitors are interested in seeing the palace of the king of Oude, who has recently died. He long had the reputation of having "wheels in his head." The government allowed him half a million dollars, on which sum he was able to live in the enjoyment of all the luxuries which his strange taste demanded. He was king of Oude at the time the English government dethroned him, and he remained a rebel at heart until the time of his death. The Sepoy rebellion had his earnest sympathy. He was practically a prisoner in his palace at "Garden Reach," as the place was called. Here he indulged in a strange taste for animals, having around him great numbers of tigers, a remarkable collection of snakes, and pigeons of every variety and almost without number.

At the proper season of the year, every evening, the *élite* of Calcutta turns out for a drive on the Maidan. Here may be seen equipages as varied and elegant as can be seen at the Pincio, at Rome, the Prado, of Madrid, the Champs Elysées, in Paris, Hyde Park, in London, or Central Park, New York. Mr. Ballou, in his "Due West," affirms that the Maidan of this Indian capital in point of gayety, variety, and attractiveness, surpasses all similar drives in any part of the world. Here ladies in brilliant dresses, nabobs in gold lace, attended by their barefooted runners, Parsees, Hindus, English, Egyptians, French, and Italians, can be seen in all the most attractive characteristics of their various nationalities. After the light of the brief twilight hour has

gone out, the Maidan is illuminated instantly by hundreds of electric lights which are flashed upon the gay scene. While the equipages dash around the long course the air is filled with music and with the odors of Oriental flowers and shrubs of many varieties. It is indeed a stirring scene and one which equally delights and surprises the tourist as he observes the characteristics of this far-off Indian capital.

The portion of the Maidan lying between the fort and the main part of the city is known as the Esplanade. There are noticeable mosques, Hindu temples, pagodas, and bazaars. Two of the most famous monuments are those erected to the Marquis of Wellesley and Sir David Ochterlony. There is much poverty and filth in the native sections of Calcutta. The streets there are narrow and unpaved, and the houses, for the most part, are built of mud, or bamboo and mats; but even in these quarters many improvements have been lately introduced, including wider streets, improved drainage, and brick houses. The portion chiefly inhabited by Europeans is called Chowringee. The houses in this quarter are built chiefly with brick and covered with stucco. The majority of the houses are detached from one another and are surrounded by spacious verandas. The dwellings of foreign merchants are east of the Maidan, and many of them are palatial. The British merchants form a large and wealthy class. A considerable number of Americans are found in Calcutta, engaged in commerce with various parts of the East. The

Eurasians form a serviceable class, being employed, to a great extent, in government and mercantile houses. The inhabitants have long been mostly Hindus; but in 1891 the Mohammedans were nearly half as numerous. In that year the Christians numbered only about thirty thousand. The brokers, called *sincars* and *babus*, are almost exclusively Hindus; but the foreign trade of the city is in the hands of British merchants. Calcutta is the great commercial center of Asia, one-third of the whole trade of India being done here. The annual fall of rain is sixty-four inches; in July the temperature in the shade ranges from 78° to 87°, and in December from 60° to 80°.

A number of newspapers and magazines are published, both in English and in native tongues. The Sikhs have a place of worship, as have also the Chinese. There is a Mohammedan, a Hindu, and a Sanskrit college, as well as an Anglo-Indian college. There are also colleges supported by the Anglican Church, the Free Church of Scotland, and by the Jesuits, and the medical college is one known for its high standing in medical science. Since 1865 a supply of good water has been introduced. Many miles of street cars are now in use.

No one can visit Calcutta without being deeply and sadly impressed by the scenes enacted at the "Burning Ghat." Here the ceremony of cremating the dead goes on both day and night. Corpses are placed upon the piles of cord-wood, raised to the height of four feet. Then the wood

is ignited, and in a few moments the flames surround and soon devour the body. Sometimes the atmosphere is impregnated with the odor to such a degree as to be unwholesome and in every way undesirable. In three hours the bodies are consumed, and the ashes solemnly cast into the sacred river, for the Hugli, being one of the outlets of the Ganges, is considered sacred as well as the parent river. It is the custom for the oldest son of the father or mother to apply the torch. Afterward at Benares I saw similar sights. Human life is but little esteemed in heathen lands. It is deemed a high honor and a sure passport to some sort of heaven to be drowned in the sacred waters of the Ganges, or in any of its outlets. Along the banks of the river here and at Benares were many dying Hindus brought to breathe their last beside the sacred water. One longed to tell these men and women of Him who died that they might live a higher life here and a blessed life hereafter.

SERAMPORE.—This name is very precious to all Christians, and especially to all Baptists. Serampore is situated on the right bank of the Hugli, about thirteen miles north of Calcutta. Few towns in India are marked by so much of neatness and by so many tokens of prosperity. The streets are clean, and while there is not much trade, an air of comfort characterizes the town. Its chief claim upon our notice is that it was the scene of the apostolic labors of Carey, Marshman, and Ward. Even Hindu writers

admit that the zeal and consecration of these missionaries form one of the noblest episodes in the history of evangelistic labor in India.

In 1845 a treaty was made with the king of Denmark by which all the Danish possessions in India were transferred to the East India Company. The Danish government from the first was in hearty sympathy with missionaries, and had itself sent out missionaries to convert the natives. Ziegenbalg, Schwarz, Schulz, and others had represented Danish and German missionary societies in the south. We shall ever give honor to Colonel Bie, the representative of the Danish sovereign at Serampore, because of the protection which he granted to Carey and his missionary brethren. When the powerful governors of British India had nothing for them but opposition, the representative of the Danish king extended them cordial hospitality. It is not too much to say that God preserved Serampore under the rule of Denmark that it might be a place of refuge for these Baptist missionaries until the so-called Christians of Great Britain should abolish their heathen laws—more heathen than those of the heathen themselves—and permit Christian missionaries to enter India. The governor of Serampore informed the king of Denmark of the high character, broad scholarship, and varied worth of these missionaries, and the king soon became their firm friend. In 1821, Frederick VI., king of Denmark, sent the missionaries a gold medal, and he endowed the college which they had founded; and when in 1845, as we have already

seen, he ceded Serampore to the British government, he inserted an article in the treaty confirming the rights granted by the Danish charter to the Serampore Baptist College.

The Christian world will never cease to thank God for Carey and his associates. Neither will it cease to thank God for the Danish king and the governors of Serampore. Adoniram Judson and other American missionaries, who were not allowed by the British authorities to land at Calcutta, were for a time received by the missionaries at Serampore. In this place the missionaries set up printing presses and sent out not fewer than thirty translations of the Scriptures. Carey obtained a mastery over the languages of the country such as no other European had acquired. He became the most learned man in all the languages of the land. He was found by Lord Wellesley, who founded the college of Fort William, in Calcutta, in 1801, to be abler than any other man to teach the various languages of the country to Englishmen in the service of the East Indian Company, and he received the appointment of professor in that college. He was the author of grammars and dictionaries in many of the languages and dialects of India, as well as one of the translators of the Scriptures into those tongues.

In December, 1829, he rejoiced in the enactment of the law by the council in India abolishing the practice of burning widows on the funeral pile of their dead husbands. It is estimated that every day at least two widows were sacrificed in

this way. The news of the passage of the law reached Carey on Sunday morning as he was about to enter the pulpit. Instead of preaching his sermon that morning he began and completed before night the translation of the act. He could not bear the thought of a day's delay, which might result in the death of at least two more widows. That act of Lord William Bentinck was thus translated by the learned and consecrated Baptist missionary and sent forth to the nations of India. One's heart is thrilled to-day as he reads the wonderful events of that time and of the relation to those events of this "consecrated cobbler," as Sidney Smith called the immortal Carey.

Serampore suggests a deep spiritual consecration as well as a broad and noble scholarship. Carey and his associates were doing, as Bishop Hurst has suggested, in the Christian life, what Clive and Hastings were achieving by military and civil triumph. Carey's selection of a site in Serampore for the place to work for God and man in India was quite as important as Clive's victory at Plassey, and England and the world owe as great a debt to her consecrated missionaries as to her bravest soldiers. Carey was not permitted to work in Calcutta, for the East India Company made money out of the false faiths of the Hindus. Thank God, the Danish flag floated over Serampore!

Carey was a poor cobbler, Ward was a carpenter, and Marshman was a weaver's son. They are now an immortal trio. The college stands

on the bank of the river and the library is still undisturbed. Bishop Hurst has well said, "Each penstroke of Carey, Marshman, and Ward was a thunderbolt against the pagan wall of Hinduism." Souvenirs of these noble men may here be seen. Portraits in oil of each member of the missionary trio hang upon the walls. The botanical collections which Carey made are still seen. In this library are collections of rare Hindu and Pali manuscripts which the missionaries made. In the old Danish church are tablets in masonry of the great missionaries. It is a small building, seating only about one hundred people, but it is a spot dear to every lover of God and man. Lord Wellington was one of the contributors to the erection of the building. The missionaries are buried in another part of the town, but their tablets are in the little church. I copied Carey's epitaph, written by himself:

William Carey,
Born 17th of August, 1761,
Died 9th of June, 1834.

A wretched, poor, and helpless worm,
On Thy kind hands I fall.

One's heart throbs with emotions of appreciation, gratitude, and enthusiasm as he reads these words. The world will never know how much it owes to this noble man. For thirty years he occupied the professor's chair in Fort William College, but all his earnings were employed in advancing the cause of missions in India. The

tomb of Carey is conspicuous for its massive monument as well as for its tender and heroic memories. Of the three great men, Marshman was the last to fall at his post; but before Carey closed his heroic career he had the joy of knowing that the gospel was preached in forty languages or dialects of India.

XXVIII

BENARES, THE HOLY CITY

IT was a matter of sincere regret to the writer that he could not visit Burma and the great Baptist mission among the Telugus in southern India. He cherishes the hope that before many years shall pass he will visit both those parts of the country. In making his way back to Bombay, some of the towns now to be named were visited, while some others were visited on the journey from Bombay to Calcutta. The geographical order is not closely followed in the account, but a glance at any good map of India will enable the reader easily to follow the order in which the towns are given.

POVERTY AMID PLENTY.—The ride from Calcutta to Benares is deeply interesting; it is also peculiarly saddening. The people living on the route are wretchedly poor, judged by all the standards recognized among Europeans; but it is frankly admitted that poverty in India is to be judged by different standards from those employed in Great Britain and the United States. Still, whatever the standard may be, the extreme poverty of the people must be recognized. The population is immensely large at every point.

It ranges from two hundred to six hundred people to the square mile. All the people are poorly clad, if they can be spoken of as clad at all. In the majority of instances the only clothing is a cotton cloth around the loins. Really, one wonders how it is possible for the people to exist.

We know that there have been great famines in India, but since the construction of railways and canals, the famines of earlier days are not likely often to occur nor to be of so great severity as in the earlier days. The famines of recent times are not because of, but in spite of, British rule and a comparatively Christian civilization. It is said that the average annual income of each inhabitant in India is only seven dollars and fifty cents. Five cents a day is considered reasonably good wages for the ordinary working man.

There are historical and economical reasons for the extreme poverty of the millions in India. Previous to the occupation of the country by Great Britain the history of the country was one long warfare, and but for the authority of Britain the country to-day would be in unceasing tribal strife. The country would doubtless be in a state of continual anarchy. In the early days men of power amassed great wealth at the expense of the common people. Nana Sahib's wealth is spoken of as measured by cartloads. Great stores of treasure have been found beneath the ground in the palace at Gwalior. The Mahrattas were the highway robbers of later Indian history, and their treasure was almost

beyond belief. War and robbery have impoverished the land. Great wealth also in the palmy days of heathenism was bestowed on the temples. Ecclesiastical and military chiefs grew rich, while the rank and file of the people starved. Great tombs, like the glorious Taj Mahal, were built, and hundreds and thousands of persons died of starvation in order to erect these tombs. But a better day is coming for India.

Much of her soil is still uncultivated, and it is very rich. The government is using all its influence to induce the people to adopt better means of cultivating the soil. It is found very hard to induce them to lay aside the methods of their fathers, however superior the new methods are to the old. The enormous interest charged for money helps to keep the people poor. Many poor men, in marrying their daughters, will mortgage their lives for their entire future, and the rates of interest are so great that many debtors never expect to do more than pay the interest. But the representatives of Great Britain are striving in many ways to bring in a better day for this vast empire.

The people whom we saw on this journey live for the most part in primitive mud cabins thatched with straw. Outside of certain districts in Ireland it would be difficult to find any other place where such poverty and squalor can be found. The country through which we were passing, however, is famous as an agricultural region. One would expect to find thrifty farm houses and prosperous villages, as one sees rice,

wheat, sugar-cane, and vast poppy fields as he journeys through this district. Fruit trees of many kinds abound. Among them are lofty tamarinds, almonds, mangoes, oranges, and the graceful palm. Birds of paradise were seen, with their beautiful feathers glistening in the sun, and tall flamingoes, in their bridal plumage, with scarlet epaulets on each wing; parrots and doves were seen, and the clear notes of the Indian thrush fell sweetly on the ear. Now and again temples, centuries old and in utter ruin, came into view.

During this ride we found but little evidence of the British possession except the telegraph wires and the railway lines, but evidences of native populations and of heathen religions are numerous. The third-class cars were packed with pilgrims on their way to the sacred city of Benares. They were herded like cattle in these cars. The charge is only about one cent per mile, and no other class of passengers pays so well. For a long time the pilgrims would not ride in the cars, for they regarded the engine as some sort of fire-devil, which the engineer bribed by frequent drinks of water to draw the train. But now they ride, although they still, in many cases, retain their superstition regarding the engine.

BENARES.—Finally, after passing Mogul Serai, near the junction of the two sacred rivers, the Ganges and the Jumna, the ancient city of Benares is reached, on the left side of the Ganges.

It is about four hundred and twenty-five miles northwest from Calcutta and four hundred and seventy miles southeast of Delhi. In population it is the fifth city of India, Bombay, Calcutta, Madras, and Lucknow alone being larger. For more than three thousand years Benares has been the religious capital of India. Indeed, tradition makes Benares coeval with creation. The population is about two hundred and twenty-five thousand. The Hindus call it Kasi, "the magnificent." Benares means "the best water." The present city is a modern city ; perhaps none of the buildings are older than the sixteenth century. Its foundations probably were laid when the Aryans held full sway and before any of the present faiths were known. From this center the great leaders of Hinduism have gone out to their supporters in all parts of the world.

Benares is the most sacred of all the sacred places of Hinduism. It is the citadel of Hinduism. What Jerusalem was to the pious Hebrew, Mecca to the devout Mohammedan, and Rome to the intense Romanist, that and more Benares is to the fanatical Hindu. Benares is a division, a district, and a city. Certainly the city is one of the most ancient cities on the globe. When Babylon was struggling with Nineveh for supremacy, when Tyre was planting her colonies, when Athens was in her vigorous youth, when Rome was unknown, and long before Greece contended with Persia, long before Cyrus was born or Nebuchadnezzar had captured Jerusalem, Benares had risen to greatness and glory. It has

been said that Benares may have heard of Solomon's grandeur, and may even have sent her gold to decorate his throne and her ivory to beautify his palaces.

The Anglo-Indian thinks you have really seen but little of India if you have not rowed on the Ganges at Benares and walked through its narrow streets. The Ganges is here about half a mile wide, and it makes a sweep of four miles, the city being situated on the outside of the curve. The city is three miles long and one mile wide, and it rises from the river in the form of an amphitheatre. The bank is lined with stone buildings, some of which are six stories high. Ghats, or stone steps, lead down to the sacred waters. These steps are covered with bathers and worshipers. The streets are often so narrow that carriages cannot pass through them, and in some cases it is difficult for one on horseback to find his way through those crowded lanes. Some of the houses are painted a deep red, and others are of other bright colors, making the city as seen from the river most striking and picturesque.

In order to see the city, its crowded ghats, and its numerous bathers, it is necessary to take a boat and be rowed up the stream near the shore. The view from the river is grand and saddening. Before the eye of the tourist rise three hundred mosques, with their glittering minarets, and not fewer than a thousand pagodas and other forms of heathen temples. In Benares is the Hindu Sanskrit College, the chief seat of native learning

in India. The English department was added a few years ago, and its liberalizing influence is felt in many ways. Education in history, in science, in literature, in art, eventually will break the bondage of caste. Queen's College is also located in Benares, and its professors, for the most part, are from England. Almost unconsciously, its influence is undermining the citadel of heathenism. After a Hindu domination of more than two thousand years the people fell under the Mussulman yoke, and great efforts were made to substitute Mohammedanism for Hinduism; but Christian education will in the end accomplish far more than the fire and sword of the cruel Moslem, whose Satanic spirit has been recently revealed so terribly against the suffering Christian Armenians.

Passing through the streets one saw troops of pilgrims, footsore and weary, some of whom had come from places one thousand miles away to bow before the idols in the holy city and to bathe their weary bodies in the waters of the sacred river. Some of these pilgrims were not beggars, but gaudily robed rajahs, with long lines of attendants. Here is an infirm old man assisted to the water's edge; here a crazy woman screaming as they carry or drag her to the shore; here comely youths of both sexes and of all ages; here insane-looking fakirs going for moral purification to these muddy waters. Pilgrims are here from the extreme north and extreme south of India as well as from central India. They cannot speak a common language,

but all are moved by a common purpose. Pilgrims from Tibet and Cashmere, from Himalayan countries, and from Tuticorin, on the Indian Ocean. Many of the pilgrims who are bathing in the sacred river are in a condition of blissful ecstasy. They look out with quiet rapture on the sky; they are lost in meditation. The dream of years is fulfilled. Some of them, standing in the water, have their Vedas before them, whose leaves they slowly turn. They are already in a Hindu heaven.

Brahmans abound; priests are everywhere; mendicants also are numerous; so are devotees with distorted legs and arms. Here is one who has so long closed his fingers into the palm of his hands that the nails have grown through the hand. Pilgrims sometimes are crushed to death by the crowds. This is heathenism at its own capital; this terrible need is God's loud call upon all Christians to give these wretched people the gospel of Jesus Christ. Here is the Durga, or as it is usually called, "The Monkey Temple." It is devoted entirely to some sort of worship of monkeys, and here hundreds of them find a luxurious home. Bulls, snakes, pigeons, and monkeys are objects of a kind of religious devotion. Here is the well of knowledge; at it Siva is supposed to reside. The stench of this well, caused partly by flowers thrown into it and allowed to decompose there, is intolerable. All pilgrims are expected to have at least one good drink from this foul well. Sacred bulls obstruct the narrow streets and render them too filthy for

foot passage. Beggars, dogs, and filth crowd every spot. This city is the very hot-bed of pestilence. The sun can scarcely penetrate into these dark streets, and never into the underground dungeons.

Delicate invalids are brought on litters to bathe in the sacred river. Here is a man dying, whose great desire is to breathe his last on the banks or in the waters of this holy stream; then his passage to heaven is certain and speedy. Under that sheet is the cold clay of one dead, soon to be placed on the funeral pyre. Yonder the flames are already consuming the dead. Tanks of water are covered with green scum, tanks in which hundreds of pilgrims have bathed, and whose waters are now carried away to be drunk in the homes as water peculiarly sacred. It is not surprising that cholera abounds. The government has adopted strict rules to compel the natives to observe sanitary laws, but it is impossible fully to enforce these rules. The people are wretched; the idolatry of the place is abominable; the city is organized impurity.

The district of Benares is barely beyond the tropics and but little elevated above the sea; the range of the thermometer is great therefore, being between 45° in January and 111° in May; the mean temperature is 77° . Benares is famous for the manufacture of silks and shawls, for cloth embroidered with silver and gold, for jewelry, brass work, and lacquered toys. Many of its products are exported to England. It is the emporium for diamonds and other precious

stones. There is also a large trade in sugar, salt-petre, indigo, and gold filigree work. In the bazaars we find the genuine products of skilled artisans. In the dark alleys and dirty lanes an article of silver gilt embroidery of unequalled excellence is manufactured. In this strange, vile, abominable, and idolatrous Indian Mecca there are many homes which are supported in a degree of comfort by several legitimate forms of industry.

A STRATEGIC POINT.—Benares, like Colombo, occupies a central position, and is a strategic point in mission work. It is therefore vastly important as a field of earnest missionary effort. A blow struck for Christ in Benares is a blow at the very heart of heathenism. The conversion of Benares to Christianity would produce a profound effect upon all India; it would be like the conversion of Rome from heathenism in the early days of Christianity, or the Rome of to-day from Catholicism to Protestantism. Guatama, when starting out to convert India to Buddhism, fixed his residence at Sarnath, the site of the ancient Benares, and but three or four miles from the present city. It remained the headquarters of Buddhism for eight hundred years; but finally Brahmanism overwhelmed its vigorous young rival, and largely drove it out of the country. Hinduism has also been more than a match for Mohammedanism, but Christianity will eventually win the victory over its ancient and stubborn foe.

The English Baptists began missionary work in Benares as early as 1816. Rev. William Smith was the founder of this work, and here he labored earnestly and with considerable success for forty years. This work was begun at Benares as an outpost of the successful labors of Carey and his associates in Serampore. With great wisdom the Baptist missionaries founded in Benares an orphanage for native children. The Church of England began its labors in 1817; but its work was at first largely educational. An educated class has sprung up and is making itself felt in the city, the district, and in many parts of India.

I here met a babu, who was entirely familiar with English history and literature, and with the politics both of Great Britain and the United States. He spoke of political matters in New York and Chicago with as much familiarity as if he were a resident of either of these cities. He gave the writer a very bad quarter of an hour when he said: "If Tammany Hall is the ripe fruit of republicanism, I prefer imperialism; and if it be the result of Christianity, I prefer heathenism." He was entirely familiar with Mr. Stead's book, "If Christ Came to Chicago." I reminded him that the volume was but the presentation of one side of the case, and that if Christ came to Chicago he would see some of the greatest hospitals, and other humanitarian institutions, and one of the greatest universities of which the New World can boast; and that Tammany Hall was simply an excrescence on

the body politic, and was opposed alike by many good citizens and true Christians, that it was not the result of American civilization and Bible Christianity, but was practically a remnant of heathenism existing in spite of the helpful influences of Christian civilization.

Nowhere does idolatry seem to be more utterly vile than in Benares. This town, as we have seen, is the sacred city of Hinduism. Nothing can surpass the vileness of the streets and the varied abominations therein. It is almost impossible to walk through these narrow lanes, because of the filth and the odors which abound. Sacred bulls, vile monkeys, many-headed deities, and gross fetichism are found on every hand. One cannot but hope and pray that they will pass away in the light of education, and in the presence of Christianity. In the eyes of all educated men, idolatry here appears in its native vulgarity. Its idols and symbols are repulsive and loathsome. It is not too much to say that idolatry is organized impurity. Looking at these pilgrims in their filth and yet profound sincerity, one deeply pities them and longs to give them the gospel in its uplifting power and its spiritual purity. There are temples in India on whose walls are engravings in stone whose vulgarity does not admit of description. Hinduism appeared with some degree of cleanliness and decency at the parliament of religions at Chicago. It wore, to some degree, Christian garments on that occasion; but it may be seen at Benares in all its natural deformity and vulgar reality.

It cannot but be that at Benares there are many who, though they have not yet confessed Christianity, are dissatisfied with heathenism. Christian missionaries are still working underground in that city, but great results may soon be expected. There are now only about five hundred professed Christians in the Baptist, Methodist, and Church of England churches; but there must be many thousands who are almost ready to declare their Christian faith.

Never will the writer forget the horrid sights, sounds, and odors of this credulous, zealous, fanatical, and idolatrous city. The sights of the hideous fakirs, in their revolting deformity and diseased condition, with their distorted limbs, their matted hair, and their wretched faces, haunted him for weeks. He longed to be able to tell them of a purer faith and a better hope. One has only to pass from the heathen into the Christian quarter of the city to have an unanswerable argument in favor of Christianity. It is said that the crime of infanticide is very common in Benares. Here jackals are the night scavengers, and their hideous wail often jars upon the ear in the night season. They are a recognized institution, and no doubt the city would be even more unhealthful than it is were it not for the voracious appetites of these creatures, living on decayed food, offal, and every form of refuse. The people are slaves to ignorance, to idolatry, and to every form of impurity. God help Christian Britain and America to help idolatrous Benares!

COMFORTS OF TRAVEL.—It is simple truth to say that traveling in India is by no means uncomfortable. The railway trains go with commendable rapidity, and their accommodations are sufficiently good for any reasonable tourist. The coaches are not sleeping coaches, as we understand the term in America. The seats are arranged lengthwise with the cars. The company does not promise an entire seat to each passenger, and sometimes it is not possible to furnish each passenger with one; but the aim is so to do. A first-class coach will then be able to accommodate four passengers, each being able to stretch himself out full length, there being two seats below and two that can be let down from the top of the coach. The seats in the first-class coaches are upholstered with leather, those in the second-class with canvas. The second-class coaches have two seats in the center of the car. This fact is the chief drawback to these cars. In other respects they are almost as desirable as those of the first-class. All of them are provided with water and all necessary conveniences, and some of them are furnished with bathing facilities. The prices for all classes are very low, much lower than in America.

The companies experience no small difficulty in striving to adjust their compartments to the caste prejudices of many of their patrons. It is believed that the railways will do much to break up the caste system; efforts are now making on the part of Brahmans and some others to compel the railway companies to furnish compart-

ments according to the caste prejudices of the people, but it is not likely that this demand will be gratified.

The Mohammedan women also become extremely troublesome when the railway trains are crowded. Often one who has a second-class ticket must be given a first-class compartment, as she will not ride in any compartment where there are men. The result is that when the number of passengers is great the difficulty of properly adjusting all these prejudices is a most perplexing matter.

The hotels in India are by no means so poor as has often been stated; in the large cities some of the hotels are reasonably good. This remark will apply without qualification to Bombay, and it is believed that soon Calcutta will have good hotels. Travelers have long been insistent in the demand for first-class hotels in that great city. The Great Eastern has been severely criticised by all travelers for well-nigh a generation, but it has seemed to be indifferent to the severest criticisms which have been made against its management. Steps were taken a few years ago to improve this badly managed hotel. It was urged upon business men in Calcutta that a good hotel is a prime necessity to any city, for tourists visiting Calcutta have often greatly abbreviated their stay in that city simply for the want of a first-class hotel. A new house has been recently opened, but it is doubtful whether it will supply the need so long felt. The Watson House, or the Esplanade, as it is more prop-

erly called, in Bombay, is really an attractive hotel.

Prices in hotels also are low throughout India as compared with prices in America. Hotels in Bombay of a corresponding grade to hotels in America are not more than one-half to three-quarters the price. The service is continuous and willing, if not always intelligent. The "hall boy" crouches at the door of your room and is ready to relieve you of the necessity of putting your key into the keyhole. Most Anglo-Indian families travel with a retinue of servants, and an Anglo-Indian gentleman is almost always accompanied by at least one servant. This servant makes his bed in the railway coach, having a trunk full of bedding for that purpose. He waits on his master in the hotel, and supplements in many ways the service rendered by the regular hotel waiters. Most of the house-servants are barefooted, and they slip about quietly and quickly on the tiled floors. Their dress is, for the most part, white, with here and there a dash of color. The servants are clean and their dress is quite becoming.

English of some sort is spoken at all the hotels in cities, and even at hotels in villages on beaten routes of travel. It is spoken also by the conductors of the railway trains, who usually are Eurasians. This is a large and important class in India and in most Oriental countries. Many perplexing questions arise regarding the status of the Eurasian people. Many phases of the general subject reflect no credit upon Europeans;

but the Eurasians are a most useful class as interpreters in business houses, in government offices, and in the railway and other forms of public service.

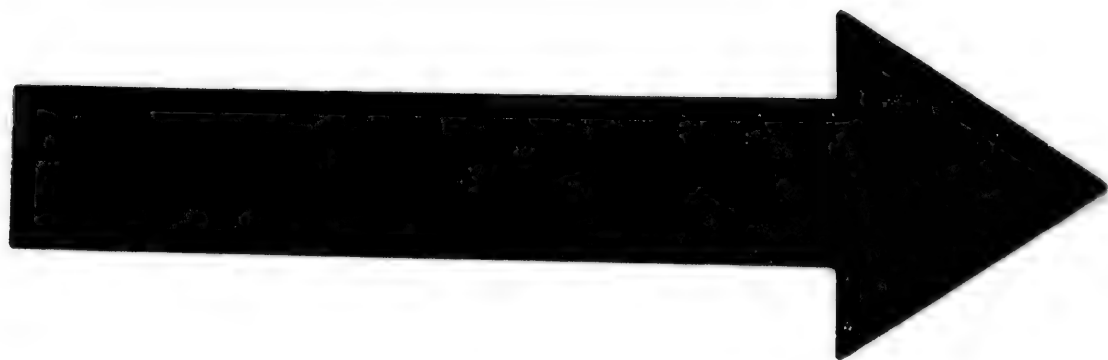
The station masters are generally Europeans. At Agra the station master was a gentleman who had lived for some years in America, having had a home in New York, Chicago, and St. Paul. He was quite familiar with American affairs, and seemed greatly interested in meeting a tourist who could answer his questions and give other information regarding the American Republic.

The *punka*, or fan, is an important feature of comfort in the Orient. It is found in the dining saloons of all the great steamers, in the dining rooms of all the leading hotels as well as in the bedrooms, and in the waiting rooms of railway stations. It is worked by hand, often one or two men or boys being employed to work it. It is found in banks and in business offices of every kind. So soon as the meal begins the fan moves, and it continues until the tables are deserted. It is really an institution of the Orient. For about six cents one can hire a man who will fan him all night. It is remarkable that a similar invention has not been more generally used in our own country during the heated term. Plans have been devised for running these fans by machinery, but it is found extremely difficult to give them by machinery the peculiar jerk which they need and which the hand readily supplies.

This writer violated all the traditions regard-

ing the proper season of the year for visiting Oriental countries, and he is prepared to say that any country may be visited at any season with comparative safety, simply by the exercise of a reasonable amount of common sense. Some would say that the exercise of common sense would prevent a man from going to these countries in mid-summer, but with some tourists the choice is between going at that season or not going at any season. It was fairly cool in India during August and a part of September, and he would be a rash man who would affirm that it is always cool in New York, Chicago, and other American cities during the same season. After an experience of eight consecutive nights spent on railway trains in India, and partly at stations while waiting for trains, it may be affirmed that traveling in India is but little more difficult than traveling in America.

When one can buy rupees for about one-half their nominal value, traveling is remarkably cheap; but the depreciation in Indian silver is very trying for Anglo-Indians who receive their salaries in this depreciated currency. Their experience is doubtless what ours would be in America if silver instead of gold became the standard. Any man who has reasonable powers of adaptation, and who will preserve a good temper, will find himself able to travel without inconvenience and with great pleasure and profit in India, and in all the countries of the Orient in which the progress characteristic of the closing years of the century has secured a foothold.



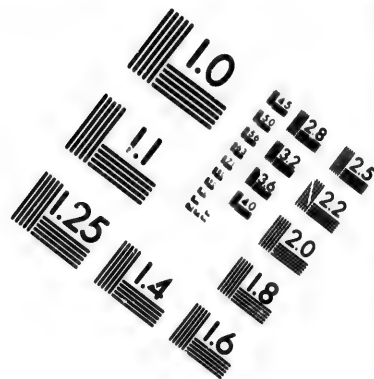
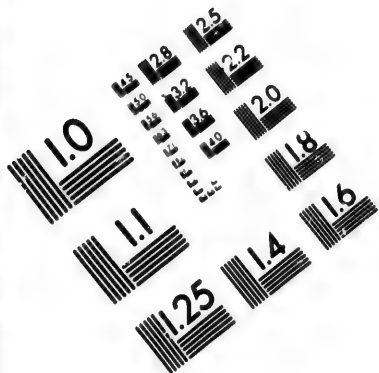
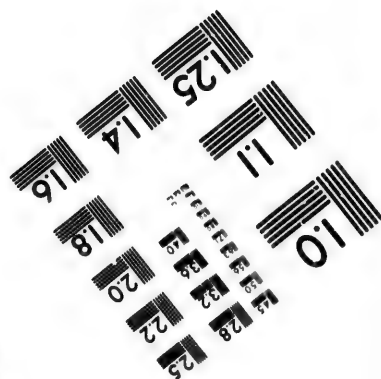
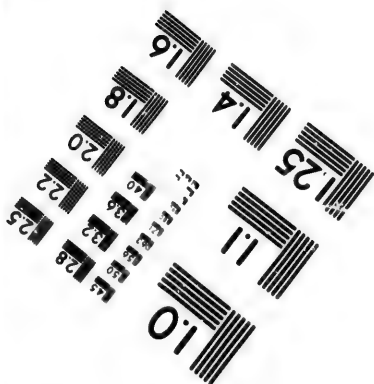
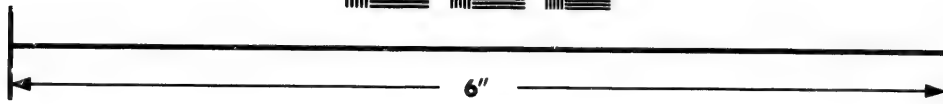
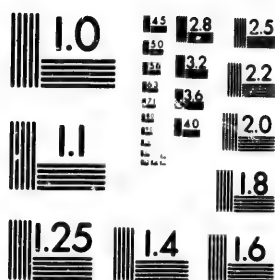


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XXIX

GANGES CITIES

THE journey was made to Cawnpore with halts at Allahabad and Jubbulpore.

ALLAHABAD, "City of God," is known as the capital of the northwest provinces. It has a population of one hundred and seventy-seven thousand. During the months between November and March warm clothing is often required at Allahabad. It is situated on the Jumna River, which shares with the Ganges the honor of being one of the holy rivers of India; and so Allahabad is peculiarly a holy city. It occupies the fork between these two rivers and therefore is in the region known as the Doab, or the country of the Two Rivers, a term analogous to the Punjab, or country of Five Rivers. It is a comparatively new city, although there was a city here three centuries ago, founded by Akbar, the greatest of the Moguls. There were, however, other cities here long before that date.

As the Ganges and the Jumna here form a junction, the Jumna loses its name and identity after the union, and the Ganges flows on in great power, and in impressive volume. A bath at the point where the two rivers unite has peculiar

sanctity. It is easy to see that Allahabad, because of its commanding location, its healthful atmosphere, and its facilities for defense, must early have attracted a population. Bishop Hurst reminds us that it came to notice in the third century before the Christian era, when Megasthenes, the Greek tourist, visited it. The Chinese pilgrim, Hiouen Tsang, also visited this place, and mentions it in the report of his travels. Next to Benares this city must have been sacred to the Brahman mind. Indeed, it was claimed that Brahma here made sacrifice of a horse as a thank-offering for the recovery of certain Vedas. So many poor pilgrims visit the city at the time of the great heathen festivals that it has been suggested by some natives that it be called Fakirabad, rather than Allahabad. It is estimated that at the Magh Mela, or annual fair, not fewer than five hundred thousand devout Hindus make pilgrimages to this place.

The town was first conquered by the Moslems in 1194 A. D. Akbar strove to invest the city with Mohammedan peculiarities; but the people have remained to a great degree Hindus, notwithstanding Allahabad was taken in 1736 by the Mahrattas, who held it until 1750, when in November, 1801, it was ceded to the British crown. From 1834 to 1855 it was the city of the government of the northwest provinces, and after the mutiny was suppressed it again became the city of the provincial government.

The Roman Catholic cathedral, in the Italian style, is a noticeable building. Muir College,

All Saints' Church, Trinity Church, and the Thomas Hill and Maine Memorial, are all worthy of careful examination. The fort was built by Akbar, in 1575. There is a broad moat, which can be filled with water at short notice. Asoka's Pillar is a highly polished stone monument close to the palace. It is of great antiquity. The famous "edicts of Asoka" are inscribed on this pillar. These edicts are supposed to date from 240 B. C. There are also other inscriptions almost as old as the Christian era. Some of these inscriptions show that they were placed upon the pillar when it was upon the ground. In 1838 it was restored by the British to its former position.

Great interest attaches to the *Akshai Bar*, or undecaying banyan tree. This tree is found in a dark chamber; it is simply a trunk of a banyan tree without roots or branches, and yet, strange as it may seem, it throws out leaves. This result is due to the moisture which is found in this dark chamber, and so long as the log possesses sap there will be leaves. The Hindus take advantage of this phenomenon. They have made this chamber a holy place, and thousands who come to the Mela bring with them their votive offerings. This tree, it is supposed, has existed for thousands and thousands of years. It was, and to some degree still is, an object of worship. It is now situated partly under ground at one side of a pillared court. This tree and court seem to be the same as those described by Hiouen Tsang, to whom reference has already been made. However, it is said that when all the

moisture disappears from the tree and it has no more leaves, it is secretly removed, and another stump is put in its place.

The Mela, the religious fair of which mention has been made, is of great antiquity. It occurs every year about the month of January; perhaps Allahabad owes its origin to the sacredness of the junction of the two rivers, and to the large number of people drawn there annually. In Allahabad one of the most important newspapers in India is published, "The Pioneer."

In this city the tourist comes into contact with reminders of the great mutiny of 1857-58. The arsenal and fort at this place were garrisoned by a single Sepoy regiment. Sir James Outram was warned that danger was near, but no effective steps were taken to secure safety. The story of the outbreak at Allahabad is one of the saddest in the awful misfortunes in the mutiny of 1857. Benares did not suffer materially during that mutiny, but Cawnpore, Lucknow, and Delhi were deluged with blood. It was an awful crisis in the history of British dominion in India when this mutiny broke out in Allahabad. Fortunately, the Sikhs in the fort did not fraternize with the Sepoys. The Sikhs under Brasyer were drawn up at the main gate, together with some English volunteers. For a time confusion reigned supreme, but the Sikhs were ready to do superb service. They had themselves been conquered by British soldiers fighting for Britain; would they now join the Sepoys and the Oudh cavalry? This was the question asked by

anxious hearts. The Sikhs loved their officer ; he gave them his command, and these stalwart Sikhs immediately obeyed. The Sepoys were commanded to give up their guns ; for a moment they wavered. But the Sikhs leveled their muskets. The Sepoys were overawed. They hesitated, lost their opportunity, and surrendered their guns. They were expelled from the fort and Allahabad was saved.

Anarchy, however, reigned in the city. The jail was broken open and the prisoners were released, every one of whom engaged in murdering the Christians. The treasury was also sacked and many Sepoys carried off thousands of rupees as their part of the booty. Soon General Neill arrived at the fort, opened fire on the neighboring villages, and finally produced such alarm that many of the sympathizers fled to Cawnpore. The triumph of English arms, largely through the loyalty of the Sikhs at Allahabad, is one of the bright chapters in the terrible history of the Sepoy mutiny.

JUBBULPORE.—The weather was intensely hot as the hours passed while I waited for another train at Jubbulpore, which is about two hundred miles southwest of Allahabad. Jubbulpore is an important civil and military station, and the meeting place of two of the great Indian railways, and consequently one of the most important railway stations in India. The great objects of interest here are the marble rocks, remarkable geological formations, which are about eleven

miles from the heart of the town. The town is nearly one thousand five hundred feet above the sea; in its vicinity are many lakes and tanks which in the rainy season are so swollen as to make the place inaccessible and greatly to strengthen its strategical position. A small English force here defeated, December 19, 1817, no fewer than five thousand Mahratta forces of the rajah of Nagpore.

This place was once famous as the home of the Thugs. This word remains in our language although the Thugs themselves have been suppressed in India. They were a fraternity whose employment was to murder by strangulation. Their occupation was hereditary, and they made their living in this way. It was, indeed, a sort of religion. Captain Sleeman was chiefly successful in hunting down these criminals. Jubulpore was the chief center of their operations, and it was in this town that the families of the Thugs were confined after their capture. An enclosed village was formed, and within its walls these captives were kept as prisoners, and a "school of industry" was established on their behalf in 1835. At the first no fewer than two thousand five hundred of these people were confined in this village. Now, however, very few remain.

Dacoity, or gang robbery, was another form of crime which required all the force of the government to suppress. This also is now largely disappearing. The crime of infanticide has greatly decreased, but suspicious statistical facts

show that it still continues to a considerable degree. In some towns the proportion of boys is very much greater than that of girls, and there is no reason to suppose that the proportion of boys in India should differ from that in other countries.

CAWNPORE MEMORIALS.—Cawnpore, spelt also "Khanpur," is situated on the right bank of the Ganges, at the junction of four railways, and about one hundred and forty miles from Allahabad, over six hundred from Calcutta, over nine hundred from Bombay, and two hundred and seventy miles from Delhi. In 1801 it became British property. The Ganges Canal empties into the Ganges River near Cawnpore. It receives its water at Hurdwar, four hundred miles above. This work has been of great service to the entire district. It has a water-course of eight hundred miles, and with its bridges and docks cost the sum of ten million dollars. Since 1888 Cawnpore has been in direct communication with Bombay, through the opening of the railway to Jhansi. There are here convenient waiting rooms, and fairly good carriages can be secured at a very low price. The old city is about two miles northwest of the present city.

This is the most important commercial center in the northwestern province. The city has a population, including the cantonment, of about one hundred and eighty-eight thousand. The name means, city of Kanh, or Krishna, Kanh meaning "husband." Cawnpore has large can-

tonments and is an important military station. It is really a considerable emporium for harness, shoes, and various kinds of leather work. Some of its citizens whom I met called attention to its extensive manufactures, its cotton spinning, and weaving, and its fabrics turned out by the Elgin and the Muir, and spoke of it as the Birmingham of India. It was interesting to see the smoke pouring forth from its chimneys, giving one the impression of vigorous enterprises in this old town. Cawnpore harness is well known throughout India. The government has in Cawnpore an establishment of its own for the manufacture of leather, saddlery, and harness.

The chief interest attached to this town, however, is because of its connection with the frightful massacres of the mutiny. Cawnpore, Lucknow, and Delhi were the great centers in this awful tragedy. I drove at once to the Memorial Church, built in the Romanesque style and consecrated in 1875. It is near the site of General Wheeler's intrenchment, and from it a fine view of the town can be had. The Massacre Ghat is about a mile from this church. On the bank is a temple to Siva, but it is old and fast sinking to ruin. It was from this point that a boat was to convey the men and women who had been promised safety; but no sooner had they rowed out into the stream than they were fired upon from the shore.

Never shall I forget the sad interest with which I visited the memorial well and garden. The gardens are well laid out, and extend for thirty

acres. Over the well a mound has been raised which is crowned by an octagonal Gothic screen. In the center of this enclosure is the figure of the "Angel of the Resurrection." This figure is in white marble, and is the work of Marochetti. It is supposed to be over the actual well which contains the bodies of at least two hundred victims. The arms are crossed over the breast, and each hand holds a palm as the emblem of peace and victory. These words are over the arch: "These are they which came out of great tribulation," and around the wall are inscribed the words:

Sacred to the perpetual Memory of a great company of Christian people, chiefly Women and Children, who near this spot were cruelly murdered by the followers of the rebel Nana Dandhu Panth, of Bithur, and cast, the dying with the dead, into the well below, on the XVth day of July, MDCCCLVII.

I stood beside this mound and talked with the Irish soldier who was then on guard, while all the memories of my reading in boyhood of this fearful mutiny came back with freshness and power. He informed me that now no native was permitted to come within the walls of this enclosure without a special permit. Until a few years ago natives were permitted to go, but portions of the decorations of the wall were found broken after a public festival when many natives had been admitted, and since that time permission to enter has been refused, except to those possessing the necessary permit.

THE SEPOY MUTINY.—It seems fitting that at this point some remarks should be made of the mutiny in its relation to Cawnpore. While the mutiny was raging in different parts of Bengal, in 1857, Sir Hugh Wheeler was at Cawnpore with a military force of three thousand eight hundred men, only about two hundred of whom were Europeans. He was a gallant veteran and commanded the confidence of all his associates under arms. He doubted the fidelity of the Sepoys, and he resolved to make a selected spot at Cawnpore a rallying point for all who were under his authority. He threw up an intrenchment on the chosen ground, enclosing two barrack hospitals and a few other buildings. He did not wish to show the Sepoys that he distrusted their loyalty, but he went on with his intrenchments, making earthworks about four feet high. The ground was exceedingly difficult to work, and the material had but little coherence when piled up for walls. Into this intrenchment he withdrew with nearly one thousand Europeans, two-thirds of whom were women and children and other non-combatants. Sir Henry Lawrence soon sent him reinforcements under Lieutenant Ashe and Captain Hayes. After the women and children had entered the miserable intrenchment terrible scenes of confusion occurred. There was, doubtless, much bad management.

On the fifth of June the rising took place. The native regiments marched off, carrying with them arms and ammunition, and plundering as they went on their way. They sacked the treas-

ury, they opened the jail, they burned the public offices, they captured the magazine with all its ammunition and artillery, and they placed themselves under the leadership of the Rajah Bithur, commonly known as the Nana Sahib. He immediately seized thirty-five boats of shot and shell which were on the canal, and the next day he laid siege to the intrenchment. This little body of three hundred and fifty English soldiers thus besieged were exposed to the continuous fire of three thousand soldiers, trained and armed under British officers and familiar with British warfare, but they fought heroically.

Perhaps never in the whole history of Great Britain did Britons fight with greater heroism. Their whole space enclosed was only about two hundred yards square. Soon provisions were scarce; there was only one well within the intrenchment, and in order to reach that it was necessary to pass over exposed places. Those who attempted to reach the well were shot down by Sepoys, who were themselves protected from a return fire. On the thirteenth of June the barracks caught fire; and the casualties of many kinds were very great day after day. Cholera and small-pox broke out within the enclosure. The Sepoys made an open attack on the twenty-third of June; on the twenty-fifth they sent a message offering safe passage: "All those who are in no way connected with the acts of Lord Dalhousie, and are willing to lay down their arms, shall receive a safe passage to Allahabad." This note was in Nana's own hand; it was his

Satanic trick. On the twenty-sixth there was an armistice and a safe conduct to the river side and a supply of boats was promised. On the twenty-seventh the Europeans were reduced to half their original number, and on this promise of a safe passage to Allahabad they surrendered. How that promise was kept we shall sadly see. General Wheeler thought this a good offer; but he was quite too trustful. At nine o'clock in the morning the whole company was embarked at the Sati Chaura Ghat in twenty-one boats; then a bugle was sounded, the native boatmen left the boats and immediately a murderous fire was opened on the men, women, and children. Soon parts of the boats were burning. Many of the wretched captives leaped into the water, and sought to reach the land, but were shot in the stream or captured so soon as they reached the shore. For thirty-six hours one boat floated down the stream. Four out of eleven soldiers who swam from the boat, reached the shore and they alone were left to tell the awful story. The boat which had floated down the stream was finally overtaken. The men were shot, and the women and children sent to join those whom Nana had for reasons of his own rescued at the Massacre Ghat. They were then all taken to Nana Sahib's headquarters, where, confined in two small rooms for two weeks, they suffered fearful indignities.

BRITISH RETRIBUTION.—Terrible retribution was near at hand. General Havelock was march-

ing from Allahabad and fighting as he marched. A number of encounters between Havelock and Nana took place. Finally on the sixteenth of July, Nana at the head of five thousand men engaged in fierce battle, but was finally defeated. Brave Havelock learned as he marched to Cawnpore the story of the terrible massacre. Nana, knowing of General Havelock's advance, caused the women and children to be massacred the day before Havelock's troops entered Cawnpore, and their bodies to be thrown into the well. To the honor of the Sepoys be it said that they refused to do such revolting work as slaughtering the captives, but Mohammedan butchers did it. With knives and swords they killed the British prisoners from five in the morning until half-past ten. Three of even these hardened demons were overcome by fatigue, heat, stench, and the sight of so much blood. It was a sight to make angels weep. Britain has paid a fearful price for her dominion in India, and this was the crisis of her power and triumph. On the eighteenth of July Havelock entered the city, while Nana retreated to Bithur. The city was silent as the grave when Havelock reached it, and for four days his men toiled on burying the dead. In November of the same year Cawnpore was again taken by the enemy; but soon the Sepoys were routed with great slaughter, and so much of Cawnpore as had not been committed to the flames was in the possession of the British.

General Wheeler has been criticised for his acceptance of Nana's promise of safety to those who

surrendered. It is easy for us now to criticise; but General Wheeler's task was an extremely difficult one. He had under his charge comparatively few men, as the large majority of Europeans were women and children. He had no stores adequate to their requirements and there was but little ammunition. There was also lack of medical necessities, and water could be had only in small quantities and that at terrible risks. His position really was untenable.

A few general remarks will cover many points connected with the mutiny at Delhi and Lucknow, as well as at Cawnpore. The real name of Nana Sahib was Sirik Dandhu Panth. He was the adopted son of Baji Rao, the last peshwa, or king of the Mahrattas. He was educated as a Hindu nobleman, and was a good English scholar. He had been trained to regard himself as a prince. He was greatly incensed against Lord Dalhousie because he had destroyed the peshwaship, after the death of the peshwa in 1851, and by this action had deprived Nana of his pension and of his royal salute. Nana was determined to revenge himself on his lordship. The day chosen was the one hundredth anniversary of the battle of Plassey. Nana represented the old regal power of the Mahrattas; that power was now passing away, and the British were getting a firm grip on the entire country. The time seemed ripe for Nana's revenge. General Wheeler, as we have seen, was practically helpless. He was an old man, his provisions were scanty, and the heat was intense. In the mes-

sage to which reference has been made, a message written in Nana's own hand, safety was promised only to those who were not connected with acts of Lord Dalhousie.

Bishop Hurst calls attention to the effective means adopted by General Neill for impressing the native mind with the greatness of England and the certainty of punishment to those who opposed English rule. He took the prisoners captured from Nana into the prison where the terrible massacre had taken place. He marked off the place into squares and he then made his captured Sepoys wash up the blood. Touching Christian blood was the breaking of all Hindu caste, and to the Hindu mind it affirmed that every Hindu who had been thus defiled would receive eternal punishment as the result of this defilement. General Neill also tied many Sepoys to the muzzle of cannons and shot them into a thousand fragments. Many persons do not understand the reasons for this form of punishment. It was not, as is often supposed, because of any spirit of cruelty on his part. The design was to produce the most terrible impression on the native mind, and nothing else that he could have done would have created such consternation. These natives believed that the spirit of one whose body did not receive proper burial but was mutilated in death would forever suffer because of this mutilation. We can thus see why General Neill adopted this apparently, but not really, cruel method of execution.

Unfortunately, Nana escaped. In 1860 his

death was announced, but two years later new acts of treachery indicated that he was still alive. Several persons have been arrested on the suspicion of being Nana Sahib, but they were released as soon as the mistake was discovered. What became of Nana is not known. Perhaps he died by the hand of some faithful follower, and perhaps, as some traditions say, he wandered into the jungle after the English captured Delhi and died by his own hand. Part of his army was captured during the following year, and many of his treasures were found concealed in wells at Bithur. The water was drawn from one well, the bricks were taken out, and seventeen cartloads of gold and silver treasures were secured and taken under special guard to Cawnpore, to Calcutta, and then to England. It is said that this slow march of captured treasure inspired the natives with a feeling of inexpressible awe and a wonderful conception of the power of England. As the result of this mutiny, England showed her power in battle and became the possessor of the vast treasures of the leader of the mutiny. This treasure had been won by the Mahratta chiefs long years before, and when their power declined, the last scion of the ancient house kept the treasure with profound secrecy. One purpose, no doubt, was to use it some time as a bribe for the lost power of the Mahratta princes, but it went to England. Nowhere on Indian soil would it be permitted to remain. Never again would it add splendor to a native court. The guns taken at the siege of Delhi

were rolled all the way to Calcutta, stopping at every town to give the people some idea of British power to crush a mutiny and to destroy its leaders.

I went from place to place of interest in Cawnpore, but nothing impressed me as did the octagonal Gothic structure over the terrible well. The calmness of this marble figure, with a palm in each hand, is still before my mind. When all the sad sights and sounds of Cawnpore pass away from my mind, that angel, telling of peace in sorrow, victory in defeat, and life in death, will still be present as the symbol of resurrection and immortality.

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XXX

LUCKNOW

IT was a beautiful evening in September when I reached Lucknow. A carriage drawn by two horses and supplied with two men, one as a driver and one as a guide, was readily secured. For this remarkable outfit the price agreed upon was about twenty cents an hour. It required some courage to pay this bill without adding somewhat to its required amount. The guide had been a servant in an English family and spoke English with fluency, and he also seemed familiar with the history of Lucknow.

It is a thousand pities that more Americans who travel so frequently in Europe do not extend their journey into India. It is a marvelous country. It is a land of the remote past, and it will be a land of wonderful interest in the distant future. In the writer's boyhood he was accustomed to read to his parents the newspapers giving accounts of the terrible mutiny. Relatives of his father and mother from the Highlands of Scotland were among the brave soldiers under Sir Colin Campbell. It was therefore with the deepest interest that visits were made to Cawnpore and Lucknow, the latter place being the very heart of the mutiny.

THE CITY OF THE MUTINY.—Lucknow is about fifty miles distant from Cawnpore. The journey between the two cities abounds in historic associations with the mutiny, and with British rule in India as a whole. Lucknow covers thirty-six square miles and has a population of about two hundred and eighty-five thousand, at least three-quarters of whom are Hindus. Lucknow is the fourth city in size in the Indian Empire, Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay being the only larger cities. It is situated chiefly on the right or southwest bank of the river Gumti, and is the capital of the province and former kingdom of Oudh. The river Gumti is here navigable at all seasons, upward for many miles and downward all the way to the Ganges. The river is crossed by three bridges.

The city seen in the distance is imposing to an unusual degree. It conveys the impression of great splendor because of its numerous turrets and pinnacles and its many superb buildings; but a closer examination of its filthy and narrow streets and its mud or bamboo houses quite reverses the early impression. The streets are often many feet below the level of the shops on each side. The English quarter, however, contains beautiful public buildings, and is adorned with fine gardens. One is profoundly impressed by the difference between Christianity and heathenism by comparing the streets and buildings occupied by one or the other faith as one enters these Oriental cities. Going from the heathen to the Christian quarter in Benares, for ex-

ample, is almost the contrast between hades and heaven.

Lucknow does not contain many buildings which seem to be very old, and yet many Indian legends and histories claim that it is older than any of the other great cities of India. Some authorities affirm that it was founded by Lakshmana, brother of Rama. It has important native schools in which an elementary education can be secured and in which Mohammedan theology is taught.

Lucknow abounds in memories of the frightful scenes connected with the mutiny of 1857-58, and especially of the privations endured and the courage manifested by the beleaguered men and women within the walls of the Residency. Here a few noble souls heroically held out against hordes of rebels until they were relieved by the brave men and true under Sir Colin Campbell. No man with British blood, or any other good blood, in his veins can fail to be moved by the memory of the noble deeds performed in Lucknow by Lawrence, Havelock, Outram, Campbell, and the brave men whom they commanded. Lucknow surpassed all other places in its determined resistance to the onsets of the insurgents.

Naturally we drive first to the Residency after having examined a model of it made by Chaplain Moore. The Residency, with its varied dependencies, is more than two thousand feet long and more than one thousand feet broad from east to west. The buildings are in ruins,

and remain substantially as they were when evacuated at "the relief." The shattered walls bear eloquent testimony to the fearful experiences of those terrible days. The visitor's attention is immediately fixed upon the obelisk, erected by Lord Northbrook, with its inscription in memory of the native officers and Sepoys who died here while in the performance of their duty as soldiers of Britain.

A building of special interest is the Dilkusha, meaning "heart's delight," a palace built by Saadat Ali Khan as a country seat. Near it is a park for which he cleared large tracts of jungle, and having laid out the ground with care and skill, he stocked it well with deer and other game. This was one of the country seats of the kings of Oudh. Here women and children, as well as the wounded men who were rescued from the Residency, found a temporary shelter. It was touching to remember that our brave Baptist brother, General Havelock, found shelter here. He died November 24, 1857, of dysentery and its consequent weakness.

Another building of great interest is the Martinier College, a college intended especially for half-caste children. This building was endowed by Major General Claude Martin, a French adventurer, and a native of Lyons, France. He was the son of a cooper, and he served under Lally in the regiment of Lorraine. He and some of his comrades were taken by Lord Clive, and he then entered the British service. He went to India as a private soldier, and finally he rose

to great power and influence under the native government. General Martin died in 1800, and was buried in a vault under the college building.

There is an English church, an observatory, a hospital, a dispensary, a Methodist, a Catholic, and still other churches, some of which are worthy a visit. Sikandara Bagh, "Alexander Garden," was formerly a garden, as the word "*bagh*" implies. It is now a large walled enclosure. For a time during the mutiny it was a stronghold for the rebels; but here a great many Sepoys were killed within two hours by the Ninety-third Highlanders, with some detachments of the Fourth Punjab Rifles and the Fifty-third Foot, under Sir Colin Campbell. Every inch of soil within that enclosure must have been thoroughly saturated with blood. The churchyard near the Residency is still kept in order and the monuments and tablets tell the story of the death of many a gallant soldier who died in the mutiny.

The Machchi Bhawan—Fish Buildings—the name being given from the heraldic symbol of Oudh, are buildings well worthy of a visit. The Great Imambara was the place for caste meetings and feasts. It is a building which would attract the attention of any visitor from any land, and it has a hall which is said to be the largest in India. The ceiling of this octagonal room is richly decorated, and a plain slab marks the place where Asafu Daulah is buried. Although the sun was scorching hot at the time, a climb to the terraced roof of this superb building richly

paid, because of the magnificent view of the city and country which it afforded. This great building was erected in 1784, the year of a terrible famine, in order to afford relief to the men who wrought in its erection.

The Hoseinabad, or Palace of Lights, is also an attractive building, and contains some rare and costly chandeliers. The Chattar Munzil, or Umbrella House, is a fantastic building, deriving its name from the shape of the ornament by which it is surmounted. The best rooms in this building are now used for clubs and theatricals. The Alam Bagh is an enclosure of great interest because of its relation to the operations of Havelock, Outram, and Sir Colin Campbell in the relief of Lucknow. Sir Henry Havelock is buried in this garden. The museum, the iron bridge, the observatory, and the Moti Mahal, meaning Pearl Palace, and other places, are worthy of the tourist's attention. A drive through the bazaars gives an opportunity to examine examples of native manufacture, and shows how the plastic clay figures are so skillfully modeled in color.

In Lucknow I met Scotch and English soldiers who were full of stirring memories of the mutiny. One old man, now a pensioner, had served under Sir Henry Havelock. He could not say too much of the bravery and Christian character of that humble Christian and heroic soldier. Seldom have I been more moved than I was as I listened to these stirring recitals.

The cemetery is certainly one of the most

interesting spots in Lucknow; no fewer than two thousand men and women lie there asleep. It is beautifully laid out with flowers and walks. It may be permitted to quote here the epitaph of Sir Henry Lawrence, dictated by himself:

Here lies
HENRY LAWRENCE,
Who tried to do his duty.
May the Lord have mercy on his soul!
Born 28th of June, 1806.
Died 4th of July, 1857.

SIR HENRY HAVELOCK.—But no inscription interested me so much as that of Sir Henry Havelock, written by his wife. His tomb is an obelisk, thirty feet high, in the Alam Bagh. It was through his bravery that it became possible to reach Lucknow, and at Alam Bagh his fame was assured, so it was fitting that there he should find his tomb. His death occurred a few days after the relief of those who endured sorrow and starvation for four months in the Residency.

Sir Henry Havelock was born at Bishop Wearmouth, county of Durham, England, April 5, 1795. He was one of a family of seven brothers and sisters. His mother was a most godly woman. She was accustomed to assemble the children for the reading of the Scriptures and the offering of prayers. He entered the English army about a month after the battle of Waterloo. While sailing to India, in 1823, he became a Christian by a living personal experience that his sins were forgiven and that he was accepted

through Jesus Christ, and his whole soul glowed with heavenly love. He often expounded the Scriptures to the soldiers about him. His influence was as blessed as it was extensive in the army. He was married February 9, 1829, to Hannah, the third daughter of Doctor Marshman, the companion of the immortal Carey. At Serampore he was baptized, April 4, 1830, by the Rev. John Mack, and he was ever afterward an earnest Christian and a consistent Baptist.

His whole career in Burma, in Afghanistan, in the Sikh war, and afterward in the Sepoy Mutiny, is worthy of unqualified admiration. On his way to Lucknow he fought nearly fifty thousand Sepoys with two thousand five hundred men. In his last moments he said to Sir James Outram: "For more than forty years I have so ruled my life that when death came I might face it without fear. I am not in the least afraid; to die is gain. I die happy and contented." To his eldest son, who waited upon him with great tenderness, he said, "Come, my son, and see how a Christian can die." The inscription on his tomb is as follows:

Here rest the mortal remains of
HENRY HAVELOCK,
Major General in the British Army,
Knight Commander of the Bath,
Who died at Dilkusha, Laknau, of dysentery,
Produced by the hardships of a campaign,
In which he achieved immortal fame,
On the 24th of November, 1857.
He was born on the 5th of April, 1795,
At Bishop Wearmouth, County Durham, England ;

Entered the army in 1815 ;
Came to India in 1823,
And served there, with little interruption,
Until his death.

His ashes in a peaceful urn shall rest,
His name a great example stands, to show
How strangely high endeavors may be blessed
When piety and valour jointly go.

This monument is erected by
His mourning widow and family.

General Havelock was the subject of suspicion, and even of positive dislike, on the part of many officers of the army. His decided Christian life did not secure for him the affection of men in military life. It is believed that he was discriminated against in the distribution of troops and in the promotion of officers. When he came from Persia to assist in putting down the Sepoy rebellion he was a sick man. He was made, for the reason suggested, the target at that time of much hostile criticism. General Neill wrote of him in a complaining and hostile spirit, but Havelock was firm in his plans and unwavering in his methods. His arrival at the Alam Bagh, near Lucknow, was the signal that the victory was won and the mutiny crushed. Practically he was recognized as the conqueror of the mutineers and as the deliverer of India. His trust in God never failed him, and amid much bodily suffering he kept on heroically in the accomplishment of his plans until victory was secured.

It gives the writer pleasure to give Havelock

the honor which was tardily bestowed upon him when he virtually became the hero of the terrible conflict. Few men in the group of Christian soldiers in the history of the world more perfectly combined religious fervor and martial bravery than did Sir Henry Havelock. He is the real hero of the Sepoy Mutiny.

THE SIKANDARA BAGH.—I have already referred to the Sikandara Bagh. This *bagh*, or garden, which once belonged to an Indian princess, is a square about one hundred and twenty yards in extent, and is surrounded by a high wall. As Campbell, Havelock, and Outram were drawing together, the Sepoys saw clearly that they must seek shelter. Into this garden they rushed, and endeavored to close the gate when all of them had entered; but four soldiers, two of them Scotchmen and two of them natives, prevented the closing of the gate at the risk of their lives. Two of them were shot and the other two crushed as they prevented the gate from closing. It is said that a Sikh corporal put his hand through the gate to control the bolt and had his hand cut off with a sword; and it is also said that with the other hand he secured and retained his hold of the bolt. Then the pursuing columns of soldiers arrived. The Sepoys saw that they were in a pen. They could not climb the wall, and there was no entrance save by the gate, and the British soldiers were pouring through that gate. Many of the soldiers thus approaching had seen

their kinsmen, and some of them their wives and children, slaughtered by these murderous Sepoys. They were wild with rage; they were hot for blood. The Sepoys were absolutely helpless, and every one of the one thousand six hundred and forty-three met his fate at the cold steel of the wrathful British soldiers. That once smiling garden was thus drenched in blood. It was a terrible slaughter, but who can blame these soldiers? There has been no attempt to beautify the place since. It lies there as an utterly neglected place, and amid its tangled growths are mounds showing where the dead Sepoys were thrown into great pits which were their common grave. It will be many generations, if ever, before the Sikandara Bagh will be used as a garden or as the site of public buildings.

LESSONS OF THE MUTINY.—The caste prejudice of the native soldiers which prevented them from biting off the ends of cartridges in which was the grease of cows and hogs, was the occasion but not the cause of the mutiny. The cause was the realization of the fact that Britain was securing a firm footing on Indian soil. We can readily understand how quickly the caste prejudice, both of Hindus and Mohammedans, would make itself felt, but the cause lay much deeper. It was wonderful how quickly the news of the mutiny spread.

Bishop Hurst reminds us that in January, 1857, a Laskar in Calcutta asked a Sepoy to give

him a drink out of his *lota*, or water-cup. The Sepoy, because of his high caste, indignantly refused to grant the request. The Laskar replied that the Sepoy was polluting his caste by biting the cartridges which contained the grease of cows and hogs. The news spread rapidly, and in a regiment of native troops only about five in a hundred would touch the cartridges. Soon a soldier was sent to a military station with a lotus flower in his hand. This he gave to the chief native officer, who in turn gave it to a soldier. It was then passed on until every soldier had received it. The last soldier receiving it took it to the next station. No words were spoken, but all understood the fearful meaning of this act. It meant death to every Englishman. It reminds one of the fiery cross used by the Highlanders in Scotland to arouse the clans.

Six little cakes of unleavened bread, called *chapatties*, were sent to the chief man of a village. He forwarded them to the corresponding officer of the next village. In this case, as among the soldiers, no words were spoken; but all understood the significance of this act. The priests also appealed to the religious prejudices of the people, and were an influential factor in creating a sentiment against the foreign rulers. It was a time of terrible trial for all the British residents. They did not know whom to trust. These insurgents had been armed and trained by the English, against whom now they were using English armor and training. The great

centers were Cawnpore, Lucknow, and Delhi. This writer can never forget his boyish memories of those terrible days.

The mutiny taught Britain that she must henceforth recognize religious principles in the government of India. The spirit of the missionaries was never appreciated before as it was after the mutiny. The natives were also taught that they never can expect to drive Britain out of India. The mutiny failed, and failed forever. But it led to the granting of fuller rights to the natives of India; Great Britain afterward put the natives on the same basis as that on which all other British subjects stand. Great honor was given to the native princes who remained loyal to Britain during that trying period. By special management on the part of Lord Beaconsfield, Queen Victoria was declared Empress of India. Perhaps the native Indians do not love England, but they know that if her strong hand were removed the foot of Russia would take its place. They know well also that England saves them from tribal jealousies and continuous slaughters. They know that England conquered India not from its original owners, but from its conquerors. To quote Bishop Hurst:

The history is one long tragedy. For thirty centuries India has been compelled to pay the painful penalty of possessing the fatal gifts of wealth and beauty. She is the Lorelei of all the ages. She has attracted the conqueror from afar but, with only the Anglo-Saxon exception, invariably dealt him ruin when once within sound of her siren

voice. The whole of India is one immense God's acre of dead civilizations and forgotten races.

The noble Lawrence was killed, as we have seen, early in July, and it was not until September 25 that Havelock and Outram were able to force their way into the city. Although Sir Colin Campbell brought additional reinforcements in November, it was not until March 19, 1858, that the British fully regained Lucknow. No traveler can ever forget the stirring memories which will crowd upon him as he visits immortal Lucknow.

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XXXI

DELHI

DELHI is a city of remarkable interest. If a tourist could visit but one city in India, Delhi is the one to be selected. Probably no city in India so fully represents various civilizations as does this city, which for centuries was the proudest capital of the Mogul empire. Within a circle of a few miles about the present city, dynasty after dynasty established its power, ruled in splendor, and then passed away into silence.

There have been virtually several Delhis, for each dynasty founded a new city on a new site. The old city was then left to crumble into ruins. Much of the space once occupied by these cities is now abandoned to jackals and owls. Marvelous secrets are hidden in this ancient soil; could it be plowed up and its monuments, palaces, tombs, and mosques be recovered, a history more wonderful than that revealed by the excavations of Pompeii would be made known to a waiting world. The traditions of Mogul splendor still linger about the modern as well as the ancient cities. All the currents of romance, of religion, and of military daring meet in Delhi.

SEVEN DELHIS.—Probably the name Delhi ought rather to be written "Dehli." The ancient name was Indraprestha, or Inderput; the Mohammedan name is Shahjehanabad. The remains of the seven Delhis covered about forty-five square miles. These seven cities, as already indicated, were built by seven kings of the olden time. There is much doubt as to the actual positions of these various cities, and probably all the difficulties connected with these various locations will never be entirely removed. It is known, however, that at the time of the Mohammedan conquest the Hindu city of Delhi was confined to two forts named Lalkot and Rai Pithora. Some trace the history to a period at least 1400 B. C. But all matters connected with these dates are and must always be very uncertain.

It is claimed that for nearly eight hundred years Delhi lay waste and was then repopled by a new race of kings, who in turn were displaced by kings of other races. The Hindus were constantly at war among themselves. As a result Delhi was easily conquered by the Mohammedans in 1191 A. D. Then the Hindu empire which had so long existed passed away, and the old city, probably at the site of the two forts already named, was destroyed. The Mohammedan kings then took complete possession, and retained their position and power until about the beginning of the present century. One looks with unmingled astonishment upon the great edifices erected by these Mohammedan

conquerors. They were the great builders of their day in India and other countries of which they became masters. Shah Jehan, one of the greatest of the Mogul emperors, was their greatest builder, but even before his time there were builders worthy of great fame.

In 1739 the Persian garrison, which had been introduced into the city, was put almost entirely to death by the people. Delhi presented a scene of shocking slaughter. The emperor was finally obliged to intercede with Nadir Shah, who consented that the massacre should cease. Nadir left Delhi, carrying with him treasures estimated at from thirty to seventy millions sterling. Among other objects of enormous value was the famous Peacock Throne and the Koh-i-noor. Delhi was captured in 1789 by Mahadaji Sindia, and the Mahrattas held possession of the city until September, 1803, when General Lake gained possession of the city and also of the family and person of Shah Alam. A year later the city was besieged, but was successfully defended by the British, in whose possession this superb old capital remained until 1857. The descendants of Aurangzib were allowed some of the rights of royalty, among them the retention of the title of king; but the British were in possession and so remained until the great mutiny of 1857, of which event I shall make full mention a little later.

Let us get clearly in our minds the location and general characteristics of this wonderfully interesting city. It is the capital of the prov-

ince and district of the same name and is situated on an offset of the river Jumna. The location is high, being estimated at eight hundred feet above sea level. The modern city was really built by the Emperor Shah Jehan and commenced in the year 1631; this modern city has a circumference of about seven miles. In the walls are eleven gates, the chief being the Raj Ghat, which faces the river Jumna, the Cashmere on the north, the Cabul and the Lahore on the west, the Ajmere on the southwest, and the Delhi on the north. Most of the streets in this remarkable city are narrow, but the Chandni Chowk, meaning silver square, or the native bazaar, is a noticeable exception. This street is ninety feet broad and one thousand five hundred yards in length and is intersected by an aqueduct. There is another street, which is a mile long and one hundred and twenty feet wide. All visitors are enthusiastic over the beauty of the buildings in Delhi as well as deeply interested in its remarkable history.

PALACES AND THRONES.—It is difficult to know how to compress into a single chapter what one would like to say regarding the sites in Delhi. We shall call attention to them in the order in which the average tourist would see them, and then give in a few sentences the relation of Delhi to the memorable mutiny of 1857.

The Diwan-i-Am, or Hall of Public Audience, is a building which must arrest the attention of every tourist. It is open at three sides and is

supported by rows of red sandstone pillars. The throne was raised about ten feet from the ground and covered by a canopy, supported by four pillars of white marble. A doorway leads from behind the throne to the emperor's private apartment. The wall behind the throne is gorgeous in mosaics of precious stones and paintings of fruits, birds, and flowers. This was the work of Austin de Bordeaux, who, because he had palmed off false gems on several European princes, was obliged to find refuge at the court of Shah Jehan. The Diwan-i-Khas, or Private Hall of Audience, is in the immediate vicinity and is a pavilion of white marble, richly ornamented with gold. The books state that the ceiling was once plated with silver, but that it was carried off by the Mahrattas in 1760. Over the north and south arches is written the famous Persian distich, which I quote from Murray's "Handbook":

If on earth be an Eden of bliss,
It is this, it is this, none but this.

There seems to have been great propriety in these lines. In the center of the east side is the white marble stand on which stood the Takht-i-Taus, or Peacock Throne, which was carried away in 1739 by Nadir Shah. It is said that this throne can still be seen in the royal palace at Teheran. The name "Peacock Throne" was given it because figures of two peacocks stood behind it with expanded tails, the whole surface being inlaid with rubies, emeralds, pearls, and

other precious stones. It is said that the colors were so harmonized as to represent the actual appearance of peacocks. The cost of this throne is variously stated at from two to six million pounds sterling. It was six feet long by four feet broad, and it stood on six massive feet, which, with the body, wonderful to relate, were of solid gold inlaid with rubies, emeralds, and diamonds. It was surmounted by a canopy of gold held in place by twelve pillars, all flashing with gems, while a fringe of pearls ornamented the canopy itself. It is difficult to see how this bedstead-like throne could have been beautiful in its design, however resplendent it was in appearance and however great its value. Between the two peacocks there was a parrot of ordinary size perched on a tester, and said to have been carved out of a single emerald. The umbrella was the Oriental emblem of royalty, and one stood on each side of the throne. These umbrellas were formed of crimson velvet, and the handles, which were eight feet high, were of solid gold, ornamented with diamonds. It is claimed that Austin de Bordeaux, who probably was one of the chief architects of the Taj Mahal, was the chief designer of this marvelous throne.

Not far from the Diwan-i-Khas is the Saman Burj and Rang Mahal. The apartments for the women are of white marble, and in the olden days were probably surrounded by gardens and fountains. The palace in the days of its splendor must have been one of the most beautiful structures ever created by human genius and

wealth. The buildings that are now left have become quarters for the English soldiers. Then comes the Moti Masjid, or the "Pearl Mosque." A tourist soon becomes very familiar with this name in visiting these Mogul cities. This title is always given to the mosque which is considered the architectural gem of the place. This mosque has a bronze door covered with interesting designs, but the arches indicate the influence of Hindu architecture. It is said to have been erected in 1635 by Aurangzib.

The Jumma Masjid, or the chief mosque, was long in the opinion of Mohammedans one of the wonders of the world. It was built by Shah Jehan in the six years from 1631 to 1637. It stands on a paved platform four hundred and fifty feet square and on a rocky height, near the center of the city. It is approached by broad stone steps, forming one side of a quadrangle, whose other sides are formed by pavilions and arcades. Its length is two hundred and sixty-one feet, and it is lined and faced with white marble. Three domes of white marble striped with black surmount the structure, and at each end of the front is a lofty minaret. Within recent years the British government has taken great pains to restore this wonderful building. It is not unlike the Moti Masjid in the Agra Fort, although it is very much larger. The admixture of its materials robs it of the beautiful effect produced by the former; but the combination of its gateways, its towers, and domes gives it a remarkably pleasing effect as seen by one

who approaches it by its broad stone steps. The gateways are surmounted with galleries, on whose roof are fifteen marble domes, whose spires are tipped with gold. It is claimed that no fewer than five thousand workmen were employed for five years in its construction. The most matter-of-fact description which can be given of this marvelous monument would seem an exaggeration to one who has not seen it.

The Golden Mosque, so called from its three gilt domes, is also an object of marked interest. It is said that it was here that Nadir Shah sat during the massacre at Delhi. The Queen's Gardens are laid out with beautiful trees and shrubs. Here in these gardens is a huge stone elephant, which, according to the inscription, was brought from Gwalior by the Emperor Shah Jehan in 1645.

There are many other objects of interest in the town, but there is not space here to speak of them in detail. Several places of importance in connection with the mutiny and siege may, however, be mentioned. The St. James' Memorial Church contains a large number of tablets of regimental losses, showing in some instances that whole families perished. The Cashmere Gate is interesting, as through breaches near it some of the storming columns passed during the terrible crisis. The Kudsiya Gardens are near the cemetery, in which is the tomb of General Nicholson, one of the greatest heroes who led the assault on Delhi, but fell in the hour of victory.

Asoka's Pillar attracts the attention of all tourists. It is believed to have been erected originally at Meerut by King Asoka, in the third century B. C. After being thrown down and broken into various pieces, it was finally set up in this place by the British government in 1867. There is another of Asoka's pillars near Delhi; the other is on the top of a building in the village of Ferozabad. These pillars are believed to have been brought to Delhi by Feroz Shah, and they are also believed to be Buddhist remains.

The Mutiny Memorial is an octagonal Gothic spire of red sandstone. It was erected to commemorate the names of the regiments and batteries that served in the mutiny, and of the officers who died in the performance of their duty. On the ridge is the spot where her majesty, Queen Victoria, was proclaimed Empress of India on the first of January, 1877. This was an occasion of wonderful interest. Lord Lytton occupied a place in a center pavilion, while in front of him were all the great princes and chiefs of India, and behind him sat the leading European officials and envoys from places as distant as Siam, and near him was drawn up a British and Indian army of fifty thousand men.

Old Delhi and its neighborhood contain places of very great interest. Mention has already been made of the Asoka Pillar, and much more might be said regarding it and its Pali inscription. The Killa Kona Mosque is a noble specimen of the architecture of the "late Pathan

period." There are also tombs here worthy of elaborate descriptions, especially that of Jehanara, the daughter of Shah Jehan. The tombs of Nizamuddin Auliya, and Humayun, and also that of Safdar Jang are worthy a full description.

MARVELOUS PILLARS.—But there is no object of greater interest than the Kutub Minar. This is about eleven miles from Delhi, and is said to be one of the highest pillars in the world, being two hundred and forty-two feet high. Its diameter at the base is forty-seven feet, and the pillar is ascended by three hundred and seventy-nine stone steps. The view from the summit of this pillar is truly magnificent. It is said to be on the site of the original Hindu city of Dilli. It is supposed to be a tower of victory, but its origin is lost in obscurity. Some say that it was built by Rai Pithora, that his daughter might see the Jumna from its top; but others claim that it is of Hindu origin, although probably it was completed by the Mohammedan conquerors. It rises in a succession of five stories marked by balconies and decorated by bands of inscription. The first three stories are of red sandstone, and the two upper stories are faced with white marble. The upper portion was rebuilt in 1368, when the cupola was added. An earthquake on the first of August, 1803, seriously injured the pillar and threw the cupola to the ground. In 1829 it was unwisely restored, the inscriptions being injured, and the battlements

and balconies being removed and replaced by the present balustrade. The honeycomb work beneath the brackets of the lower balconies is the same in style as portions of the Alhambra.

There is not space to speak at length of the old observatory on the road from the old to the new Delhi, the Iron Pillar, which is one of the strangest antiquities in India, and of tombs and other public buildings in and about this remarkable city of Delhi. It is not too much to say that the Kutub Minar is one of the wonders of India. There is in it remarkable harmony of gracefulness and strength. It is wonderful that it should have remained through so many centuries with its masonry so nearly intact and its delicate decorations so beautifully preserved; perhaps it had some relation to the two courts of the ancient Hindu temple near which it stands. The Iron Pillar, to which allusion has been made, has an inscription in Sanskrit signifying that the power of the Hindus will abide so long as this pillar endures. It is called "The Arm of Fame of Rajah Dhava." Probably the pillar was originally surmounted by Vishnu, of which deity the rajah was a worshiper. Some believe that the pillar was put in its position by the Hindus as early as A. D. 319. Its depth in the ground is twenty-eight feet, its height above the ground twenty-two feet, and its weight is estimated to be at least seventeen tons.

TREASURE AND SLAUGHTER.—Tourists are permitted, under certain conditions, to visit the

palace of the late king of Delhi. Many evidences of its former elegance and splendor are still there, and some remains of the famous Peacock Throne are still to be seen. Delhi never recovered from the blow inflicted upon it by Nadir Shah, who murdered its people and carried away its treasures, valued at least at one hundred million pounds sterling. The Koh-i-noor diamond was among his prizes on that occasion. This diamond, "Mountain of Light," now forms a part of Queen Victoria's jewels, after a strange and romantic history.

When Nadir Shah sacked Delhi, and broke up the Peacock Throne, to his disappointment he failed to find the great Koh-i-noor, which he knew formed one of the eyes of one peacock. The Mogul emperor did not seem to have it in his possession, but a woman informed the conqueror that it was concealed in the turban of the defeated emperor. The conqueror did not dare institute a search for the missing treasure, as a treaty had been concluded, and most of the jewels were in his hands. With true Oriental shrewdness he resorted to a trick, which proved successful. Nadir proposed to the defeated shah that a great feast should be held to show the amity of their present relations. At the height of the elaborate ceremonies Nadir proposed to the defeated emperor, as a proof of good faith, an exchange of turbans. This was a critical moment for both. The turban of the conqueror glittered with gems; that of the defeated shah was plain in the extreme, but hidden in its folds

was the priceless Koh-i-noor. There was no time for reflection; action must be prompt. What could the possessor of the great gem do? The exchange was made. Nadir retired to his tent, hastily removed the turban, and joyously saw that the Koh-i-noor was his.

For years this priceless diamond was a part of the treasury in Lahore. But in 1849 the East India Company took this treasury in part payment of the debt which the Lahore government owed when the Punjab was annexed to the British possessions. It was a part of this stipulation that the Koh-i-noor should be given to Queen Victoria. Soon after the East India Board met, and the diamond was committed to Lord Lawrence, to be delivered to the queen. He put it into the pocket of his waistcoat, went home, changed his clothes, and forgot all about the treasure in the pocket. Soon after a message came from the queen ordering the diamond to be sent her. Sir John Lawrence said to his brother Henry, "Well, send it at once." Henry replied, "Why, you have it." John was filled with astonishment and alarm. He searched diligently for the garment, and anxiously examined its pockets, and there lay the Koh-i-noor. It has undergone many changes in cutting and dressing and setting; but it now securely rests in Windsor Castle. This is but a brief outline of a long, mysterious, and fascinating history as told in part by Bishop Hurst, and much more fully by several historians.

Delhi will always be closely identified with

the great Indian Mutiny. It is not too much to say that for a time Delhi was its very center and the citadel of its strength. It was most natural that around this city of Hindu and Mohammedan history a romantic interest should have gathered for those who were anxious to throw off British rule, and to crown Delhi with something of its ancient glory. There was a sufficient number of English soldiers in the cantonment to have crushed the mutiny, but General Hewitt did not appreciate the necessity for vigorous action, and soon the jails were opened, and the worst men in the city were massacring the women and children, and burning the houses. The mutineers secured possession of Delhi and held it with a firm hand. Not until September were the British able to secure possession again. They knew well that they must be masters of Delhi or they could not really perpetuate their power in India, but the rebels had so intrenched themselves that it seemed well-nigh impossible to dislodge them. Delhi, it was well known, would minister as no other town in India to the pride of a glorious history. After the mutiny broke out Shah Mohammed Bahadoser, then ninety years old, took charge of the city, resuming the imperial state which once he enjoyed.

After repeated failures the British, under General Nicholson, retook Delhi. The walls near the Cashmere gate still bear traces of the shot and shell of those terrible days. The gate was blown open by having powder bags placed against it which were exploded by a lighted

fuse. Those engaged in this work well knew that many of them must give their lives in their devotion to their duty, but they did not hesitate for a moment. The gate was blown open and the remnant of brave columns marched into the city. There was still much terrible fighting to be done, but in two weeks more, on the twenty-third of September, the final struggle was made and the English flag floated over the great fort; but General Nicholson fell in the moment of victory. No loyalty to the British crown was ever appreciated more by British hearts around the globe than that displayed in India in restoring British sovereignty in that far-off land.

XXXII

AGRA

AGRA was visited while going from Bombay to Calcutta; and a night ride from Agra brought the writer in the early morning to Cawnpore. The name Agra is applied to the province and district, or zillah, and to the city. The city is the capital of the district and the province of the same name. It is located on the right bank of the Jumna, one of the sacred rivers of India. It is connected by railway with all the principal cities of the country. It is about one hundred and twenty miles southeast of Delhi and eight hundred and forty miles northwest of Calcutta. Its population, including its two suburbs and the garrison, is one hundred and sixty-five thousand. It is the center of a large trade in cotton, sugar, indigo, salt, and silks. Formerly Agra was the provincial capital, but since the mutiny the seat of government has been in Allahabad. The city is about four miles long and three wide, and it sweeps in a graceful semi-circle along the banks of the river. The houses, for the most part, are of the red sandstone of the neighboring hills. The principal street intersects the town from north to south. This street is spacious and clean, but

other streets which run along the banks of the river are irregular and narrow. The ancient walls embrace an area of nearly eleven square miles, and about one half of this space is now occupied.

THE MOGUL CAPITAL.—The very early history of the city is lost in obscurity; not until the Mohammedan period is anything certainly known. The first Mohammedan dynasty to choose Agra as a residence was the house of Lodi. Previous to that time Agra was the district of Biana. In the sixteenth century Akbar fortified and embellished the city, and in 1658 the capital was removed to Delhi. There are remains of ancient gardens, belonging, it is said, to the palaces of the Lodis; but much of doubt characterizes all the relations of this dynasty to the city. It is certain that the walls and the magazine to the south of the water-gate belonged to the Akbar audience hall.

To Shah Jehan belongs the greatest credit for the architectural glory of Agra. He resided here from 1632 to 1637, and he built the Pearl Mosque, the Cathedral Mosque, and the glorious Taj. Finally, he was deposed by his son, Aurangzib, who, as already stated, removed the seat of government to Delhi. The only favor which Shah Jehan asked of his unnatural son was, that the prison cell should be so placed that the royal prisoner could look out on the Taj, beneath whose dome the dust of his beloved wife reposed; and that favor, it is said, was

granted. In 1764 Agra was taken by Suraj Mall with an army of Jats, and the city was greatly injured. In 1770 it was captured by the Mahrattas, who in turn were expelled in 1774; thus it was held by various native rulers, but at times anarchy prevailed throughout the city. Finally it was taken by Lord Lake, on October 17, 1803. Several native regiments joined the English forces at that time, and since that time Agra has been a possession of the British.

It had its part in the terrible tragedy of the Sepoy mutiny. Two companies mutinied on May 30, 1857, that had been sent to Muttra to bring the treasure there into Agra, but they deserted the British and marched off to Delhi. Other regiments mutinied soon afterward, but on July 5 they were attacked by the soldiers who had remained loyal. The rebels were well posted and fought with desperation, and it was no small task to reduce them to obedience. In the effort many Europeans were murdered, the cantonments were burned, and important records were destroyed. Finally six thousand men, women, and children, of whom one thousand five hundred were Hindus and Mohammedans, were shut up in the fort of Agra. Among these were Catholic priests and nuns from France and Rome and Protestant missionaries from America, as well as a company of American showmen and travelers. After prolonged delays and great anxieties, Agra was relieved from all danger, and in February, 1858, the seat of government

of the northwest provinces was removed, as already indicated, to Allahabad.

THE TAJ MAHAL.—All tourists are disposed to go as soon as possible to see the Taj Mahal. This is the tomb of the wife of the Emperor Shah Jehan. The word *taj* means a diadem, or crown; it is used of a tall cap worn by Mohammedan dervishes. The word is applied to this mausoleum because its dome is shaped like this small cap, and so is a crown, or diadem; and also because it is the tomb of the chief wife of the great Shah. Its full name is, *Taj bibi ke Roza*, "The Crown Lady's Tomb." It is, without doubt, the most interesting building in India, and it is claimed by many that it is the most beautiful building, certainly the most beautiful mausoleum, in the whole world. I had the good fortune to see it in bright moonlight, the next day in clear morning sunshine, and afterward in the soft light of the evening. It is almost impossible to exaggerate the completeness of its symmetry or the harmony of the materials of which it is composed. It is in a garden which is itself worthy of consideration because of its plants, flowers, shrubs, and lakes, and the perfection in which it is kept.

The enclosure, including the gardens and outer courts, measures nearly two thousand feet long by more than one thousand wide. The principal gateway is a massive and graceful structure. It leads into the gardens, and from it along the marble canal, bordered by cypress

trees, one walks to the beautiful tomb. The tomb stands on a raised platform of marble, which rests on a terrace of red sandstone. This platform is eighteen feet high and three hundred and thirteen feet square, and at each corner there rise graceful minarets one hundred and thirty-three feet high. Probably there are no minarets in India, or in any other country, more exquisite in their proportions than these.

In the center of the marble platform of which I have spoken, stands the mausoleum itself, an irregular octagon of one hundred and eighty-six feet in length, the corners being cut off to the extent of thirty-three feet and nine inches. The principal dome is fifty-eight feet in diameter and eighty feet in height. Under this there is an enclosure formed by the screen of pierced work of white marble. It would be difficult to imagine anything more beautiful than is this screen. In a country where the light was less bright such a screen might defeat its object, but here it simply softens the light and beautifies all within the enclosure. Mr. Fergusson, in his history of architecture, calls this screen the "*chef-d'œuvre* of elegance in Indian art." Within this screen are the tombs of the Emperor Shah Jehan and his favorite wife. The bodies rest in a vault level with the surface of the ground, and under plainer tombstones exactly beneath those which are seen in the wall above. This screen, of which I have spoken, beautifully tempers the glare of the bright light in a building composed of white

marble. It would be impossible to exaggerate the chastened beauty of that central chamber. The building and the garden are equally well adapted to the requirements of a pleasure palace and to the needs of an impressive sepulchre.

Here was one of the finest examples of the inlaying of precious stones which graced the architectural style of the period. All the spandrels of the Taj and all the more important angles were inlaid with precious stones; these were in places combined with wreaths, scrolls, and frets, the beauty of the design being matched by the harmony in color. All these brilliant colors were chastened by the pure white marble in which they were laid. The jewels have been removed to England and their place filled with glass of similar colors; it would have been impossible, except by keeping a large force of soldiers always on guard, to protect jewels of so great value. Probably in no case in the history of the world were more beautiful styles of ornament so well adapted to the characteristics of the architecture of which they formed a part. The exquisite taste displayed is as remarkable as the conception of the relation between the architecture and its ornamentation, both reflecting great credit on the judgment of the architects of the period. There has been much discussion as to who was the principal architect, and it is generally agreed that that honor belongs to Austin de Bordeaux, who was known to have been then in the employment of the emperor.

This great building was commenced, it is said,

in 1630, and twenty thousand workmen spent twenty years upon it before it was completed; thus, cheap as labor then was in India, this superb tomb cost at least fifteen, perhaps twenty, million dollars.

All this was for the emperor's favorite wife, Arjimand Banu Begum, who was entitled Mumtaz Mahal, literally, the "Chosen of the Palace," or, according to a freer translation, the "Pride of the Palace." She was the daughter of Asaf Khan; her grandfather was Mirza Ghiyas, a Persian who came from Teheran to seek his fortune in India. He speedily rose to power and acquired the title of Itimadu Doulah. She became the wife of Shah Jehan in 1615; she bore him seven children, and died at the time of the birth of her eighth child, in 1629, at Burhanpur, in the Decan. Her body was brought to Agra for burial and was laid in the garden where the Taj now stands, until this mausoleum was completed. He had promised to erect for her in that garden a palace whose beauty should attract the people from the ends of the earth. In his grief over her sudden death his plans for her palace were changed so as to create this superb mausoleum, and its beauty now attracts visitors from the ends of the earth. This glorious Taj is a song in marble, a vision of beauty, a prophecy of immortality! It will live forever in the memory as last seen in the soft, short Indian gloaming from the distance of more than a mile on the other side of the Jumna.

The Taj was repaired just previous to the visit

which the Prince of Wales made to India. The tomb is constructed of brick veneered with marble, and much of this veneering needed to be repaired in order to restore the building to its original perfection. Never will any visitor forget the impression produced upon him by the superb dome. The height from the base to the top of this dome must be nearly three hundred feet, and it seems to float in the air rather than to rest upon the ground. A remarkable echo was produced by repeating a few lines of poetry as I stood beneath the arched roof of the cupola. Through this dimly lighted vault there rolled the soft and sweet repetitions of the words which I had read of as forming the inscription on the tomb, and which I pronounced: "To the memory of an undying love," making a music so delicate and pathetic as to touch the heart and moisten the eye. The word love rolled tremulously to heaven; softened and sweetened, it came back to earth; then it rolled around the walls, and then ascended again to heaven. Still more softly and sweetly it came back to earth, giving an experience never before known, and perhaps never again to be enjoyed. Standing beneath this dome and over the tombs where sleeps the royal dust, this echo assuredly exercised a weird charm and became a thrilling mystery.

But few things come up to their reputation. One of these is the inland sea of Japan, another is the Alhambra, in Granada, and the last and greatest is the Taj in Agra. The gateway lead-

ing to so superb a garden and so glorious a mausoleum would itself attract attention. Mr. Ferguson calls it a worthy pendant to the Taj itself. It is made of red sandstone, inlaid with ornaments and inscriptions from the Koran. The stream of water which runs the whole length of the garden, from the entrance gateway to the Taj, adds greatly to the effect of the entire scene. In it the Taj is mirrored at times, and the rich foliage gives the requisite border to the picture as the water reflects the symmetrical proportions of the superb Taj. One cannot help but admire the love which led Shah Jehan to erect this glorious mausoleum "to the memory of an undying love"; but neither can one help thinking of his various other wives to whom he gave the cold shoulder by his utter neglect. Still it will ever be remarkable that such a mausoleum was erected and such an inscription carved by a Mohammedan ruler to any woman; and building it for her, it afterward became his own mausoleum, so that his unselfish love gives himself, with his wife, undying fame.

THE FORT AND OTHER BUILDINGS.—There are many other objects of interest in Agra. The fort must always claim the attention of every tourist. It justifies the criticism that the "Moguls designed like Titans and finished like jewelers." This building stands on the right bank of the Jumna. The walls are very high and most imposing in appearance, but they would be powerless as a defense against the methods of

modern warfare. Within the fort are many most beautiful buildings; notably among these are the "Diwan-i-Am" (Judgment Hall); the "Moti Masjid" (Pearl Mosque); the "Diwan-i-Khas" (Audience Hall); the "Jehangir Mahal" (Palace of Jehangir.)

The Moti Masjid, as the name implies, is a gem or pearl. It certainly is one of the most perfect buildings of its class to be found in the world, and its cost was enormous. It was built by Shah Jehan. The photographs of it, secured at the time, delight the eye and refresh the memory. The Diwan-i-Am was built by Akbar, according to the general opinion, although some writers attribute it also to Shah Jehan. This building is two hundred and one feet long from north to south, and the roof is supported by graceful columns of red sandstone. The Diwan-i-Khas is a miracle of beauty; the floors, inlaid work on white marble, are a never-ceasing source of delight. From this building the emperor could look over the broad river to the gardens and buildings on the opposite shore. The Jehangir Mahal is a red stone palace built by Jehangir after the death of Akbar. The masonic symbol of the double triangle inlaid in white marble is here frequently seen and has attracted great attention. The Jumna Masjid faces the Delhi gate of the fort. This building is marked by all the vigor and originality of the early Mogul style; this also was constructed by the Emperor Shah Jehan, as the inscription over the main archway shows. He built it in the name

of his daughter Jehanara, who shared her father's captivity after he was deposed by his son Aurangzib.

There are in Agra a number of churches and other public buildings worthy of attention ; the Agra College, the Government College, and the Medical College, are all interesting buildings and are suggestive of the progress making in modern science. The Promenade Gardens, known as the Asafa Bagh, are also attractive to visitors and to the people of the town. One of the finest buildings in Agra is the tomb of Itimadu Doulah, and there are a number of tombs in this magnificent mausoleum. Akbar's tomb is at Secundra, a distance of about four miles from Agra. The gateway to this tomb is magnificent to an unusual degree, even in the midst of such superb structures as one sees in Agra.

Perhaps, however, no building in the town interested me more than the Agra Havelock Baptist Chapel. The pastor is Rev. G. R. M. Roche. There is vigorous church work going on in connection with this earnest body of Christians. They have three services every Sunday, and a service of some sort every day in the week. It is very fitting that they should honor the name of Havelock in connection with this church.

Most travelers go also to Futtehpore Sikri, which is about twenty-two miles from Agra on the Jeypore road. This was formerly the Windsor of Agra, and was a favorite residence of Akbar. There are buildings here of great historic

interest and intrinsic beauty; there is no end to the beautiful buildings that these Mogul emperors have erected. The royal apartments in the palace of Akbar, the grotto of glass, the bath-rooms, the courts, chambers, fountains, pavilions, reception halls, throne-rooms, all of marble and mosaic—beauty, delicacy, taste, and wealth are here displayed to such a degree that the most matter-of-fact description would seem to be an unpardonable exaggeration. All this will apply to the tomb of Akbar at Secundra. Were it not that this building is only one of many other buildings, it would be itself a wonder almost beyond description; but the greater charm and loveliness of the Taj rob this magnificent tomb of some of its impression of beauty and glory. It was from this grand architectural structure that the Koh-i-noor was at one time taken. One scarcely knows where to stop, if his supply of adjectives be not exhausted, in any attempt to describe the exquisite taste, varied beauty, splendor, and magnificence of these Mogul structures.

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XXXIII

WESTERN INDIA

WE must hasten to Bombay, and on the way visit the next town in our itinerary, which is Ajmere.

AJMER.—This city has a population of about seventy thousand, and is the capital of the British district in Rajputana; it is also the headquarters of the Rajputana railway and is the junction for the military station of Nusseerabad. The city is surrounded by a stone wall with five gateways, and is a place of great antiquity and celebrity. The city itself lies in a plain, and on a hill rising abruptly from it is the celebrated rocky and picturesque Taragarh Hill, three thousand feet above the sea. The fort on this hill, so advantageously located, dominates the extensive plain.

The city is marked by its Hindu characteristics and associations. Like Jeypore, it once was the capital of a clan of rajputs, but now no native rajah is here and there is not even the semblance of a court. The city contains many fine houses and is evidently prosperous, although not perhaps to the same degree as Jeypore. Its more recent origin is traced to A. D. 145, when it

was supposed to be founded by one of the Chotan kings. Strange thoughts come to a tourist as he walks the streets of a city that was old long before the Christian era, and that was built, probably, by the ancient Aryans. But the Hindus early acquired the characteristics by which they are known in later history.

This tower and city were long the objects of temptation to all the invaders in this part of India. When the Afghans invaded India at the end of the twelfth century, they directed all their ambition to the capture of this fort, and they finally succeeded. The rajputs, however, retook the city and reoccupied the fort, but it was captured again by the Moguls, and in the seventeenth century it became an imperial residence of the invaders. When the time came for the overthrow of the Mogul empire the rajputs again captured their hill and fort. The fierce Mahrattas, however, strove to wrest it from its rajputanian owners, and they were successful; but on June 25, 1818, the fortress, with the city of Ajmere, was ceded to the British by the Mahratta chief Sindhia, who was obliged to yield to the superior power of the British arms. It seems to be the fate of all these warring tribes eventually to submit to the resistless march of the Anglo-Saxons.

The Akbar palace is outside the city proper, and not far from the railway station. The Residency is on the brink of a beautiful artificial lake called Ana Saugar, which was constructed by Rajah Ana as early as the middle of the

eleventh century. On the embankment, that great emperor, Shah Jehan, erected a noble range of marble pavilions. The central pavilion was often used by him as a place of repose, and it has now been restored at great cost. Flying foxes are often seen hanging in the trees which stand on the embankment.

One of the great sights in Ajmere is the Dargah Bagh, or "Garden of Splendor." It is an object of veneration to Hindus and Mohammedans alike. It is the burial place of a saint of some sort who came to Ajmere, it is said, in A. D. 1235. This saint had the remarkable name of Aftab-i-Mulk-i-hind. This is not even half his name, the other part is almost unspellable and unpronounceable. He came from the city of Sanjar in Persia. Many legends are related of this saint and of his strange habits of life. No one is allowed to enter the Dargah Bagh without putting woolen socks over his shoes. Among the buildings connected with the Dargah Bagh is the partially ruined mosque erected by Akbar, and another mosque of white marble, the gift of Shah Jehan. There is still another mosque known as Arhai-din-ka-Jompra, meaning the "Hut of two and a half days," from the tradition that it was built in two and a half days. This is supposed to have been built about 1200, from the materials of a Jain temple. Modern architects who have given the matter careful study, believe that it was built by the architect who erected the Kutub Mosque near Delhi, and it is believed to rank as one

of the finest specimens of early Mohammedan architecture.

Near the railway station are extensive workshops in which many thousands of Hindu and Mohammedan workmen are employed, Ajmere being the headquarters of seventeen hundred miles of what is called the meter-gauge railway. A day can be thoroughly well spent in this very old and equally interesting city. It is difficult to know how to compress all that one would like to say in describing a visit of part of a day between two trains within and without the walls of this old and famous rajput capital.

AHMEDABAD.—Before reaching Bombay we must stop for a little time at least to visit Ahmedabad, the ancient capital of the sultans of Guzerat. This is the second city in the Bombay Presidency. It was the stronghold of the Northern Jains, and in the latter part of the sixteenth century was one of the largest cities in Western India. Bishop Hurst remarks that "in the splendor of its architecture and the wealth of its citizens it is the Hindu Florence." Without doubt the Mohammedan conquerors found here a city of great wealth and beauty; the completeness of its decorations and the massiveness of its architecture must have surpassed anything that they had previously beheld. Their conquest was accomplished about the end of the fourteenth century by viceroys of the emperor of Delhi.

They immediately began to convert this beau-

tiful Hindu city into a Mohammedan metropolis. Marble and other building materials were brought from a long distance, and magnificent mosques, palaces, and tombs were here erected. A citadel and fort of great strength were built and the city was laid out in broad streets. Merchants, manufacturers, and skillful craftsmen under Ahmad Shah made Ahmedabad a center of trade and of manufacture. During the remainder of the fifteenth century this city grew constantly in size, wealth, and in the number and splendor of its public buildings. But after the reign of Sultan Mohammed Begada the fortunes of Ahmedabad began to decline.

The Portuguese crippled its trade by their vigorous competition, and the quarrels of the turbulent nobles constantly interfered with the success of the city in business and in its own expansion and ornamentation. Then came the great Akbar in 1572, called in by a party of the Guzerat nobles, and under him, as we have seen, Ahmedabad became a province of the Mogul emperor. It soon became the greatest city in India for rich silks and curiously wrought gold cloth in which were figures of flowers and birds and other curious designs. But the Mogul nobles experienced internal disorders which weakened them as it weakened their predecessors, and the town was finally pillaged by the Malharrattas.

In 1780, after a gallant assault, it was taken by the English, but as the result of certain treaty arrangements it was restored to the Mah-

rattas, and remained in their power until 1818 when, on the overthrow of the Peshwa's government, it once more came into the hands of the British. It is now a city of about one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants; it stands on the left bank of the Sabarmati River, which skirts its western wall. Its water supply is taken from wells sunk in the bed of the river.

All travelers should make an especial effort to visit this remarkable city. Here, as seldom in India or any other country, the old and the new lie side by side. In this respect this city is like what Montreal and Quebec were a generation ago, when the old French styles of streets and buildings lay in close proximity to modern British examples of both. So in this Indian city the British ideas have broadened some of the streets and have given an air of cleanliness and prosperity to sections of the city; but evidences of the old Hindu and Mohammedan civilizations still exist.

A strange feature of many of the streets is the "Jaina feeding-places for birds." These are extremely picturesque, being richly ornamented with carving and often gay with bright colors. The houses in many of the streets are also richly ornamented with wood carving.

It is fitting that we should look at some of the famous places in this city, but we can only glance at their many charms, as we must resume our journey. The Jumma Musjid, or principal mosque, is near the center of the city. It was built by Sultan Ahmad I., in 1424. Mr. Fer-

gusson calls it "one of the most beautiful mosques in the East." Embedded in the pavement on the threshold lies a black slab, which is supposed to be a Jain idol turned upside down, that on it the faithful might tread. Near it is a white marble crescent on which the imam stands while he prays. There is a gallery in which the women of the royal family, as it is supposed, met to worship. Its roof is supported by two hundred and sixty columns, and it has fifteen cupolas surrounded by galleries; these have perforated stone screens of exquisite beauty and so designed as to exclude the glare of the sun and admit simply a soft and chastened light. On marble slabs, and in other parts of the mosque, are Arabic inscriptions from the Koran, some of which would not be inappropriate in any of our Christian churches.

The mausoleum of Sultan Ahmad is approached by a tower in the east wall of the Musjid. It is a massive building, enclosing several white marble tombs. Its windows are of perforated stone work, and its central chamber, which is thirty-six feet square, is superbly paved with marble of different colors. A few yards to the east and across the street are the tombs of the queens of Ahmad Shah. This enclosure is entered by a lofty gateway. In the center of the rectangular court are eight large and several small cenotaphs. This building is one of the finest in this remarkable city.

TOMBS AND MOSQUES.—Rani Spiri's mosque

and tomb some would say are the most beautiful monuments in Ahmedabad. She was the wife of a son of Ahmad Shah, and this mosque and tomb were completed in 1431, under her own direction and, as some believe, according to her own design. The two minarets are about fifty feet high and their four compartments taper to the top. They have zones of superb Hindu work, reaching from the pedestal to the topmost gallery.

Fine as all the buildings and monuments are of which I have spoken, perhaps the finest of all is the mosque of Sidi Said. One side of it is a part of the wall which includes the jail building, but the jail was once a palace occupied by nobles from Delhi. It was afterward changed into an arsenal and finally into the provincial jail. Two of the windows are filled with delicate stone tracery, representing the trunk and branches of a tree, all most delicately and beautifully wrought. These vegetable forms are most skillfully employed in these windows. One is filled with indescribable wonder at the patience, taste, and skill of these ancient workmen. Mr. Fergusson, in his history of Indian architecture, in speaking of the white marble tracery of the trees, stems, and branches, says: "It is probably more like the work of nature than any other architectural detail that has yet ever been designed by the best architects of Greece or of the Middle Ages." There are here also the Fire Temple and Towers of Silence of the Parsis.

I cannot take time and space here to speak in

detail of the Dastur Khan's mosque, with its wonderful open screen work; or the Haibat Khan's mosque, which was one of the earliest tombs to combine Mohammedan and Hindu architectural designs; or of the Tin Darwazah, or "three gateways"; or the mosque of Malik Shaban; or of several other mosques, tombs, and other monuments and public buildings. Let me urge again all tourists to India to arrange their plans so as to spend a day, if possible, or at least half a day, in this city so rich in historic interest and so marvelous in architectural skill and beauty; a city celebrated still for its handicraftsmen, its goldsmiths, jewelers, brass workers, stone masons, lacquer workers, its figured silks, its silver and gold tissues, its brocades, the finest produced in India, and its gold and silver lace and thread.

It is an interesting fact that the Nagar-Seth, or City Lord of Ahmedabad, is the titular head of all the guilds. He is even treated by the government as a representative, and is the highest personage in the city. Among all the wonderful Indian cities Ahmedabad must always hold a prominent place.

JEYPORE OR JAIPUR.—Of Jeypore, or Jaipur, I had read and heard considerable, and I felt unusual curiosity to see it. It is in many respects a unique city. It is generally reputed to be the finest native city in all India. It is the capital of the State of the same name in Rajputana, and is the largest town and chief commercial center

of Rajputana. Its population is put down at one hundred and forty thousand. It is the modern capital, while Amber is the ancient capital. Jeypore is also the residence of the maharajah. His State covers fifteen thousand square miles, and there is under him a population of two and a half millions. Jeypore is the headquarters of the British Resident.

Some affirm that it is not only the most beautiful native city, but the most beautiful city, native or British, in India. The town is about two miles long and more than a mile wide, and is surrounded by a wall of masonry with strong gateways and lofty towers. It is laid out in rectangular blocks and is divided into six equal parts by its cross streets. The principal street is at least one hundred and fifty feet wide, and runs the entire length of the town.

The prince who rules over this territory is a man in middle life, and has the reputation of being intelligent, and courteous toward all visitors, and especially all Americans. He exercises his great authority over his people with considerate wisdom and with progressive ideas. He has traveled in many countries and commands the respect of the British authorities as well as that of all his native subjects. His palace is in the center of the city and is said to cover about one-seventh of the total area of the town; with its gardens, it is at least half a mile long, and is eight stories high. It is beautifully adorned and the space is divided into courts, gardens, and public halls; there is also a public

mint, observatory, hospital, and a large arsenal. The maharajah supports a military organization, which in time of necessity will be at the service of the British government in repelling a foreign invader, or in suppressing internal disorders.

This town has a modern and Occidental look, and in this respect is distinguished from many of the towns in India and other parts of the Orient. It is European rather than Oriental; the people, however, are still Oriental, although the town is laid out after European models. They are still Hindus, though living in a city constructed and governed after Christian models. It is understood that the maharajah employs able foreign teachers and that all the schools are free to his people. The maharajah's college has made greater progress than any other college in Rajputana. It is a remarkable thing that it has now a daily class attendance of about one thousand. It is affiliated with the Calcutta University. There are schools for music, for the fine arts, and others devoted to the primary branches of education, such as arithmetic, history, and still other elementary studies.

This prince is public spirited and expends his revenues on buildings for the education of his people rather than on peacock thrones, as did some of the earlier Indian princes. This city in the heart of India is thus a mixture of Oriental conservatism and European progress. It is not a little noticeable that the streets of the town are lighted by gas. Everything about the city gives the impression of newness and progress.

One grows weary of ruins and is rather glad to visit a city in which there are no ruins. The prosperity of this vicinity under a native prince has created no small amount of discussion as to the wisdom of British rule in India.

There is a marked contrast between this city and many directly under British control. There poverty abounds; here there are no mud cabins and no marked poverty. Beggars are rare in Jeypore and people are comfortably clothed and are well lodged. It must be understood, however, that Jeypore is a marked exception to the cities under native control. Many other portions of India, over which native princes directly rule, present marked exceptions to the progress and prosperity seen in this city. The British conquered India from its Mohammedan invaders. These Mohammedans ruled this vast country with a rod of iron, and the rule of the British, taken as a whole, is a vast improvement on the government of the maharajah and of the Mohammedans; but there is no desire to discredit the marked evidences of prosperity seen in this town under a native prince.

The town derives its name from the famous Maharajah Siwai Jey or Jai Sing II. The books tell us that he founded it in 1728, and this late date accounts well for the modern air of the town. The fact is that the old rajput was developed by contact with British ideals, and while a native prince here rules, his prosperity would be less but for his contact with British and Christian models and ideals. The town is sur-

rounded on all sides except the south by rugged hills. The air of prosperity seen everywhere is especially marked in connection with the native manufacture of jewelry and many kinds of cloths. It is claimed that the enamel work done here, and also the cutting and setting of garnets and other jewels, are the best of their kind in India.

The Diwan-i-Khas, Private Hall of Audience, is built entirely of white marble, and is remarkable for its simplicity and imposing grandeur. All the gardens are noticeable for their taste and care. The Public Gardens, outside the city wall, are over seventy acres in extent, and cost nearly two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. They were designed by a British officer, and are, without doubt, the finest gardens in India. In these gardens there is a statue of Lord Mayo, and in the center of the garden is the Albert Hall. This is a sumptuous building, whose corner-stone was laid by the Prince of Wales in 1876. The Jantra, or Observatory, is the largest of the five buildings by the celebrated royal astronomer, Jey Sing. It is an open courtyard, and contains many strange and even fantastic instruments invented by himself. Many of these are now out of repair, and it is not possible to say with certainty for what purpose he intended that they should be employed.

Many tourists make a visit to Amber, the ancient capital. This writer did not have time to gratify his desire to see that ancient town. It is about four miles from Jeypore and is largely inhabited by Hindu fakirs. The maha-

rajah not infrequently furnishes tourists with elephants to enable them to visit this town and its palace. It was the capital of Jeypore until 1728. Permission from the Resident of Jeypore is necessary in order to visit Amber. Bishop Hurst is quoted as saying that he never viewed a scene so strikingly picturesque and beautiful as the gorgeous palace rising from the margin of the lake. All visitors speak of it as a grand pile, although lacking in some of the elements of decoration characteristic of Hindu taste and wealth. The rajah's own apartments here are characterized by great splendor and by lavish display of wealth. It was a matter of regret to this writer that he could not visit this ancient, peculiarly attractive, and beautiful city.

The whole territory of Rajputana is interesting to an unusual degree. The people are more like the Aryan conquerors of the original tribes than are any other of the Indian tribes. When the Mohammedan conquerors from Persia invaded India, they found the rajputs in possession of all the northwestern portion of the country. The natives called the country Rajasthan, the country of the chiefs. There was here, at one time, stretching from the valley of the Indus to the Ganges, a confederacy of clans similar, as Bishop Hurst remarks, to the Germans in the time of Cæsar and the Scots in the time of Bruce. Acquaintance with a rajput in New York, a descendant of the ancient chief Jey Sing, gave me a special interest in visiting this part of India, and especially this city of Jeypore.

XXXIV

BOMBAY

WE are now hastening back to Bombay, and the time is approaching when the steamer must be taken and India be left behind. Most delightful has been the sojourn of even a few weeks in this fascinating country. Many cities have been passed over, however great was the desire to see them, because of the necessary limitation in time, but enough was seen to gratify a long-cherished desire and to stimulate the appetite to revisit India. The whole country is invested with a historic charm and a poetic glamour. Nowhere else can so much that is picturesque in dress, in manners, and in all social relations be seen. One who goes to India before visiting China and Japan will experience an anti-climax in visiting the two latter countries. The Indians are our Aryan brethren; in meeting them we are finding a long-lost acquaintance. Notwithstanding the many degrading elements of their heathenism, there is still much that is full of charm in the country and the people. The mingling of varied civilizations, of tribal relations, and the study of the progress of British civilization and of Christianity, give an unusual charm to this ancient and

fascinating country and people. With thoughts like these I went from town to town on my hasty tour. The trip was short, but it would be difficult for any one, the writer honestly believes, to see more than did he in the time at command.

It is but a night's ride from Ahmedabad to Bombay. So far as was possible, long distances between cities were taken at night, both in order to save time and to escape the greater heat of the daytime. As it was at Bombay that Great Britain got her first foothold in India, so very often at Bombay tourists have their first view of India. There is a genuine charm in this quaint city, a charm which increases rather than diminishes by a second visit. Here the first glimpse of the commingling Indian civilizations, Hindu, Mohammedan, Parsi, and Christian, not to speak of the earlier tribal civilizations, is enjoyed. There is a strange attraction in this Indian life, and a tourist comes back to Bombay prepared to enjoy its picturesque views with a much greater interest than when he first saw this far-off Indian city.

INDIA'S CHIEF PORT.—It is supposed that the name Bombay is from the word "Bambe," the name of an Indian goddess, named Mambe or Bambe Dwi, or Mambai, meaning "Great Mother," to whom once there was a temple on what is now the Esplanade. The Portuguese, however, who came into possession of the islands in 1530, derived the name from *buonbahia*, which word in the Portuguese tongue

means "good bay." This city is the capital of the province. It is a large province, and formerly was a presidency and one of the ten great government divisions of British India. The city is situated on an island of the same name, which is separated from the mainland by an arm of the sea. The island is ten to eleven miles long and about three miles wide, and the city occupies its southern extremity. Few places are more picturesque as the tourist approaches them than is this queenly city. Since the opening of the Suez Canal it has acquired great commercial as well as political importance. It is now at the head of the Indian ports, so far as concerns European trade; but Calcutta, as we have already seen, is still the seat of the vice-regal government of India.

The area of the city is estimated at about twenty-two square miles. The population is between eight hundred and nine hundred thousand. The Hindus number over half a million of this population; the Mohammedans are about one hundred and fifty thousand, and the Christians forty-five thousand; Parsis fifty thousand, Jews five thousand, and several smaller sects, the Jains being much the largest, make up the remainder of the population. The population of the city proper is very dense, as most of the people occupy only about four square miles of the entire area. That sickness is not more frequent is evidence that the climate is reasonably healthful. Although the city was once very unhealthful, the drainage latterly has been so

greatly improved, that in ordinary seasons the proportion of deaths is very little larger than in London.

The opening of communication by railway to all parts of India has contributed greatly to the rapid growth of Bombay; for that city is now in close touch with the Punjab, the Central Provinces of India, the Northwestern Provinces of Bengal, with Calcutta, and, in a word, with all parts of the peninsula. Unlike most cities, Bombay is not situated on a river. It is on one of a cluster of islands artificially connected with one another and with the mainland by causeways and railway viaducts. These islands thus connected now practically form a peninsula lying nearly north and south, and they have also created a harbor, which takes rank among the finest harbors in the world. Many things have thus contributed to give Bombay its influential position among the cities of India, and even among the cities of the world.

The modern European quarter is at the Apollo Bandar where many tourists land. At once upon landing the traveller is struck by the grand array of public buildings in this Eastern city. Not only are the individual buildings fine, but their general arrangement produces a marked unity of impression. What has been called a "happy inspiration" has blended the Gothic and Indian schools of architecture. At the junction of two thoroughfares are the Victoria Station and the new municipal offices. These are the largest buildings in Bombay.

Before continuing our tour throughout the city it will be well for us to familiarize ourselves somewhat with the interesting history of this great city. We have already seen that the British secured their first possession in India on this island. Near the close of the fifteenth century it was conquered by the Mohammedans, and in 1530 it was ceded by them to the Portuguese. It was conveyed to the English in 1661, as a portion of the dowry of Catharine of Braganza, the Infanta of Portugal, before her marriage with Charles II. of England. He in 1668 transferred the island to the East India Company. In 1685 this company removed its chief presidency from Surat to Bombay, and held possession of the island until 1859, paying for it an annual rental equivalent to fifty dollars. Partly as a result of the Indian mutiny and the consequent change in the method of Hindu government necessitated by that mutiny, the home government assumed direct control of all the British possessions in India. Bombay in this way came under the general government. The ancient portion of the city is still known as the fort. Its principal streets are wide, well-paved, and well-lighted, and they will compare very favorably with those of average British and American cities. In the native parts of the city the streets are narrow, but even there the sanitary arrangements have been greatly improved in recent years. Tramways are very common in Bombay, and a generous system of interchange tickets is in vogue. Carriages can be hired for

prices which to an American seem ridiculously low. The entire city can be reasonably well examined in a single day, although, of course, one could profitably spend much more time on this island.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS.—The public offices, as already implied, are of unusual size and excellence. They really surprise a visitor from the Occident, and they succeed one another in remarkable regularity and in commendable unity of design. Close to the Esplanade Hotel, locally known as Watson's Hotel, is the Presidential Secretariat; then come the University Hall, Library, and Clock Tower; then the law courts, public works, post office, and telegraph offices.

The Secretariat is four hundred and forty-three feet long, and each of its two wings is eighty-one feet long. Its style is the Venetian Gothic; a great window lights the staircase, and over it rises the tower to a height of one hundred and seventy feet. The University Library and Clock Tower form really a grand pile. This building would attract attention in any city, either in America or in Europe. What is known as the Rajabai Tower, on the west side, is one of the most conspicuous buildings in the city, being two hundred and sixty feet high. It was the gift of Mr. Premchand Raichand, and was built in memory of his mother, Rajabai. The tourist cannot do better than get a view of Bombay from the top of this lofty tower. The University Hall is a building in the French Decorated

style. It also is noted for its size, being one hundred and four feet long. The Courts of Justice are really an immense structure, being five hundred and sixty-two feet long. The interior of these buildings is admirably divided for their various purposes. In one of the courts there is a carved teak gallery for the public, running around three sides. The ceiling is also of this same rich wood and the floor is of Italian mosaic.

The Town Hall is in the Elphinstone Circle; it was opened in 1835, and was a very costly building. The Mint is close to the Town Hall, and though a plainer building, is one of excellent taste and simple beauty. The Victoria Station is the terminus of the great Indian Peninsula Railway. It occupies a conspicuous place and is considered to be not only one of the handsomest buildings in Bombay, but certainly the finest railway station in India, and one of the finest in the whole world. It is a vast building and is richly ornamented with sculpture and imposingly surmounted by a great dome. Its style is the Italian Gothic with certain interesting characteristics. But time would fail to tell of the Municipal Buildings, the Custom House, and still other buildings devoted to business and to municipal affairs.

The Anglican cathedral, or Cathedral of St. Thomas, he being popularly supposed to be the apostle to India, stands close to the Elphinstone Circle. When built, in 1718, it was a garrison church, but was made a cathedral in 1833, when the See of Bombay was established. There are

here monuments connected with the history of Bombay and of India. One is of special interest, that of Jonathan Duncan, who was governor for sixteen years. He exercised much influence in suppressing infanticide in Benares and in other parts of India, and this monument represents him receiving the blessings of young Hindus. The Memorial Church of St. John, Christ Church, Byculla, the Roman Church in Meadow Street, and St. Andrew's Kirk in Marine Street, are all worthy of observation. I had the pleasure of worshipping in the last; it is a plainer structure than the others named.

The Baptist church, to which I drove immediately upon arriving in Bombay, is opposite the Byculla. The pastor is Rev. H. E. Barrell, who was at the time of my visit absent in England, on a mission of peculiar tenderness and sorrow. He is doing excellent service, and I have been glad to hear from him since my return home. It was a privilege to worship with his people, and the courtesies which they extended in several ways were heartily appreciated. Meeting here with W. B. Boggs, D. D., of the Telugu mission, gave additional pleasure to the occasion.

The Grant College of Medicine, and the hospital founded by the Parsi merchant, Sir Jamshidji Jijibhai, deserve mention; as is also the Pinjra Pal, or infirmary for animals, in the center of the native quarter. The cemeteries are also worthy of a visit, as are also Elphinstone College, St. Xavier's College, Wilson College,

and the Alexandria College, the last being for Parsi women. There are other charitable institutions, which take high rank with those of their class. The museums, the Victoria Gardens, and the Crawford Market well repay a visit, if the tourist can spare the time for that purpose.

THE NATIVE QUARTER.—The native quarter is interesting to an unusual degree. It is said that there are not fewer than three thousand jewelers of different Indian nationalities who find employment in Bombay. I made several visits to various establishments of the leading jewelers; they are fascinating even to one who is not a connoisseur in such matters. The writer was glad that certain members of his family were not with him when these attractive places were visited, else the modest "letter of credit" might have been so drawn upon that a steamer ticket home could not have been purchased.

Tortoise-shell carving is a specialty, as are also black wood carving, sandalwood and the "Bombay boxes," including different kinds of wood and several varieties of inlay work. Bombay embroidery and gold and silver thread are very largely esteemed in the markets of the world. The streets and bazaars of the native quarter are very picturesque in their houses, shops, and people, and are very narrow and crooked. One may see here the mingling of the influence of Portuguese life and art upon the native habits of the Hindu; and here and there Hindu temples gayly painted are seen. Per-

haps there is no part of the world where a busier, livelier, and more varied life can be seen than in these bazaars.

Here are representatives of many heathen faiths, and of many of the peoples of earlier India. If one sees a half-dozen men and women he will see as many styles of dress as there are men and women. Here are seen Arabs, Persians, Afghans, Negroes of Zanzibar, Malays, Chinese, Parsis, Jews, Lascars, and Europeans representing many countries, and here also are soldiers and officials of different grades. It is a marvelous scene. The Hindu temples in Bombay are, for the most part, comparatively modern; they are, nevertheless, striking and instructive. One's heart sinks within him as he sees the enormous tide of heathenism flowing through these streets. This tide gives the dark side of life in heathen countries; but it has a bright side, where Christianity has made itself felt and where heathenism is yielding to the power of a purer faith and a nobler life.

THE PARSIS.—Many of the wealthier inhabitants of Bombay are Parsis. They are prominent among the natives for their intelligence, industry, capacity, business ability, and great wealth. They are the descendants of the ancient fire-worshippers who were banished from Persia by their Mohammedan persecutors. They are the modern followers of Zoroaster; their number in Persia is probably not more than seven thousand, but in India it is perhaps not less than one hundred and

fifty thousand. The Mohammedans hate them and would persecute them if they had the power as *giaours*, or infidels. The Parsis are devotedly attached to the British power in India because it has granted them civil and religious liberty. They are by far the most intelligent and prosperous people in India outside of the British.

They keep aloof socially from other races and strictly preserve their own individuality. Their dress is partly Oriental and partly European. Its fashion changes but little from that of their fathers after a thousand years. Their caps are among the most noticeable kinds of head-dress seen in India. Their women often are beautiful; and arrayed in the fluffy, floating dresses of delicate and harmonious colors, they are observable and attractive to an unusual degree. They can be distinguished at once, even by a stranger, from the Hindus or any of the other native peoples.

The word "Parsi" means inhabitants of Fars, or Persia. When the empire of the Sassanides was destroyed by the Saracens, about 650 A. D., the Zoroastrians were greatly persecuted; many of them embraced Islam, but a few clung heroically to the old faith. These were finally permitted to settle in one of the most barren parts of Persia; but some of them at length fled to India, and the rajah of Guzerat became their protector. Soon Mohammedanism spread until it reached them in India; they then became again the subjects of persecution. Since the British occupation of India they have found ample liberty, civil and religious.

They have never ceased their intercourse with their brethren in Persia, but their worship was for a time corrupted by the introduction of Hindu observances, and among the less intelligent the reverence for fire and the sun, as emblems of Ormuzd, degenerated into idolatry. The sacred fire which Zoroaster is said to have brought from heaven has never been extinguished in certain sacred spots and temples. These fires are tended by priests, who chant hymns and burn incense. In 1852 an association was formed, whose object was to purify the faith and practices of the people; and something has been done to restore the creed of Zoroaster to its original purity.

Many of the Parsis in Bombay permit their children to attend the public schools, and they are becoming intelligent and modern in thought, and ready to adapt themselves to European manners and customs. It was a genuine pleasure to meet a number of the representative followers of this ancient people, and to learn many things from them concerning their social and religious tenets and their methods of worship.

Their most peculiar custom is the method of disposing of their dead. Their walled "Towers of Silence," as the place is called, stands on the summit of Malabar Hill, the most fashionable suburb of Bombay. Sir Jamshidji Jijibhai, at his own expense, built the fine road which on one side leads to the towers. There are here five round towers about sixty feet in diameter and fifty feet in height. The largest tower cost one hundred and fifty thousand dollars and the

others about one hundred thousand dollars each. These towers constitute the cemetery of the Parsis. They are surrounded by beautiful gardens, kept in bloom and loveliness at all seasons of the year. The oldest of these towers is of great age. One of the towers is kept for the bodies of criminals, as they are deemed unworthy to mingle with the bones of honest men and women.

As soon as a Parsi dies his body is taken to a small temple, and after certain formulas have been observed, it is carried on a stretcher through a door of one of the towers. Those who bear the body belong to a special class, and are not allowed to intermarry with persons of other callings. The clothing is then entirely removed from the body, and it is placed upon a grating a few feet above the ground; the bearers hastily retire, and the door is locked. On the top of the towers sit hundreds of vultures; they watch the preparations going on below them, and no sooner have the bearers retired than the vultures swoop down to gorge themselves with the flesh of the dead. Soon they return, their condition clearly indicating what has occurred during their absence.

During my visit a procession approached the Towers of Silence, and the various proceedings I have now briefly described occurred. An intelligent Parsi, in reply to a question regarding their method of disposing of their dead, said: "You bury your dead in the earth, and the worms destroy the body, and should you die at

sea on your homeward journey the sharks would consume you. "I give our dead to the birds of the air." It was not easy to make a conclusive response to his remarks, and yet one turned away from the Towers of Silence with a strange sinking of heart as he looked up at the hideous vultures, and realized why at that moment they were so gorged and sleepy. It is quite certain that we shall have to adopt improved methods of disposing of our dead in America and in England, but it is equally certain that we shall not be likely to adopt the method which the Parsis have so long practised. Their claim is that the body pollutes the earth, and that it would pollute fire, the symbol of their deity, should they, like the Hindus, burn the body; but that the method they have selected preserves both earth and fire from this form of pollution.

Their part of Bombay is extremely beautiful. A drive round the base of Malabar Hill and along the shore of the Arabian Sea is an experience which no tourist will be likely soon to forget. It reminds one of the environs of Genoa, as he may have driven along the road overlooking the Mediterranean.

There is one institution in Bombay of which many travelers have spoken with appreciation, the Pinjra Pol; this is an asylum for aged and decrepit animals. Oxen, horses, dogs, birds, and other animals without home or food, find here a shelter and excellent care. There are four divisions for different classes of animals. Excepting the dogs, the animals are very quiet. The place

is in the quarter called "Bhuleshovar," meaning, "Lord of the simple." A form of the God Siva is found in the enclosure. A philanthropic native left a large sum of money for the purpose of this institution, and a number of endowments have been received during the past few years, so that now the institution is not dependent upon annual offerings for its support. Often visitors leave generous donations for the good work which is carried on at this asylum for animals. The yard and buildings cover at least two acres of ground. No animal receiving the care of this institution is ever killed.

Too often in America injured animals are cast off to live or die, as chance may decide, without any care from their former owners. It may be said that all through the East remarkable consideration is given to animals, and although this consideration is unfortunate when it is applied to poisonous snakes and other dangerous creatures, it is admirable when it is applied to domestic animals that have rendered long and excellent service. There are some things which we of civilized countries may learn even from those whom we stigmatize as heathen.

THE CAVES OF ELEPHANTA.—I had read something of the caves of Ajunta, and of other caves in India, as well as of those of Elephanta, but no opportunity was given me to visit any other of the caves than those near Bombay. It was, therefore, with the greater zest that the visit to these caves was made. Elephanta is a

small island about six miles from the Fort of Bombay, and steam launches can be hired which make the passage in about an hour. The natives call this place Garapuri, meaning "the town of the rock"; or, according to other authorities, "town of purification"; or still others, "town of excavation." The natives call the caves *Lenem*, a word which probably has reference to the fact that most of these caves were originally used as places of retirement by religious ascetics. A mass of the rock was cut into the shape of an elephant, and this fact gave the place the name by which it is known among Europeans. The head of the elephant was broken off in 1814, and the headless body was removed to Bombay, where it is now on exhibition in the Victoria Gardens; but the former name of the island still remains. The island consists of two long hills. There is a series of slippery steps over which one must pass to reach the caves. No one knows when these caves were excavated, although the date is generally put somewhere between the eighth and the twelfth centuries of our era. Two massive pillars stand at the opening into the temple, and the excavation consists of three principal parts. We learn that one side of this cave is one hundred and thirty feet long, and the breadth is, from the eastern to the western entrances, about as great as the length. The cave was once supported by twenty-six pillars, some of which are now broken, and the height varies considerably at different points within the cave. Different parts are known by special names. The great

cave the Hindus call a Siva Lingam temple. This was a class of buildings once very common in Southern and Central India, and many Hindus believe that deities constructed these great cave temples, and that many of them visit these sacred places at their religious festivals.

On the wall of one temple is a three-faced bust, nineteen feet in height. It is a representation of Siva; one face represents him as the creator, another as the destroyer, and the third as the preserver. In this last case he appears as Vishnu holding a lotus flower in his hand. There is another figure with the unpronounceable name, "Arddhanarishwar." This is a figure of a half male and a half female divinity, the right half representing the male and the left the female. This is intended to set forth the fact that Siva unites both sexes in his one person. Other figures in other caves represent Siva in a similar character, and in some of the sacred writings he is also so described. In another compartment are gigantic figures of Siva and Parbati. There are many other figures in different parts of these caves, as there are many other caves in this group or in this vicinity. The fact is that these caves, if only their history were thoroughly known, represent no small part of the religious and social life of Bombay and of India. The caves of India, those of Ellora, as well as the others already named, could furnish material enough for special study for years. Probably they all originated prior to the Christian era.

The Portuguese, we are told, planted cannon before the cave and destroyed many of the pillars at its entrance; one sees here hanging pillars, the capitals only remaining. But as all parts of the cave are carved out of the same rock, each part is as truly self-supporting as any other.

Some of the figures in bas-relief are admirably executed and others are peculiarly hideous. They all agree in the lack of just proportions of form or expression of feature. There is no attempt at anatomical proportion and no evidences of artistic genius. The figures, no doubt, were intended to be typical of certain ideals, as are the idols, of many heathen countries. It was not the purpose to make them like anything in heaven above or on the earth beneath, and in this respect the original idea was admirably carried out.

When the Prince of Wales was in India a barbecue was given him within the cave; this certainly was a use for the cave to which no one of its original designers ever supposed it would be put.

Most restful were my two days in Bombay after the hurried trip which I made, going twice across the Indian Peninsula. There was time for the enjoyment of some social fellowship, for loitering along the shores of the beautiful bay, for watching a game of football between representatives of different regiments of soldiers, and for listening to charming military music during the evening hours. As Bombay was the first,

so it was the last sight on Indian soil which I enjoyed. Soon the ship was taken which bore me to Aden, and so the journey homeward, which had already been begun, was earnestly continued; but never will the varied and charming scenes of India, short though my visit was, be effaced from memory.

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XXXV

THE ARABIAN SEA

WE now have to bid farewell to India. At 5 P. M., Friday, the thirteenth of September, 1895, we boarded the steam-yacht which was to take us to our steamer which lay in the Bombay Harbor. The time passed in India was all too short. This land of palaces and of pagodas, of history and mystery, of splendor and squalor, made an enduring impression upon mind and heart. It ranks above even Japan in the warm and large place which it will hold in memory. Its records go back to the remotest dynasties. Its many ruins captivate the fancy and the mosaic character of its people makes a powerful impression on the mind. No one can doubt the great antiquity, the marvelous variety, and the superb grandeur of India's early civilization. We owe much to her people for our knowledge of science, philosophy, astronomy, and kindred lines of inquiry. The Sanskrit has been the parent of many languages. India's Aryan people are really our own brothers.

Now the ancient greatness of this historic country has passed away. Her lustre is dimmed; her people are sunken in superstition; but for India a new day is dawning. Christian missions

are causing the light of Christianity to shine over that ancient land and that commingled civilization. Christianity will exalt the women of India from being the slaves or toys of men into a true and noble womanhood. On the ruins of false faiths and departed civilizations Christianity will rear temples to the true and living God, and will cause India to start on a new and nobler career of civilization.

FAREWELL TO INDIA.—From the deck of our steamer we had the last look on the lovely shores of Bombay. There is the suburb of Kolaba; yonder the Malabar Road; there the ghats, or hills, rising back of the city and marking the scene of Wellington's conquest and of the defeat of the Mahrattas.

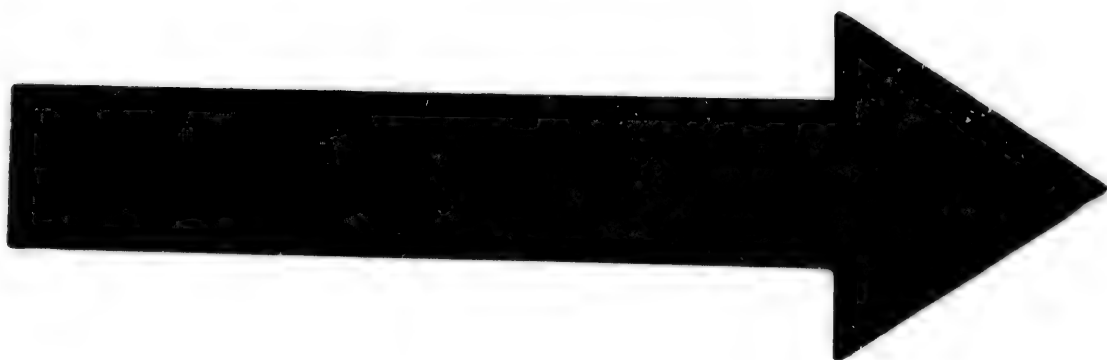
Here are English fathers and mothers on the deck of the ship bidding farewell to their sons and daughters who are going to England or to Scotland for their education. These children were born in India, but they call Great Britain their home. Here also are a number of Englishmen and Scotchmen and a few Irishmen who are going back to their respective countries after having spent many years in India. They now love India. They will not feel at home in the land of their birth. Some who have completed their term of service, either in military or civil life, will be almost certain to come back to India to spend their closing years. They are conscious of the mysterious charm which India always exercises. Remarkable tenderness is shown

by parents parting with their children and by children parting with their parents.

The ship moves out of the superb harbor and bay; city and hills gradually fade into shadows and finally disappear from sight. Shall I ever see them again? One can readily appreciate how our American missionaries come to love India. With all its sins and sorrows, its superstitions and varied forms of degradation, it is still an attractive country.

We are now bound for Aden, the Red Sea, and a part of the Suez Canal. Our voyage is one of three thousand miles across the Arabian Sea and through the Red Sea. Our company on board is made up of civil and military officers returning to Great Britain, and also business men and students returning to Great Britain. The writer was apparently the only tourist on board. He was traveling entirely out of season and had been often almost the only guest in hotels in India; the other guests, when there were any, were Anglo-Indians who were traveling on business.

Among our passengers were Sir Comer Plethram who, for a number of years, has been chief justice of India. We also had Mr. Justice Norris who, after a long period of service, has been placed on the retired list, and is entitled to a pension, and was returning to England in broken health. There was doubt on the part of the physicians who were on board as to whether or not he would live to reach England. We also had Mr. Justice Gordon, who had rendered ex-



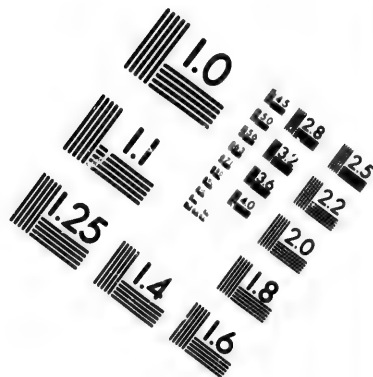
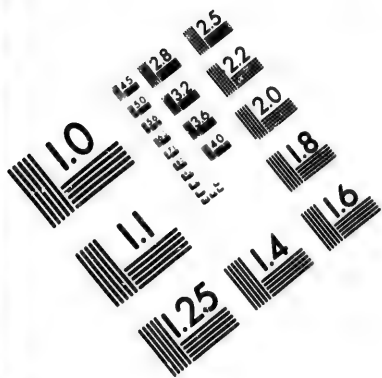
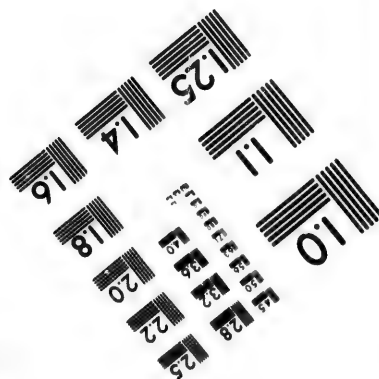
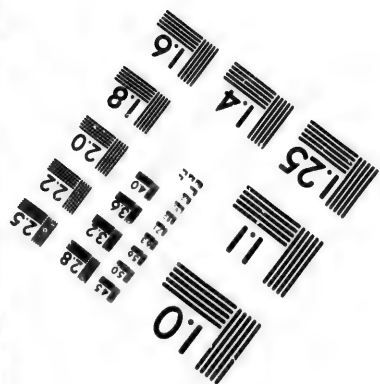
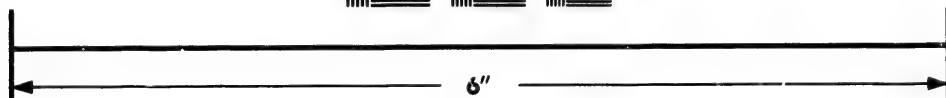
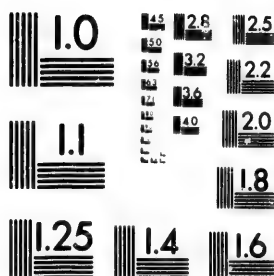


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cellent service in presiding over various courts in different parts of India. We had also a number of military officers whose friendship I much enjoyed and whose information was greatly appreciated.

There were other passengers who stand high in relation to the government of India and who exercise much influence in Great Britain in respect to its Indian possessions. It was my good fortune to sit at the same table with these justices and others fully informed on Oriental matters, and also to have frequent and prolonged conversations with them regarding Indian affairs.

For a part of the journey the sea was rough, and only a few passengers were able to be at the table or on deck. The writer had become so much accustomed to the sea that he had not the slightest tendency toward the dreaded *mal de mer*. Our journey took us within twelve degrees of the equator, and at times the weather was extremely warm and the nights correspondingly uncomfortable.

Never did the stars seem brighter and more fascinating. They seemed, as I had elsewhere observed them, especially in the Hawaiian Islands, to be wonderfully near and to be strangely fraternal. They did not seem to be set in the brow of night, but rather to be lustrous pendants from the firmament. The Southern Cross was wonderfully bright and eloquently suggestive as I gazed upon it night after night in the clear atmosphere characteristic of those tropical oceans. Marvelous is the beauty of those Southern skies.

Fascinating are the constellations which flash out upon the observer. One can almost understand how the stars came to be objects of worship. The mariner in Southern hemispheres beholds the Southern Cross with a sort of religious reverence, and he values it as assisting him in measuring time and in guiding his course. Thus the ship glided day after day over the Arabian Sea. Sometimes it was simply a gently throbbing ocean, and at other times it was sufficiently rough to satisfy those who were ambitious to see a storm in the tropics.

ADEN.—On the sixth day after leaving Bombay we approached Aden. Here we were to be transferred to the magnificent steamer of the same line, from Australia on its way to London. It was expected that this steamer would be at Aden awaiting our arrival, but it was somewhat late, and we were obliged to wait for its arrival.

Aden is an island, or more strictly, a rocky peninsula, on the southern coast of Arabia. It belongs to Great Britain, and it commands the entrance to the Red Sea. The area of the peninsula is eighteen to twenty square miles. The entire peninsula is doubtless of volcanic origin. It has been called the "Gibraltar of the Indian Ocean." It enjoys perpetual sunshine. The natives called it Aden, or Eden, because of its fine climate. Once it was little more than a barren rock, but now it has become a habitable place, having a population of over forty thousand of all nations under heaven, although it is given

up chiefly to British soldiers and British cannon. Aden is believed by some writers to be the place called Eden, in Ezek. 27 : 23, and the "Portus Romanus" of the Romans. It was known to the Romans, was possessed by the Arabs, and was captured from them by the Turks. Pliny the elder seems to have known the native name, and he calls it "Athana." On his return from China, Marco Polo, the Venetian, visited Aden. He mentions the port as having been a place of trade with China. He and others speak of its riches and splendor. On the eighteenth of February, 1513, Albuquerque, with twenty ships, sailed from India for the conquest of Aden. He succeeded in capturing only a part of the town, and was finally obliged to withdraw. Various attempts were later made to capture this city. It must at one time have been a place of great strength, as Marco Polo states that "the Soldan of Aden sent thirty thousand horsemen and forty thousand camels to the great help of the Saracens and the grievous injuries of the Christians," when the Soldan of Babylon went against the city of Acre, A. D. 1291.

The British captured Aden from the Arabs on the sixteenth of January, 1839. Three times within a year after that, united Arab tribes endeavored to retake the city, but were driven back with great loss. In 1846 a similar attempt was made, but it was readily repulsed. This attack was followed by many murders committed by religious fanatics whose zeal had been inflamed by the preaching of a religious war. In 1858 it

became necessary for the British to march against the Arabs, and they were routed with serious loss. In 1865 attempts were made to blockade Aden on the land side, but these efforts were rendered futile by the vigorous defense of the British troops. Other attempts were made in 1866, but since that time the Arab tribes have kept their treaties, and seem to be more friendly in all their relations to the British government.

The town is at a considerable distance from the shore. It is really in the center of an extinct volcano. Tall masts of wrecked ships are not unfrequently seen in the harbor of Aden. The Arab name, Bab-el-Mandeb, "The Gate of Tears," was given these straits because of the number of vessels which have been wrecked in these waters. The ships of the ancients were so poorly constructed that they could not navigate this dangerous channel without frequent loss of ships and life. The improvement in the construction of ships has greatly reduced the percentage of loss in these recent years; and yet within a few months after the writer passed through these straits, a stanch vessel, with nearly all on board, was lost. There was a proverb among seamen that no vessel under canvas can enter the Red Sea for six months of the year, and that during the other six months no vessel under canvas can go out of the Red Sea. This proverb is based on the fact that the winds blow here with great regularity in a certain direction for half a year at a time.

We approached these straits with great caution.

Soundings were taken continually as the ship slowly pushed its way through this channel. At certain points the water is very shallow and the steamer stirs up the mud with its keel.

No sooner had we reached the channel than scores of Somali boys surrounded the ship, shouting, as we heard them shout in many other places: "Have a dive? Have a dive? Good boy, good boy." They sang together, clapping their hands upon their sides as an accompaniment to their songs. Many passengers threw them small coins, and they immediately jumped into the water, the whole crowd struggling together to find the coin. Soon they came up, one of them having it held firmly in his teeth. Nothing could be seen for a time but the scores of feet struggling above the water as the boys were disappearing beneath the surface. One wonders that accidents do not oftener occur, as sharks and other ravenous fish are numerous here. The boy who gathers in the greatest number of shillings is one who a few years ago had his leg bitten off by a shark or some other fish. His brother plunged in with a knife as the fish was making off with the little fellow, killed the fish, and brought it and his wounded brother to the shore. You can buy the photograph of both at Aden. This little fellow is an expert swimmer; and, no doubt, it was a great financial gain for him to have had this struggle with the shark even though he lost his leg in the conflict. Some of these boys will climb to the deck of the great steamers when the officers are not looking, and

will dive from the highest deck for a few pence, enjoying it all the more because forbidden.

These are strange-looking fellows. Their hair is a sort of red. It seems to be dyed, by some means, and it is twisted into the oddest sort of curls. They seem to be almost amphibious creatures. Other natives came on board our ship with the hope of selling shells, toys, leopard skins, ostrich feathers, and other curiosities. Some of these peddlers seem to be Syrian Jews, dark almost as Arabs, but still possessing the unmistakable and ineffaceable Jewish physiognomy. Their hair was in ringlets, their stature was small, but the Hebrew characteristics could not be concealed, whatever the color and stature might be.

Aden is a hot, but not an unhealthful place. Snakes and scorpions, however, are numerous. A strange commingling of nationalities is seen in the bazaar in the afternoon. Here are wild Arabs from the interior of Arabian Yemen. Here are Turks, Egyptians, various tribes from the coast of Zanzibar, untamed Bedouins, many kinds of Jews, Parsis, Mahrattas, British officers, civil and military, and sailors from many countries, and a motley crowd of indescribable nationalities. One must travel far in many countries before he can see so many strange sights as are presented in this town built in a crater, which was formerly the fortress of Aden. It is worth much to Great Britain that she should have a stronghold at the entrance to the Red Sea. Wonderful is the power of the British nation.

ENTERING THE RED SEA.—At length we were on board the superb steamer "Oceana" from Australia on its way to London. There was no small amount of confusion and excitement as the transfer was made. Glad were we to leave our comparatively small steamer for this truly magnificent ship, one of the three or four finest of the P. & O. lines. Here we met many passengers on their way from Australia to Great Britain, but we were permitted to retain our former relationships at table, so that the pleasant friendships I had formed on the way from Bombay were still continued.

Fearfully hot was the weather as we lay at Aden; not less so was it as we pushed on toward and into the Red Sea. The wind, after sweeping across the deserts and the sandy shores, was burning as it came to our cheeks. We breathed hot air, air heated as if coming from the mouth of a glowing furnace. It is not too much to say that everybody on board gasped for air. Again and again I longed for the chilling breath often felt on the Atlantic. Many passengers had their mattresses brought up to the deck and placed there with the hope that they might secure a few hours of sleep. The ladies were arranged on one side of the deck and the gentlemen on the other. After the ladies had retired most of the gentlemen donned their pyjamas and walked up and down the deck in their bare feet. It was an amusing sight to see the chief justice of India so dressed, with feet and legs from the knee exposed, and a sailor pouring water on

him as he turned himself to welcome the stream from the hose. All who slept on the deck had to be aroused early in the morning in order that the decks could be washed and the ship prepared for the duties of the day.

This writer can stand heat without much complaint and his powers of endurance had been well tested before reaching the Red Sea, but he is free to say that he did not desire any atmosphere with a greater amount of caloric than he found in the closing week of September sailing through the Red Sea. Never was a journey over the Atlantic with its Arctic breath so greatly appreciated as while this journey was taken over the Red Sea.

Our course was now nearly due north, and we soon left behind us the island of Perim, which occupies the narrowest part of the strait of Bab-el-Mandeb. This island is distant about one mile and a half from the Arabian, and nine or ten miles from the African, coast. It is only a little more than a mile wide, and not quite four miles long. It has been called the "island of Diodorus." Its formation is purely volcanic and it furnishes excellent harbor advantages. The highest point of the island is about two hundred and fifty feet above the sea level. No water has been found on the island and very little can be procured from the mainland. The supply is furnished chiefly by a condensing apparatus.

It is wonderful what adaptability the British nation has to all climates and countries; and they are the only people who have ever perma-

nently occupied this island. In 1513 Albuquerque landed upon it and erected a great cross thereon, and named the island Vera Cruz. Later it was occupied for a time by pirates, but in 1799 possession of it was taken by the East Indian Company. The lighthouse on the highest point was completed in 1861. The garrison of Aden sends a guard to this island to protect the lighthouses and coaling stations.

It is well known that enormous coral reefs run along the coast of the Red Sea. They usually rise out of deep water and approach within a few feet of the surface. Between them and the east coast there is a navigable channel from two to three miles wide and there is a narrower channel on the west. It is claimed by those who have given careful study to the whole subject that the entire coast is in a course of upheaval. In proof of this the books call attention to the fact that the former seaport of Adulis near Massowa is now four miles inland. These are some of the facts which make navigation in this sea so dangerous. The tides also add to the danger, as they are very uncertain. At Suez, where they are most regular, they are seven feet high at spring tides and four feet at neap tides. During the months of July, August, and September, northerly winds prevail and they drive a very great quantity of water out of the Red Sea. At the same time the southwest monsoon is blowing in the Indian Ocean, and the result is that the level of the Red Sea is often three feet lower than during the cooler months of the year ;

during these latter months the northeast monsoon is blowing and it drives the water through the straits and into the Red Sea. These are facts which have their bearing upon the passage of the children of Israel through the northern arm of this sea. No doubt natural causes which still operate were employed by God in accomplishing the miracle which gave deliverance to the children of Israel.

XXXVI

THE RED SEA

WE continue to press our way through this sea. Why has it been called the Red Sea? That question has been frequently asked and to it no conclusive answer has been given. The Black Sea is not a black sea, the Blue Danube is not a specially blue river, and the Red Sea is not a red sea. Some have said that it was called the Red Sea because of the presence of infinitesimal infusoria which at certain seasons give it a reddish appearance. Others, that the spawn of fish at certain times gave it this color in sections, and also caused a distinct odor to arise from it while the ships were passing through the affected portions. Perhaps a better reason is that along portions of the shore the mountains have a delicate pink hue or at times a reddish glare. The Hebrews called it Yam Suph, Sea of Weeds or Sedge. Captains of various ships and other authorities differ as to why the sea was called red. The fact is that they, as a rule, have not looked carefully into the matter and cannot speak authoritatively on the subject. The early peoples in the neighboring countries called it "Yam Edom," as part of it washed the country of the Edomites, and the word Edom

means red. The Greeks, who borrowed the name from the Phœnicians, mistook it for an appellative, instead of a proper name, and rendered it by Greek words which mean Red Sea. Erythrus means the same in Greek that Edom does in Phœnician, red. This is, without doubt, the true explanation.

ITS PORTS AND ITS COLORS.—The extreme length of the Red Sea is about one thousand four hundred and fifty miles, its width varies from sixteen miles to two hundred at its broadest part. Most interesting was it to remember that we were passing between Africa on the one side and Arabia on the other. Here we were skirting the coast of Arabia Deserta. Here on the African shore at Asab and Obokh the French and Italians have settlements. Here was Mocha with its bright shining minarets and its many suggestions of good coffee. Here also was Hod-eida with a population of over thirty thousand, a point at which European steamers often call. The bold headlands of Abyssinia were visible on our port side, and a range of Arabian mountains on the starboard side.

Here was Jiddah, the seaport of Mecca, the resort of all pious Mohammedans. This is an important place, and is distant but sixty miles from Mecca. The population is said to be at least forty thousand. The town is enclosed by a wall with towers and on the sea face there are two forts. For this part of the world the town is well kept, although the native portions are

very poor. It is said that the native population is most fanatical and that all Europeans must be extremely careful in their words and acts not to arouse the religious hostility of these fanatical people. The East gate, or Mecca gate, of the town was formerly reserved for Mohammedans only. Europeans now are permitted to use it, but they must preserve the utmost caution while they are in so sacred a neighborhood. In this town is the so-called tomb of Eve. It is a small mosque, between two long, low walls, one hundred and forty feet in length; it is claimed that the mother of us all is buried here. If this is her tomb and she occupies it all she must have been a gigantic ancestress. This town was bombarded by the British in 1858.

On a Sunday afternoon the writer had his first glimpse of the great Sinaitic range. It was bathed in the soft pink light of which mention has been made. There is a ruggedness, a strange angularity, characterizing its different elevations. Perhaps not even in Switzerland are such delicate shades of color and varied outline in form observed. All the richest shades on the Red Sea and its wonderful shores are seen in the evening; then pink, green, blue, and purple delightfully blend. These shades change again and again as the evening approaches. At times as we coasted along the shores of Nubia the wind from the land was like a sirocco. The writer has painfully distinct memories of the scorching received for at least two days while sailing through this sea.

One of the important ports of Arabia on the Red Sea is Yenbo. This is the port of Medina which is one hundred and thirty miles to the east. Here also is Suakin, one of the important towns on the west side of the Red Sea. It is still an Egyptian town, and is all that remains to the khedive of the vast Soudan provinces.¹ The town of Berenice, founded by Ptolemy Philadelphus and called after his mother, was passed. Here is the headland of Ras Benas. It is opposite Yenbo on the Arabian coast. There are also several other places mentioned in history which we do not stop to particularize.

Close to the sea is Jebal ez-Zeit, "the Mountain of Oil." It is believed that petroleum exists in this vicinity, and the Egyptian government has spent large sums of money in the attempt to discover it. Some oil has been found, but not in sufficient quantity to remunerate the government for the amount expended.

The Red Sea at Ras Mohammed is split by the peninsula of Sinai into parts; one of these parts is called the gulf of Suez, and is about one hundred and fifty miles long and from ten to eighteen miles wide; the other part is the gulf of Akabah, and is about one hundred miles long, and from five to ten miles wide. Between these two arms of the sea rises the peninsula of Sinai. What is known as Mount Sinai, according to popular tradition, is not seen from the sea, but the Sinaitic range is distinctly observed, as

¹ Since this, however, the Soudan has been reconquered by the British and Egyptian forces under Lord Kitchener.

already stated. The traditional mountain is thirty-seven geographical miles distant and is hid by intervening mountains.

We pressed on our way toward Suez, and soon a wonderful change came over the atmosphere. It now became so cool that a light overcoat was very welcome. All mariners are glad when they complete their journey through this historic sea. Portions of it are enormously deep. Its shores, as already implied, are peculiarly dangerous because of the coral reefs. Small Arabian vessels keep near the shore, as their captains are familiar with their soundings; but the great ships keep nearly in the middle of the sea. European sailing vessels seldom attempt to navigate these dangerous waters. The color of the sea is a bluish-green, or greenish-blue. When the water becomes shoal the color is a pale green. The sea is very sensitive to the clouds, becoming of a dark indigo tint when certain clouds are reflected in its bosom.

SUEZ.—Suez derives its chief historic interest because it is supposed that near it the Israelites crossed the Red Sea under the guidance of Moses. Modern investigation, however, places this event farther north. Two centuries ago Suez was only a small fishing station, but early in the nineteenth century lines of steamers began to run regularly from India to Suez. In 1857 a line of railway was completed from Cairo to Suez which at once grew in importance. In 1863 a canal was completed which brought fresh water to Suez from

the Nile. The work on the Suez Canal brought a large population to the town, perhaps not fewer than fifteen thousand; but when the canal was completed the population decreased, and now the place is largely deserted. The transfer of the mails to Ismailia also greatly injured Suez.

There is now a railway running to Ismailia, and many passengers leave the steamer at Suez and go directly to Ismailia and Cairo by train. I preferred, however, to have some experience in sailing on the Suez Canal, and so remained on board the steamer. There are but few features of local interest in Suez. The landscape consists, for the most part, simply of sand and water, and signs of vegetation are rare. Waste and barrenness are characteristic of the place. The settlement of five centuries sprang into commercial importance, as we have seen, during the building of the canal, but now it has reverted to its early insignificance. The population is made up of Arabs, Maltese, Greeks, and Italians. There is an English hospital, and on the heights above the old town is the *châlet* of the khedive.

Those who have the time make an excursion from Suez to the wells of Moses, the "Ayun Musa," or in the singular, "Ain Musa." These wells form an oasis surrounded with tamarisk bushes and palm trees. Dean Stanley calls it the "Richmond of Suez." It is a place of frequent resort for the people of Suez. Some Arabs and Europeans now live there, there being a few houses with gardens, fruit-trees, and vegetables. One of the wells is built up of massive

masonry, and is doubtless of great age. These wells are associated by tradition with the spot where Moses and Miriam sang their song of triumph over the destruction of Pharaoh and his host.

Bishop Hurst calls attention to the mountain on the west and standing back from the gulf of Suez. It rises like a great granite trident. He reminds us that it was here that Professor Palmer, of Oxford, was murdered a few years ago. A little time before his last visit, he made a tour through the Sinaitic peninsula and gave us the result in his volume entitled, "The Exodus of Israel." He was then in Egypt in the service of the government helping to promote the Egyptian campaign, and to secure the aid and neutrality of the wild and dangerous Sinaitic tribe. Unfortunately he carried with him a large amount of money. He was seized, blindfolded, and hurled down a precipice from the top of a mountain. His murderers were condemned to death, and were taken to different places and executed.

THE GREAT CANAL.—The Suez Canal was opened in 1870. Its length is put down in round numbers as one hundred miles. From Suez to Ismailia it tends to the west, but between Ismailia and Port Said, a distance of about forty-two miles, it runs due north and south. This canal has changed populations and, to some degree, civilizations along its shores and in contiguous towns. It is nominally under the control of the French, but as a matter of fact a large amount of the stock

is owned by Great Britain. There was an effort made some time ago to open another canal running nearly parallel.

The present canal was not and is not of sufficient size to accommodate the traffic; but it has been widened and straightened at points, and probably no other will for some time be opened. Its width at the water line where the banks are low is three hundred and twenty-eight feet; in deep cuttings, one hundred and ninety feet; at the base, seventy-two feet; and its depth is twenty-six feet. Stations are frequent on its banks, and traffic is regulated by what is known on railways as the block system. Additional sidings are yearly constructed and navigation is thus greatly facilitated. Vessels pass through in the night as in the daytime, electric lights being numerous, and no vessel must sail more rapidly than six miles an hour.

Entering the canal Sunday night at Suez we were early the next morning at Ismailia. Here I was met by a steam launch which bore me to the shore. No other passengers left the steamer at this point. The weather was most cool and comfortable, and I much enjoyed the fresh air of the morning. I was up quite early so as to get a glimpse of the Bitter Lakes before I should leave the steamer. These lakes are the ancient gulf of Heræopolis. There is at the north and south ends of the chief lake an iron lighthouse. Some writers state that the passage of the Israelites was through this lake. The town of Serapeum, named from the supposed remains of a

temple of Serapis, was in this vicinity. Lake Timsah, or the Lake of the Crocodile, is in the vicinity; and it is affirmed by some authorities that the Red Sea once extended to this lake.

Jules Verne, in his unique way, tells us that there is a subterranean passage uniting the Red Sea with the Mediterranean Sea, and in the same spirit he tells how certain fish were caught and marked with rings, then thrown into the Red Sea, and that these fish afterward were found in the Mediterranean. There may be more fact than fancy in his suggestion. It is not impossible also that the Red Sea and the Mediterranean Sea were married long before the completion of M. de Lesseps' great enterprise of opening the Suez Canal. There are places of interest on the canal from Ismailia to Port Said, but these I did not have the opportunity of seeing.

Ismailia is a town of perhaps four thousand population, and much of the business that once was done in Suez is now done in Ismailia. As a rule, mails and passengers for Egypt are landed here. The road which leads from the landing-place crosses the Fresh Water Canal and is lined with acacia and other trees. There are in Ismailia quarters occupied by Greeks, by Italians, by Arabs, and by other nationalities. The residence of the khedive was used as a military hospital when the English occupied the town in 1882. One house, which is pointed out to all visitors, belongs to M. de Lesseps. There is a garden in which there are objects of interest

taken from historic towns in different parts of Egypt.

Ismailia was really founded in 1863, that it might serve as the center for the administration of the work on the Suez Canal. This work was begun simultaneously at Suez and at Port Said. The canal was named after the khedive. The favorable situation of Ismailia, on the northern shore of Lake Timsah and on the railways leading from Alexandria and Cairo to Suez, seems likely to make the town permanent and to enable it to become a place of considerable importance.

A GLANCE AT EGYPT.—Although I had now been in many countries, I must say that the realization that I was really in Egypt, that country so associated with biblical, mythical, and classical story, gave me at least a mild sensation. Egypt, as we all know, is a large and most important country. It long has been a dependency of the Turkish empire, bounded by the Mediterranean on the north and by the Red Sea on the East.

Egypt proper extends south to the first cataract of the Nile, and west beyond the oases of the Libyan Desert to the frontier of Barca. The rule of the viceroy, however, has been extended over a vast region to the south, officially called the Soudan, and comprising Lower Nubia, Dongola, Kardofan, Khartum, the provinces of the White Nile, and since 1865 also the coasts of the Red Sea to the seaport town of Massowah.

Including all this territory, the area of the Egyptian empire is estimated to be seven hundred and thirty thousand square miles. It is difficult, however, to speak with certainty regarding the area, as all depends on what is meant by the Egyptian empire and upon the exactness of the terminology employed. Some extend the empire until it embraces one million square miles, and contains a population of at least eleven million.

The fertile portion of the country is the plain of the river Nile. Every year in June this river rises and overflows its banks, the receding waters leaving the land covered with mud. This river is an indescribable benediction to this great country. The trade of the country is largely in cotton, wheat, and sugar. It gave one no little pleasure to realize that he was on the soil of Egypt, which was once the most powerful kingdom on the globe. In this land there are still wonderful ruins of temples and other great buildings.

I was obliged to spend the forenoon in Ismailia, as the train for Cairo did not start until one o'clock in the afternoon. About that hour I started for the attractive city of Cairo. For a time there was nothing but barren sand hills on both sides of the train as we journeyed onward. We made a brief stop at Tel el-Keber. Here the English fought the battle with Arabi Pasha which virtually closed the campaign in Egypt. All about us were still evidences of the war which had taken place. One of my travel-

ing companions had been a soldier in that campaign and had participated in that closing battle. He gave thrilling details of the night march, of the sudden arrival, and of the unexpected opening of the battle. There is the cemetery whose modest white stones mark the last resting-place of many brave soldiers unknown to fame, but who gave their lives for queen and country. No great monumental shaft marks their graves, but life was as dear to them, and their death was as sad to those who loved them, as the life and death of the most honored generals of great wars and heroic battles.

Soon we reached the region where the Nile is seen and its beneficent effects are produced. My first sight of the Nile gave no small degree of pleasure. All about us were rich fields carefully cultivated and laden with bountiful products of various kinds. Cotton raising is now an important industry in Egypt. There are certain kinds of cotton grown in that country whose fiber is finer, it is said, than that of the cotton of any other land.

The old methods of cultivating the soil are still practised. Here are small herds of brown buffaloes, and here peasants are irrigating the fields with buckets and using the shadoof. Instead of the sterile fields all now is green and smiling; on every side we see beautiful rural pictures. We are now approaching Zagazig. This town is in considerable part an outgrowth of the building of the Suez Canal. Here we see Frenchmen, Englishmen, Arabians, and rep-

representatives of many other nationalities. We are hastening to Cairo. Wonderful thoughts filled the mind as in silence this part of the journey was taken.

This is indeed Egypt; this is the land of the Pharaohs who built the pyramids, the sphinx, and other of the oldest and grandest monuments, and who dug a canal from the Nile to the Red Sea. This is the land in which the Israelites suffered and from which they marched in triumph. Here the Pharaohs ruled until about 525 B. C., and then the Persians conquered Egypt. This is the land which Alexander the Great conquered from the Persians in 332 B. C., and founded Alexandria as the capital. This is the land which Ptolemy Soter, one of Alexander's generals, ruled, and he and his successors, thirteen in all, are known in the history of the world as the Ptolemys. Under these rulers Egypt was prosperous. They founded great schools, and the vast library and museum at Alexandria, making that city the rival of Athens and Rome. This is the land where Cleopatra lived, loved, triumphed, and finally disappeared in defeat, darkness, and death.

Egypt became a Roman province 30 B. C. In A. D. 640 the Arabs conquered it. For two centuries they held it as a province, and then it became an independent Mohammedan kingdom. Here the great Saladin ruled, here the Mamelukes, originating as slaves brought from countries near the Caspian Sea, became so powerful that they ruled or chose the rulers of the country.

In 1517 the Turks conquered the country and are still its nominal masters.

Yonder is Cairo! Look just a few miles distant and behold the dim outline of the everlasting pyramids! We get our first glimpse of the pyramids through the shimmering haze of the evening as they are lined against the evening sky. The heart beats quickly; a thousand memories rush upon the tourist; he cannot but think of some of the descriptions in the "Thousand and One Nights." Cairo was once the wonder and delight of all tourists. Its women were spoken of as "the black-eyed virgins of Paradise." Its houses were considered as palaces, and in the glowing words of the humpback, "Cairo . . . is the mother of the world."

XXXVII

CAIRO, "THE VICTORIOUS"

CAIRO was founded in A. D. 970, by Johar, who was a representative of the Fatimites; and in commemoration of the conquest of Egypt he called it El Kahirah. He made Fostat his capital at the first, but in the twelfth century Cairo became the capital. The crusaders laid siege to Cairo in 1171, but finally withdrew on the approach of a Syrian army, and after having accepted a large sum of money. In 1786 the Turks defeated the Mameluke beys in a battle before Cairo, and took possession of the city; but four years later they lost it, and it was at that time ravaged by fearful plagues. It was taken by Napoleon Bonaparte in 1798.

With a few general facts of this kind in mind, we drove rapidly to the hotel, and found that here, as in so many other places, the tide of travel had passed, or had not yet come. There are some advantages in traveling out of season: hotels and railway trains are not crowded, guides are out of employment, and prices of all that one desires to secure are much lower than during the height of the season.

THE FIRST CITY OF AFRICA.—The Arabic

name for Cairo is Kahirah, meaning "The Victorious." The fuller name is Musr el-Kahirah. Natives call the town simply Musr; it is the capital of Egypt, the most popular city of Africa, and next to Constantinople the most populous of the Turkish empire. It is on a sandy plain, and about one mile from the Nile on its east side. It is about ten miles above the apex of the Delta of the Nile, and one hundred and twenty miles southeast of Alexandria. The population must be about four hundred thousand, three-fourths of whom are probably Mohammedans. There are not fewer than sixty thousand Copts, and the rest of the population consists chiefly of Jews, Greeks, Armenians, and Europeans. The southeast part of the city, including the citadel, is built upon a spur of the Mokkatam Mountains. The circumference of the city is not less than seven miles. It is surrounded by a wall divided by a number of parts, the Mohammedans, Jews, Christians and others, each having a part. Some of the quarters are separated from one another by gates which are closed at night.

The city presents from a distance a truly enchanting spectacle; but, like most Oriental cities, when entered its streets are seen to be crooked, narrow, and most filthy. The houses of the poor are made of mud or of sun-baked bricks. The richer people live in houses of brick, wood, or of soft stone quarried in the Mokattam Hills. These latter houses are usually three stories high, while the houses of the poor are usually one story. Some of the streets are so narrow

that loaded donkeys and camels scarcely leave room for people to pass; but many of the new streets are wide and attractive.

These newer streets are paved and well-watered, but the older streets are as dusty as they are dirty. Rain falls but rarely at Cairo, and at times the water conveyed by the Nile becomes stagnant and poisonous. Horses, until comparatively recent years, were seldom used, the usual mode of conveyance being by donkeys; but the newer and wider streets make the use of carriages practicable. The principal public place is the Esbekiyah. Around this place are many hotels, some of them being really modern and excellent, judged by any standard.

The bazaars are among the most attractive in any city in the East, almost as attractive as those of Damascus. One has to exercise self-control not to part with all his possessions, and not to draw upon his letter of credit for its full amount, when he wanders through these bazaars with his dragoman and several shopmen determined to make him purchase the attractive wares exposed for sale.

There are in Cairo many public fountains and attractive squares. The citadel is built on a hill overlooking the city. Within its walls are the palace of the khedive, the mint, the barracks for soldiers, and one of the great and beautiful mosques of the city. Indeed, the mosques are the great boast of Cairo; there are said to be not fewer than four hundred of them, and some of them are of the noblest specimens of

Arabian architecture. The mosque of Sultan Hassan is the most celebrated. Its entrance is magnificent. Its interior is an unroofed court, and forming a part of the sacred edifice is the tomb. The mosque El-Azhar is well known for its symmetrical architecture, and for a college to which hundreds of students resort, coming from all parts of the Mohammedan world. It is said that this college is the great center of Arabic study and of the Arabian literature. The mosque of Tulum was founded in A. D. 879. The mosque of Mehemet Ali attracts the attention of all tourists.

I have already spoken of the fact that different races inhabit distinct quarters. The Coptic quarter is always a point of interest because of the ancient Christian church found therein, and because of the tradition that Mary and Joseph with the infant Jesus resided in that vicinity. In the Frank quarter is the library of the Egyptian Society. There are also Protestant and Catholic charitable institutions in Cairo. I had the opportunity of seeing a part of the work done by an American religious society.

At certain seasons of the year Cairo is filled with Britons and Americans. English is then spoken in all the hotels and is often heard in the public streets. Now French is practically the language of trade and of social life. French is spoken everywhere. Cairo strikes one as being to an unusual degree like Paris, having a large number of *cafés* on the streets and many other similar features. In the hotels there are

newspapers in English, French, German, Greek, Italian, and Arabic. This is truly a cosmopolitan and polyglot city.

One must visit Boolak and Musr el-Aatik. This name is given to distinguish the town from Cairo proper. This suburb is called Fostat, and sometimes by Europeans, Old Cairo. From Fostat a canal runs through Cairo, which probably formed a part of the ancient canal connecting the Nile with the Red Sea. It contains among its ancient buildings one structure called the "granary of Joseph." It is interesting to know that this building is still used as a storage of grain.

On the island of Roda, which quietly nestles in the bosom of the river, is the celebrated Nilometer. This is a rude method by means of a graduated column for indicating the height of the Nile during its annual overflow. The Nilometer is very old, just how old no one may attempt to affirm. This island is reached by a ferry-boat and here the courteous, and doubtless veracious, gardener will point out the exact place where Moses was rescued by the king's daughter. We saw here also specimens of the henna plant, from which comes the dye in which the dragoman and many other men and women dip their finger-nails and the palms of their hands.

A visit to the Shoobra palace, in the vicinity of Cairo, gives the opportunity of enjoying a charmingly beautiful drive through an avenue of sycamore and lebbec. This is one of the

most favorite drives of citizens and tourists in the evening twilight. Here every style of carriage may be met. Here the ladies of the harem are supposed to ride at times. The summer palace at this place is surrounded by most charming gardens, and the apartments of the palace are furnished after the most gorgeous fashion. The exhibition of Egyptian antiquities in the Boolak Museum carries the mind back to the age of the great Cheops. There are in the different museums satisfactory historical evidences that Egyptian history goes back at least to 5000 B. C.

AT THE PYRAMIDS.—A drive of about ten miles takes the tourist to the pyramids of Gizeh. We cross the Nile on its remarkably fine iron bridge, and then drive over a level road well lined with trees. This road brings us to a rocky plateau which forms a foundation for these great structures. I was well prepared by all I had read and heard to meet as I alighted the rascally Arabs who make life a burden to all who visit the pyramids. They wait to beg, to assist, or to steal, and perhaps to murder if the opportunity afforded. For a few pennies, or shillings at most, they will run up and down the pyramids like monkeys. After one's patience has been tested and tried it does not matter much to him whether they come down or fall down.

The pyramids were first seen as Cairo was approached. They were seen also from the citadel as one looked out over the city,—the plain,

the river, the Mokattam Hills, and then the pyramids, ten miles distant. We know that pyramids are found in Persia, India, and Mexico, but the most celebrated are those of Egypt. They are built of blocks of stone so large that the builders must have had some unknown machinery for lifting them into their position. Their outside, doubtless, was covered with smaller stones and cement so as to form a smooth surface ; but this surface is now broken, leaving the stones like stairs on which one can readily climb. The largest pyramid, that of Cheops, is four hundred and fifty feet high and was formerly at least thirty feet higher than at present. The others are smaller, but equally symmetrical, though not so imposing. Many statistics might be given regarding these wonderful structures, but it is not difficult to become possessed of these facts if one desires them.

What is the impression which they produce ? They certainly are large and very old. There they stand upon the border of the desert exhibiting the folly of the monarchs who built them to perpetuate their fame. Mr. Ballou well says that they are "symbols of ancient tyranny and injustice, tears and death." The builders erected them to make their own names immortal, and now the names of these builders are unknown ; there is a little doubt even as to the purpose for which they were erected. Some say that it was to prevent the sand from blowing in upon the land. Others that they were erected as great granaries. Others that they were built for as-

tronomical purposes; and still others that they were intended to be great tombs. Doubtless, the last is the correct supposition, but they have really failed of their purpose.

They illustrate no genius in design or execution. Given time enough and money enough and Americans to-day could erect far more massive structures. They exhibit no art, and no taste, and they have no religious significance. They are illustrations of gigantic folly and unpardonable ambition. They are simply vast piles of stone without proofs of architectural skill, or artistic genius, or religious emotion. When you have said that they are big and that they are old, you have said all that really can be said. Mr. Ballou has well remarked that in the cave temples of Elephanta, Ellora, and Carlee, in the idolatrous Hindu temples of Madura, Tanjore and Trichinopoly, the shrines of Ceylon, the pagodas of China, and the temples of Nikko there is some thought of an elevating sentiment, a grand and reverential idea, a suggestion of religious instinct and aspiration; but in the pyramids we have only an embodiment of personal pride which ended without accomplishing a worthy ambition.

All histories relating to these vast structures are involved in doubt. Some claim that Egypt was seven thousand years old and was a great and prosperous nation before the building of these monstrous monuments, but no one can speak with authority touching any of these matters. In the smallest of the three pyramids,

that of Mycerinus, a mummy of a human being was found which can now be seen in the British Museum. Many romantic stories are told of the beautiful Egyptian princess who erected this pyramid, but all these stories are mere traditions, and they furnish no satisfactory evidence regarding the time when, the persons by whom, or the purposes for which these great structures were erected.

THE SPHINX.—The sphinx, however, is worthy of careful study during repeated visits. No one who has ever seen that calm, majestic face and figure can forget either. A few hundred feet from the pyramids stands this colossal mystery. The Arabs call it "The Father of Terror." Its body and most of its head has been hewn out of a solid rock where it stands. The paws and body of an animal are represented with the head and bust of a human being. The face is said to be thirty feet long and fifteen feet wide. Perhaps this mysterious figure is much older than the pyramids. It would seem as if it formed part of an ancient temple and perhaps between the lion-like paws of the sphinx there was an altar or sanctuary. Many archæologists believe that human beings were once offered between these paws as sacrifices to some divinity. It was a striking thought of a modern painter to place here the child Jesus, and Joseph and Mary. For thousands and thousands of years this strange figure has looked out on the sand of the desert. Its face is now mutilated, showing the

furrows of time and of storms ; but still the sad, mystic, peaceful, fascinating expression remains. One who has seen the bronze image of Dai-Butsu, at Kamakura in Japan, cannot but observe the similarity in expression on the countenances of these two figures, and also in the strange fascination which both exercise upon the beholder. Dynasties have risen and fallen ; republics have danced into light and died into shade ; and all the while this mystic, majestic figure, defaced, crumbling in parts, has looked out in its calmness, silence, mystery, and majesty on the desert sands of Egypt.

STREETS OF CAIRO.—We come back to busy, bustling, polyglot Cairo. It is a town of many manufactures, and a central station of the overland route to India. Once there were here slave markets, and although the trade is prohibited in the Ottoman Empire, it is said still to be carried on clandestinely in Cairo. There is a lucrative trade in precious stones and jewelry. Here Italian, French, Greek, Armenian, and other adventurers, are found. Here immense caravans assemble annually to make the pilgrimage to Mecca.

One sees in Cairo Egyptian women of great beauty, but also giving evidence of their degraded condition. Among them education is almost unknown. They have no intellectual life. A Mohammedan who can afford the expense is permitted to have at least four wives ; he may have many more, but the children of

four are considered legitimate. Walking along the streets and looking up at the overhanging balconies, one can well imagine the life which the women of the harem live. Occasionally it was possible to get a glimpse of some of them as they were stealing glances between the lattices.

Here as elsewhere in cities where Mohammedans abound, the muezzin is heard calling the faithful to their prayers. Wonderful are the street cries which one hears in Cairo. The water carrier with a skin slung over his shoulder shouts: "God's gift, limpid water!" Another cries: "Oh, figs, Oh, believers, here are figs!" Still another shouts: "Oh, woman, to the left!" And to the peddler of eggs he calls: "Oh, eggs, out of the way!" And the beggar never fails, with a strange mingling of authority and humility, to say, "Oh, Christian, backsheesh!" If you give him a generous amount your dragoman will tell you that he is asking all sorts of blessing from Allah for yourself and all your relatives; but if you refuse him, you may know that he is calling down Allah's curses upon you and your family for several generations.

Most interesting was it in Cairo to see British officers riding through the streets, and at the citadel to see British soldiers everywhere on guard. I confess that it gave me genuine pleasure to see our British brethren in charge of this ancient city and land. Britain has a foothold in Egypt, and she will not be likely soon to retire from that land of the Pharaohs. Wherever Britain goes, law, order, liberty, and religion

also go. Speaking of the citadel, it seems strange enough to be shown about those ancient walls by those British officers. Marvelous is the view from the wall of this citadel. Below is the city with its countless minarets, its domed mosques, its squares, and its terraced roofs. Yonder stretch the plains of lower Egypt. Here are the tombs of the Mamelukes; there the lonely column of Heliopolis, the famous "City of the Sun." In the distance is the land of Goshen where the sons of Jacob fed their flocks; there the mysterious Nile, the island of Roda, and beyond, the pyramids rising in their unique grandeur and glory.

ALEXANDRIA.—Too soon I had my last view of that great historic and mysterious city of Cairo. In order to save time I went by night train to Alexandria, whence I was to sail for Palestine. Leaving Cairo at eleven, I reached Alexandria before six the following morning. The night was cool. A strange change had come over the weather, and an overcoat was worn from the time we reached Suez, after the great heat of the Red Sea, until I reached Joppa; and even an overcoat required to be supplemented by a heavy rug, in order that comfort might be enjoyed while the night ride was taken from Cairo to Alexandria.

There was time to see something of this interesting city before the steamer sailed shortly before noon for Joppa. We know that this city was founded by Alexander the Great, 332 B. C.

He laid it out in squares, and in the center where the streets met was his own mausoleum. His body was embalmed in a coffin of pure gold, and when that coffin was stolen, an alabaster coffin was used. The whole world is familiar with the island of Pharos on which was built, by Ptolemy Philadelphus, the famous lighthouse which was called one of the wonders of the world. We know that it was a large square tower of white marble, and that on its top fires were always burning, which became a guide for mariners far out at sea. A great mole or pier was built from the city to the Pharos, and thus two harbors were formed.

The whole world knows also of the royal palace, the great theatres, and the vast library of Alexandria. This library was said to contain four hundred thousand volumes; but we know that our method of reckoning the number of volumes would greatly reduce this total. Julius Cæsar burned the library of the museum when he besieged Alexandria. Cleopatra afterward added the library of the kings of Pergamos which Mark Antony gave her, and finally this library was said to contain seven hundred thousand volumes; but, as already suggested, their method of reckoning volumes was different from ours. Each part of a book was called a book at that day. For four hundred years this city remained the center of learning.

The Serapeum, or temple of Serapis, with the exception of the capitol at Rome, was said to be the most magnificent building in the world. But

Theodosius gave orders to destroy all heathen temples in the Roman Empire, and the Christians of Alexandria tore down the Serapeum.

The Romans became masters of Alexandria 30 B. C., but the city retained its greatness until Constantinople was made the capital of the empire. Alexandria lost her East Indian trade when the passage to India was made by sailing round the Cape of Good Hope. Since the opening of the Suez Canal considerable trade and traveling have gone to Alexandria. Its population is perhaps not less than two hundred and fifty thousand. The new city is in the mole between the old city and the island of Pharos.

I drove through the streets and had the opportunity of visiting the column known as Pompey's Pillar; it ought, however, to be called Diocletian's Pillar, as it was erected in his honor when he took Alexandria, A. D. 296. It is a Corinthian column of red granite, nearly one hundred feet high. Some suppose it was originally a column of the Serapeum.

Near the shore formerly stood the two obelisks, called Cleopatra's Needles. This was merely a fanciful name, as Cleopatra was guiltless of any relation to them. For at least one thousand two hundred years they had stood in front of the temple of the sun at Heliopolis. From that ancient city Julius Cæsar brought them to adorn his own temple, which was called the Cæsareum. Mehemet Ali gave one of them to the British government, and in 1877 it was taken to London. Ismail Pasha gave the other to the United

States, and in 1380 it was taken to New York City, and to-day it stands in our Central Park.

Alexandria is still a busy city. Its harbor is filled with vessels representing many nations, and its docks give evidence of a brisk trade in many commodities. It will doubtless increase in importance with Egypt's enlarging prosperity.

My visit in Egypt was quite too short. There was no opportunity to go up the Nile or to see the country beyond the Pyramids, but a very considerable amount was seen in the limited time at my disposal. Near noon of Wednesday, the twenty-fifth day of September, 1895, we pushed out into the sea, this wonderful Mediterranean, along whose shores rose and fell the civilizations of many centuries and many nations. He who writes the history of the Mediterranean Sea will, to a great degree, write the history of the human race in its various conflicts, dishonors, and defeats, on the one hand, and its triumphs and glories on the other. A marvelous volume it would be, could one write the history of that sea whose very name, Mid-earth Sea, indicates the place which it held in the thought of men and has held in the affairs of the globe—Mediterranean, the center of the earth. Alexandria fades from sight; its towers, minarets, and light-house finally disappeared from view.

Palestine, the land of patriarchs and prophets, came before us. Wonderful thoughts filled the soul as its shore was approached. In the author's volume, entitled "Sunday Night Lectures on The Land and The Book," he gives an account

of his visit to that holiest of lands beneath the sky, and his next chapter in this volume will take up the history after the trip through the Holy Land was made and the journey was resumed at Beyrout.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

"THE ISLES OF GREECE"

IT will scarcely be doubted that picturesquely, historically, classically, and biblically, the Grecian Archipelago is one of the most interesting regions on the surface of the globe. Perhaps the Japan Inland Sea, considered simply with reference to its picturesqueness, will compare favorably with the Ægean Sea ; but in the other particulars named the latter very far surpasses the former.

ORIENTAL PASSENGERS.—It was a motley group of passengers which filled the decks of the steamer on which we sailed from Beyrout for Constantinople. Many of these passengers selected small squares in the second class portions of the deck, and surrounded these squares with curtains made of shawls and various materials, thus forming the enclosed space into miniature seraglios. Among these passengers were Russians, Greeks, Italians, Egyptians, Syrians, and representatives of various other nationalities. It was a strange allotment of bags, bundles, and people of many nationalities, heaped indiscriminately together.

Among them were some pashas who with

their many so-called wives were returning from Syria to Constantinople. Some of these officials were gayly turbaned and elaborately dressed in silk and other expensive materials. Their highly colored rugs, cushions, and robes added picturesque brilliancy to the motley groups. In some of the cabins were women of other harems returning without the pashas, but under the care of older women and the sexless men who from time immemorial have been associated with the women of this class. The imaginary beauty of many of the harem women seems to be merely imaginary, and while some might be described as beautiful, the majority were coarse, ugly, and vulgar. There was a feeling of indescribable disgust as one watched the conduct, and listened to the remarks of some of these women.

Whole families of the better class of second class passengers were within these compartments formed by cords and hangings. Men, women, and children seemed to be promiscuously crowded into these extemporized compartments. Some of them seemed to be sea-sick in family groups. The sights and sounds were not conducive to composure, even on the part of those who were well seasoned to the dangerous effects of ocean travel. Women with and without veils, were somewhat indiscriminately associated, some of them wearing baggy silk trousers and gayly embroidered jackets.

There were Turkish officials from Damascus and other places in Syria returning to Constantinople. With some of these I formed a travel-

ing acquaintance, and found them to be well-informed and really agreeable gentlemen. All spoke French, and some English with accuracy and a few with elegance. The Moslems are devout, according to their conception of devoutness, wherever they may chance to be. They spread their prayer-carpets on the deck, and servants and masters together repeat their prayers at the appointed hours with the customary kneelings and prostrations.

One who has never gone over a bit of sea in the Orient can form but little conception of the commingling of nationalities, bright-colored garments, varied social customs, and religious faiths, seen on the deck of one of these Oriental steamers. A volume might be written on this part of the journey alone.

HISTORIC PLACES.—It is impossible to exhaust the associations, biblical and classical, which gather about these isles of Greece. It is necessary, however, in the brief space at our command to speak with brevity of places so replete with interest. North of us, as we started in the journey, were Seleucia and the ever-memorable Tarsus, the birthplace of the matchless Paul.

We passed quite near the famous island of Cyprus. This island has become especially interesting to Americans in these recent years because of the relation to it and America of M. Cesnola. Cyprus is known to the Turks as Kybris. Its breadth is from sixty miles to five, from north to south, and it is about one hundred

and fifty miles long. Its population is perhaps two hundred thousand, but is said to have been one million when under the rule of Venice. Salamis, modern name Koluri, is chiefly remembered because of the great naval battle there between the Greeks and the Persians, 480 B. C. Its location can be traced by the ruins of its foundations and buildings. Paphos was seven miles and a half to the northwest of old Paphos. The goddess of the island was Venus, here called Cypria. Perhaps there was no place in which her worship was more luxurious and abominable than at Paphos. Her temple at this place was famous for its wealth and for the splendor of all its appointments.

Here, where superstition was so common and sin so fascinating, Christianity was to be established. Here the beautiful creations of Greek art had ministered only to evil passions; but here the truth as it is in Christ was to be proclaimed, and a Christian civilization was to be created. At this island the civilizations and religions of the East and West came face to face; here barbarism and civilization met. Here Greek and Oriental idolatry came largely into union and into conflict. A century ago, many interesting busts, coins, medals, and bowls were discovered on this island; but within the last quarter of a century Cesnola has made discoveries which have surprised the world, enriched America, and immortalized himself.

Pressing on our way from Cyprus, we soon had Perga in Pamphylia on our right. The word

Pamphylia signifies, All-tribe-land. It is said that the inhabitants here, although principally of Greek extraction, were a medley of many nationalities. It would have been most interesting and instructive had time permitted to visit all the towns of Asia Minor made famous in New Testament history. North of us were Lystra, Iconium, Antioch of Pisidia, and Derbe.

On our left lay the island of Crete which is at the front of the *Ægean* group. It is now called Candia, but the Turkish name is Kyrid. The island is one hundred and sixty miles long, and varies from thirty-five miles to six miles wide. It has a population of perhaps three hundred thousand. This island in ancient times was prosperous to a large degree. It gave birth to the legislator Minos, whose laws largely shaped the civilization of Greece. The natives of Crete were celebrated as archers. References to the character of the Cretans by many authors agree with the quotation which the Apostle Paul gives us from one of their own poets: "The Cretans are always liars, evil beasts, slow bellies." This quotation is supposed to be from the hymn on "Jove," by Callimachus; but it is said that he was not a Cretan, and there is much doubt both as to him and the reference which he makes. It is a common opinion to this hour that the Cretans are the very worst people in the Levant. The reputation of these islanders to-day is thus in harmony with the allusion which Paul makes to the character which they bore in his day.

To us the chief interest in this island is its

connection with Paul's voyage to Italy. His ship first made the promontory of Salmone on the eastern side of the island, and they finally took shelter at a place called Fair-Havens. Contrary to the advice of Paul, an effort was made to reach Phœnice, a more commodious harbor on the western part of the island. While attempting to reach this harbor they were driven by furious winds and wrecked on the island of Melita.

In 1866 the Christians of Crete rose against their Turkish masters, and much sympathy was extended them at that time by the people of the United States; and while these words are writing (1895), a revolution is in progress in this island which is causing the utmost anxiety to these same Turkish masters. What the result will be no one may attempt to prophesy, but it is safe to say in a general way that the power of the "unspeakable Turk" will before long be broken, if not destroyed, in almost every country over which he exercises his abominable sway.

RHODES.—Soon we were at Rhodes, where our ship made a considerable stay, and where the opportunity was given to see this interesting and historic island with considerable care. It was difficult to realize that we were really at the place where stood the famous Colossus of Rhodes. There is probably no view in the Levant more celebrated than that from Rhodes toward the opposite shore of Asia Minor. The last ranges of Mount Taurus come down in grandeur to the

sea; a long line of snowy summits was seen on the Lycian coast; and the beautiful blue waters lay calmly under the equally blue and beautiful sky. The town comes down to the shore, and is flanked by green hills and verdant gardens. These hills rise into massive boldness as they recede from the shore. It will not be forgotten that the word Rhodes, Greek *Rhodos*, is from the word *rodon*, a rose.

The island now belongs to Turkey. It has an area of about four hundred and fifty-two square miles, and a population of about thirty-five thousand. In this population the majority are Turks, but there are Jews, Greeks, and different classes of Europeans. The island is ruled by a pasha, who holds his office for life, and who also governs several of the adjoining islands which belong to Turkey. A mountain ridge divides the island from north to south. There are on the island well-watered, fertile, and cultivated valleys. Probably there is no island of the Mediterranean whose climate is finer. There is a considerable amount of commerce carried on in oil, oranges, citrons, coral, sponges, leather, and marble.

It is believed that the earliest inhabitants were of the Doric race. The three most ancient towns of this island, Lindus, Ialysus, and Camirus, formed, together with Cos, Cnidus, and Hali-carnassus on the mainland, the confederation which was known as the Doric Hexapolis. This island was once one of the stations of Phœnician commerce. The Rhodians with others estab-

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lished, in 578 B. C., a colony on the northeastern coast of Spain, calling it Rhoda, and it is now known as Rosas. The island came under the dominion of Alexander the Great, and after his death the Macedonian garrison was expelled. Rhodes then entered upon her most glorious epoch; but the city was captured in 42 B. C., because of its adhesion to the party of Cæsar. From this time the political power of the island declined. The Emperor Vespasian finally deprived the city of its autonomy. The island was successively owned by the caliphs, the crusaders, and the Genoese.

A brilliant period of its history is associated with the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, who landed at Rhodes in 1309, after they had been obliged to evacuate Palestine. They soon vanquished the Moslems, and made themselves masters of the island. They held it until Sultan Solyman, the Magnificent, advanced against it with an army of two hundred thousand men, to oppose which the knights had a force of only six thousand. The siege lasted for months, and the defense was heroic; but the knights were obliged to surrender, and the city has been under its present masters ever since.

The chief city has a population of about twenty thousand. It is built in the form of an amphitheatre upon a bay between two capes. Remains of the ancient walls and towers built by the Knights of St. John are still seen. The famous Colossus, or "Statue of the Sun," was one of the seven wonders of the world. It was

of bronze, and twelve years were spent in its construction. Its height was one hundred and five feet. It was erected by the Rhodians to commemorate their successful resistance of the tenth siege of Demetrius Poliocertes, the emperor of Syria.

This famous statue remained standing only about fifty years. About two hundred years before Christ it was overthrown by an earthquake, and for nearly nine hundred years the fragments lay upon the ground. They were then sold and carried away into Emesa on nine hundred camels. When the Apostle Paul was at Rhodes, the main portion of the famous statue was prostrate; he saw only portions of the buttresses. It is said that there were three hundred other statues in this famous city. Rhodes has been frequently greatly injured by earthquakes, that of April 22, 1863 being one of the severest. A terrific powder explosion in 1856 destroyed all the principal buildings, some of which are still heaps of ruins. Looking at this city as we approached it, one could not help remembering the words found in Acts 21 : 1, "The day following unto Rhodes."

APOSTOLIC ASSOCIATIONS.—Near us as we pressed forward was Myra, where Paul touched (Acts 27 : 5). Near Myra is Patraë, where once it was supposed that the fire on the altar of Apollo burned. Myra is on the mainland east of Rhodes, and in the vicinity is Cnidus which Paul reached with difficulty, "the wind not

suffering us" (Acts 27: 7). We soon passed by Cos. This place is famous for the fortifications erected here by Alcibiades toward the close of the Peloponnesian War. It will also be remembered that it was the seat of the medical school traditionally connected with the name of Æsculapius. It has been well suggested that doubtless the Christian physician, Luke, could scarcely have been ignorant of the celebrity of Cos.

Opposite Cos, and on the coast of Caria, was Halicarnassus, the birthplace of Herodotus, "the father of history," and also of Dionysius, the literary critic and historian. Miletus is on the mainland in this vicinity. It will be remembered that it was here the apostle had his affecting interview with the elders of Ephesus, who came down a distance of about thirty miles to meet him.

It is not easy to describe the emotions with which I gazed upon the island of Patmos. Wonderfully vivid were the memories of the letters to the seven churches of Asia communicated on that island by the risen and enthroned Jesus to the imprisoned John. It is a remarkable fact that we have in the New Testament not only epistles from famous apostles, but epistles also from the Lord Jesus Christ himself. Yes, on yonder island was the scene of the Revelation. Here the Lord in some manner conversed with his beloved disciple. On that island visions of indescribable glory were opened to the eyes of every believer. On these mountains, islands, and waters, the eye of the beloved John

rested. Listening to the sublime music of these waters on the rock-bound shore, and looking out over their sparkling surface, he wrote the words, "and the sea gave up its dead."

Marvelously real were these New Testament scenes as I walked the deck of the ship and gazed out on the irregular mass of bleak and barren rock called Patmos. Its name is now Patino, but it was called during the middle ages Palmosa, or the island of palms. It is one of the ancient group of Sporades, and now belongs to Turkey. It is about thirty miles west of the coast of Asia Minor and twenty miles south of the western extremity of Samos. The island is about ten miles long, five broad, and over thirty in circumference. A narrow isthmus divides it into two unequal parts. Its chief port on the eastern side of the isthmus is said to be one of the best harbors in all the Greek islands.

The Romans used it as a place of banishment, and to it Domitian consigned the beloved disciple, perhaps in the year A. D. 94. It is believed that the Apostle John was recalled after the tyrant's death September 18, A. D. 96; but there is much doubt regarding these dates, and they cannot be affirmed with complete accuracy.

There is a village of some fifty or sixty houses and shops at the landing-place, but the town is on the ridge about half an hour distant from the landing. Still higher is the celebrated monastery bearing the name of "John the Divine." It was built by the Byzantine emperors in the twelfth century, and is inhabited still by about

fifty monks. There is a library containing about one thousand printed volumes. Below the monastery is the grotto in which the apostle is said to have written the Apocalypse. The inhabitants number about four thousand, and are mostly Greeks, whose reputation is anything but good. They live by fishing and boating, and by doing a little agricultural work. The island is deficient in trees, but abounds in flowering plants and shrubs. Fruit trees are grown in the orchards, and the wine is said to be the best flavored of any in the Greek islands. Samos and Trogyllium are not far distant from Patmos. At Trogyllium the Apostle Paul spent a night, and an anchorage there is still called St. Paul's Port.

A GLIMPSE OF ATHENS.—It was a wonderful realization when we found ourselves at the Piræus and within a few miles of immortal Athens. Here we left the steamer and took the railway to the famous city. All the memories of academic and collegiate days rushed upon the mind with irresistible power. Again the dear face of Dr. A. C. Kendrick was seen and his voice was heard as he used to repeat the words of Lord Byron :

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece !
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung !
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all except their sun is set !

The words of Milton also sung themselves in memory :

Athens, the eye of Greece ! Mother of arts
And eloquence ! Native to famous wits !
See there the olive grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long ;
There—flowery hill—Hymettus, with the sound
Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invites
To studious musing ; there Ilissus rolls
His whispering stream. Within the walls then view
The schools of ancient sages—his who bred
Great Alexander to subdue the world,
Lyceum then, and painted Stoa next.

Could it be possible that the dream of years was about to be realized, and we were actually within a few minutes to be in Athens? It seemed almost too good to be true. Marvelous Athens ! City of Socrates, of Plato, of Zeno, of Aristotle, of Miltiades, Themistocles, Demosthenes, Sophocles, Phidias, Praxiteles, and, greater than these, the city of Paul, the apostle to the Gentiles ! Soon we were across the level plain and were in immortal Athens itself.

Instead of a paragraph, one would like to write a volume on a visit to this city, but it is better not to begin the description than to cut it off midway. Soon we were on the way to Mars' Hill, or the Areopagus. We climbed the stone steps to the top of the hill, perhaps to the very spot where the Apostle Paul stood when he delivered his magnificent sermon. Wonderful thoughts filled the soul as that scene and

auditory were reproduced. With new meaning his allusions to temples made with hands, forced themselves upon mind and heart.

From the Arcopagus the distance is short to the Acropolis. One might well visit this place every day, if he were to spend months at the Grecian capital. Perhaps one may be pardoned even though he could not control his emotions when standing on that historic spot and gazing out over the city, the plain, and the mountains. Marvelous Parthenon, the pride of Greece and the wonder of the world! It has been called, "the finest edifice on the finest site in the world, hallowed by the noblest recollections that can stimulate the human heart." This building was completed in 438 B. C. Built by Pericles, it was adorned by Phidias, and is said to have cost at least four millions of dollars of our money. I shall not attempt to describe these marvelous places and structures, nor the Great Stadium, nor the Theseum. Matchless Athens!

On the Acropolis one's emotions are akin to those experienced on the Mount of Olives. One cannot but compare the two cities—Athens and Jerusalem; Athens representing the world of culture, Jerusalem, the world of revealed religion. Athens was the metropolis of this world without revelation. Jerusalem was the city of the mighty Jehovah.

The glorious sunshine, the cloudless sky, the refreshing breeze, the commingled memories, all made this visit to Athens an epoch in one's life and an undimmed light in one's memory.

There is no other city in the world, with which, in its own special sphere, "august Athena" can be compared. The last look was taken at this immortal city as the train carried us to the Piræus, and the last look at the glorious plains and hills as the steamer bore us on our journey toward Constantinople.

It was a matter of regret that I was not permitted to visit Ephesus, the old capital of Ionia, in Lydia. This town is believed to have been founded about 1043 B. C. It is well known that for many centuries it was the cradle of Hellenic mythology. It is inseparably associated with the preaching of Luke, Paul, Barnabas, and Polycarp. It took high rank among sacred cities as well as among schools of art and philosophy. It was also prominent among the seven churches of Asia. Its temple of Diana, glittering in beauty at the head of the harbor, was one of the wonders of the world. I could only locate it in my thoughts as we sailed onward, but even this suggestion of its location fixed afresh in my mind the many allusions made to it in classical and biblical story.

SMYRNA.—And now we are anchored at Smyrna. Would that we might take the railway from here to Ephesus, a distance of fifty miles. It surely is an evidence of remarkable progress that there should be a railway in this ancient and distant city. The world is moving onward with rapid strides. Smyrna, Turkish Ismir, is situated at the head of the gulf of

Smyrna. The first dwellers established themselves here probably one hundred and fifty years before our era. Smyrna has occupied a great place, both in secular and ecclesiastical history, and the remains of ancient Smyrna fully attest the high degree of its civilization. Columns, statuary, and many articles of precious metals and gems have been dug up here for centuries and now adorn the museums of Europe.

Christianity was probably introduced into Smyrna during the first century. Polycarp, a disciple of the Apostle John, was one of its early bishops. Smyrna sent its bishop, Eutyches, to the ecumenical council held at Nice in 325. Smyrna is one of the seven apocalyptic churches, and it, with Philadelphia, is commended; and it is a remarkable fact that these two cities are still flourishing, while the other five are, for the most part, a mass of ruins.

Smyrna has frequently suffered from earthquakes. The modern town is built upon the slopes of Mount Pagus. The houses are usually two stories high and are built of wooden beams encased in stone; the beams are thus preserved from fire and the houses strengthened against earthquakes. There are several Greek churches, Protestant and Roman Catholic churches or chapels, and one Jewish synagogue. Smyrna is well supplied with schools and has French, Greek, and Armenian weekly papers. It is the chief mart for European commerce in Asia Minor. Its railways make it a marked city and its neighborhood is justly celebrated for its beauty.

There are fine groves of cypresses, and the plains near the harbor abound in fig and olive trees and vines. There seemed to be as many languages spoken in Smyrna as at Babel. Caravans of camels pour in from every part of Asia, Syria, and Arabia, while ships from Europe and America crowd the harbor. A jargon is heard, said to be composed of half a dozen languages, and abounding in nautical phrases and slang expressions representing almost all the languages of the world.

The grave of Polycarp is certainly one of the most interesting places in Smyrna. Possibly he was "the angel of the church in Smyrna" to whom the letter to that church was addressed. We know that he was bishop or pastor of that church for more than eighty years. We are all familiar with the heroic words which he uttered as he was led out to the place of execution. A cypress tree grows near the place where his dust reposes. When threatened with wild beasts, he said, "Bring them forth"; when urged to recant, his reply was, "I am a Christian!" He died at the stake A. D. 166. It may not be amiss to quote the words with which he affirmed his faith: "Eighty-six years have I served him; during all this time he never did me any injury; how then can I blaspheme my King and Saviour?" Mission work is now going forward in Smyrna, and the light so long ago kindled in that land still continues to shine.

Laodicea is sixty miles from Ephesus. It is said that now nothing but ruins remain. Of all

the seven churches, there is none whose overthrow has been so complete as that of Laodicea. Such was the fate of this lukewarm church, of which God said, "I will spew thee out of my mouth." It would be deeply instructive could one make a visit to Philadelphia, to Sardis, to Thyatira, and to Pergamos. Such Christian churches as are found are for the most part examples of a nominal rather than a spiritual Christianity.

We were next in the midst of places of wonderful classic interest. At the left of Smyrna and Ionia is Chios. The Apostle Paul sailed past this island. It will ever be memorable in connection with discussions concerning the birth-place of the immortal Homer. Near here is Lesbos, called during the Middle Ages, Mitylene, from its capital city, and famous as the birth-place of the musicians and poets, Terpander, Alcæus, Sappho, and Arion. It was while in this general vicinity that the Apostle Paul and others desired to go into Bithynia, but "the Spirit suffered them not."

TROY.—We were now near the scenes of the first and greatest war of the ancient day, the Trojan War. This is Troy, Troja, or Ilium, the scene of the Homeric poem, the metropolis of the Troad. This comprised a broad plain sloping from the foot of Mount Ida to the sea. The plain was densely peopled by the mixed race of the Pelasgians and Phrygians, and it contained many cities; but of these Troy was by far the

most splendid and powerful. It was founded by Ilus, the son of Tros, and grandson of Dardanus. It had a fortified acropolis, called Pergamum, which contained many royal palaces and temples of the gods. Its highest splendor was attained under Priam, the son of Laomedon ; under him also it reached its downfall. It will be remembered that his son Paris carried off Helen, the wife of Menelaus ; to punish this outrage a Greek army landed in Troas, besieged Troy for ten years, and finally destroyed the city. But the kingdom of Troy existed for centuries after.

The discoveries of the last generation have brought from the darkness and silence of three thousand years the knowledge of the site of the ancient Troy. This discovery is more remarkable than that of Nineveh by Layard. There was danger once that Ilium and the whole story of the Trojan War would be relegated to the region of myths. Modern scholarship has accomplished marvelous results in connection with these discoveries. Efforts have been made again and again to deny that there ever was a Homer, or that there ever was a city of Troy, or a Trojan War. Now all is changed, and many a learned theory is scattered like mist before the sunshine. The very armor of these ancient heroes is placed under our eyes. The date of the capture of the city of Troy is generally put at 1184 B. C. Homer's immortal Iliad and Odyssey have given immortality to the city and plain of Troy. The two rivers flowing from Mount Ida, Scamander and Simois, so renowned in the leg-

ends of the Trojan War, unite in the plain of Troy, and the united streams finally flow into the Hellespont.

Dr. Schliemann has set at rest all discussions regarding the locality of Troy, or Ilium, according to its Greek name. This distinguished discoverer was born in Mecklenburg, in 1822. When but a child he was accustomed to listen to the story of the Iliad as repeated to him by his father. In 1869 he started on his first tour of research; in 1870-72 he continued his investigations. He identified the true site of Troy, showing that the circumference of the walls is about three miles; and he believes that he has discovered the spot where the citadel of Priam stood. The story is of fascinating interest. He believes that he has discovered not fewer than twenty-five thousand specimens of art, going back to the sixteenth century before Christ. Many of these, one regrets to say, are of the most undesirable moral significance. These interesting facts can only be mentioned here in the briefest possible way.

Alexandria Troas was near the scene of ancient Troy. This name was given it to distinguish it from the Troy of Homer. All this neighborhood is the subject of legend and song, and one breathes here a truly classical atmosphere. Yonder rises Mount Ida, with its beautiful woods, its sparkling streams, its poetic memories, and mythological allusions.

Here is the island of Tenedos, ten miles in circumference and thirteen miles from the mouth

of the Hellespont. It has a population of about seven thousand, partly Greeks and partly Turks. It is celebrated for its excellent wines. Beautiful was the afternoon when we sailed by this classical island. It lies like a gem on the bosom of the sea. Off in the distance was seen the nearest land of Europe, the lofty Mount Athos.

It is said that before Constantine fixed on Constantinople as the site of his new capital, he thought of selecting Troas. To this day Troas retains the name of Eski-Stamboul, or Old Constantinople. It is also said that Julius Cæsar, in his dream of a universal empire, thought of this beautiful spot as his capital. The Apostle Paul was at Troas no fewer than three times. It was here he preached to so late an hour at night that Eutychus fell from an upper window and was killed, but was restored to life by the words of the apostle (Acts 20 : 10). At this spot he was called to visit Europe ; it was here at night that there arose before his vision the man of Macedonia, saying, "Come over into Macedonia, and help us" (Acts 16 : 9). It is impossible for any one fully to comprehend all that that call meant to the history of Europe and to the cause of Christianity throughout the world.

Dr. Fish reminds us that on many memorable occasions the great men of the world visited this shore. Xerxes passed this way when he undertook to subdue Greece, and Julius Cæsar was here after the battle of Pharsalia. Here at the tomb of Achilles the enthusiasm of Alexander of Macedon was kindled. The memory of his

heroic ancestors so stirred his imagination and inspired his ambition that he hastened to overthrow the oldest dynasties of the far East. But here now stands Paul, the apostle of Jesus Christ, going out on a nobler mission and achieving for himself incidentally a more enduring fame, while he brings immeasurable blessings to humanity and unfading glory to his Master.

XXXIX

CONSTANTINOPLE

PASSING from the Ægean by the strait of the Dardanelles, anciently the Hellespont, meaning "bridge of Greece," we entered the Propontis of the ancients, or sea of Marmora. This sea lies between European and Asiatic Turkey; it is about one hundred and sixty miles long, and fifty-five miles wide. During a part of the afternoon and the night we sailed through these waters. The weather was not only cool, but positively cold during the night and the early morning, although it was about the middle of October. We bore around to the left, and entered the Bosphorus, and thence into the Golden Horn. Before the rising of the sun we anchored at old Byzantium, or Stamboul, now Constantinople.

There was the usual scrambling for luggage, the usual shouting of the runners for boats and hotels, and the usual conflict of authorities before we were actually landed. The Orientals love noise. The excitement of landing from one of these steamers is enough to make a man half insane, unless he has made all arrangements before arrival, or is a man of stoical character. No one can ever forget the beauty of the situa-

tion of Constantinople as he approaches it by water. While I was arriving the sun arose, and mosques with their domes and minarets, and all the other public buildings of this fascinating city, were glittering in all the glorious splendor of the morning sunshine. It certainly was a sight never to be forgotten.

CONSTANTINOPLE.—The name Constantinople means, the "city of Constantine." The Turkish name is Istamboul, or Stamboul. This historic city is the capital of Turkey and is situated at the southwestern entrance of the Bosphorus. It lies in two continents, and seems to be three cities as one approaches it; it is really three cities. The ancient Byzantium is on the long, horn-shaped promontory between the sea of Marmora and the Golden Horn. To this city Constantine gave his own name. On what is now known as Seraglio Point the ancient city was located. It is easy to see why the Spartans, the Athenians, the Macedonians, the Persians, and still others, contended for the possession of the city whose position was so important. Like Rome, Constantinople occupied seven hills. In its early days it was surrounded by a wall which followed the line of the water on three sides and ran across the base of the promontory. The land wall many times saved the city from the northern barbarians and from the Arabian Saracens; and although its towers are now battered and its gates are crumbling, the old wall still stands. The second city is on a promontory between the

Golden Horn and the Bosphorus. It overlooks the ancient Byzantium. It bears three names—Galata, Tophianna, and Pera, which crowns the summit. The third city is Scutari. This part of the city is opposite the mouth of the Golden Horn. It is a little north of the ancient Chalcedon. This part of the city, it has been well remarked by Charles Dudley Warner, has been, "for over a thousand years the camp of successive besieging armies, Georgians, Persians, Saracens, and Turks."

The population of Constantinople is probably about one million, and perhaps one-half of this number are Moslems and the remainder are Greeks, Armenians, Jews, Persians, and other Orientals, and also many Levantines, or native Christians of European descent. Its harbor is capable of containing more than a thousand ships. It is thronged by vessels of all nations. As one enters the city so famous for its picturesque situation, its charm largely disappears. In Athens one rejoiced in seeing a city possessing the best characteristics of modern European cities. The tourist from the West becomes unspeakably weary of Asiatic towns. Athens is a delightful contrast to most of the places which he has recently visited; but now in Constantinople he is reminded again of the towns in the far East. The streets are narrow, crooked, and fearfully filthy; many of the houses are painfully dilapidated; and the whole city is filled with abominable odors. The irregularity of the old streets baffles the most skillful traveler who is a

stranger in the city. The pavements are bad ; the streets are poorly lighted and the resort of thousands of dogs without owners and without anything else which well-conditioned dogs possess. As in other Oriental cities, these dogs are the scavengers of the city. They are therefore generally treated with kindness and are of a peaceful and gentle disposition. Here, as elsewhere in the Orient, the dogs of each street organize themselves into separate colonies, and they will by no means allow the dogs of other streets to intrude on their territory. The boundary lines are sharply observed, and the trespassers are surely punished by the dogs of the invaded locality. These rules are so strictly kept that it is said that thousands of dogs are born and live and die without ever going beyond the limits of their natal territory.

It is striking to find so many houses built of wood ; this fact accounts for the many destructive conflagrations which the city has experienced. In the great fire of 1865, it is said, no fewer than eight thousand houses, twenty mosques, and many other public buildings, were destroyed. The city is divided into different quarters, according to the nationality of the inhabitants. One sees at once that Constantinople is a city of mosques. I hastened at an early hour to the mosque of St. Sophia, originally built by Constantine in 325-326, on the occasion of the removal of the seat of empire to Byzantium ; it was rebuilt by Justinian in 532-538, and it was transformed into a mosque by Moham-

med II., in 1453, and renovated by the architect Fossati in 1847. The beautiful edifice is constructed of light bricks, but it is lined throughout with colored marble. The ground plan is in the form of a cross, three hundred and fifty feet long and two hundred and thirty-six wide; the diameter of the superb dome is one hundred and seven feet; and the height from the ground to the cupola is one hundred and eighty feet. Beautiful mosaic work and gilt cover the ceiling and the arches; some of the columns are of green jasper, and are said to have been taken from the celebrated temple of Diana at Ephesus. One's interest is wonderfully quickened as he remembers that it was here that Chrysostom, about A. D. 400, swayed the masses by his eloquence as he had previously done in the Syrian Antioch where he was born. Perhaps there is no structure of its kind more perfect than the mosque of St. Sophia. At the very top of its dome is written in golden Arabic letters: "God is the light of the heavens and the earth." There are many other mosques of great beauty and of an interesting history, but the mosque of St. Sophia, because of its architectural symmetry, its Christian history, and its connection with the capture of Constantinople, next to the discovery of America the greatest event of the fifteenth century, will always remain the object of chief interest to the Christian tourist in Constantinople. The mosque of Solyman, the Magnificent, the tombs of the sultans and Fuad Pasha, the Seraskier Tower and the tower of Galata, and the

strangely weird services of the howling, whirling, and dancing dervishes, the seraglio, the bazaars, the offices of the Sublime Porte, the museum of the Janissaries, the Hall of One Thousand and One Columns, the great cisterns of Philoxena, the Burnt Column of Constantine, and especially the cemetery of Scutari, are objects of great interest in visiting this city. The bazaars are an instructive scene in the streets of this great city. Here remarkable collections of merchandise, of jewels, of precious stones, of silken and woollen fabrics, of modern embroideries, and in fact collections of articles of every Oriental production can be found.

During my visit there was great excitement in Constantinople, owing to the attacks made upon the Armenians. The shops of the Armenians, and most of the bazaars, were closed, and their owners sat about the closed shops in a state of constant alarm. There was danger lest their shops should be looted, and they themselves should be attacked and possibly murdered. Some of them with whom I conversed, said they feared lest the walls should repeat their words and be witnesses against them. Their condition was truly pitiful. Soldiers constantly paraded the streets, and all strangers were objects of suspicion. An English gentleman at the same hotel with me was searched during my visit, but his American revolver was in his hat and was not discovered. The whole city was in a state of feverish excitement, and ready at a moment's notice to break out into any sort of alarm or riot.

THE SUBURBS.—Wonderfully interesting is the bridge which crosses the Golden Horn. The whole world in miniature daily crosses that bridge. It ought to be a much better bridge than it is, it being covered simply with wooden planks. One can see there every type of Oriental and of European life. Bridges connect Stamboul with the modern cities of Galata and Pera, and journeys can be made by *caïques* or other boats to Scutari, which lies on the opposite side of the Bosphorus in Asia. Every spot, every square, every town, every mosque, recalls some wonderful historic event, or some scene of fearful carnage. At every turn of the street, there are suggestions of mystery, or legends of the prowess of a pasha, or the caprice of a sultana. The whole atmosphere appeals to the imagination, and bears the tourist away to scenes of mystery, of horror, or of shame. Every Friday the sultan comes forth from his palace on the Bosphorus, and amid the booming of cannon, sails down in a splendid *caïque*, or barge, to his mosque, which is surrounded by soldiers. Crowds watch him as he makes this trip from his palace to his mosque. Some of the barges which accompany the sultan are glittering with gold and most gracefully formed. He sits as a trembling tyrant on his tottering throne, pitied, despised, and hated by the most intelligent nations of the earth.

Roberts College will always be an object of special interest to Christians from the United States. And no one can think of the Crimean war and its fearful horrors, and the ravages of

disease among British soldiers, without thinking of Florence Nightingale and her visit to Scutari in that terrible winter of 1855. The English cemetery, containing the bodies of many who fell in the Crimean war, is a well-kept flower garden, lying close to the Bosphorus. There is a great granite monument to eight thousand nameless dead. In the cemetery are stones commemorating those who fell at Alma, at Inkermann, at Balaklava and other terrible battlefields. The cemetery is the inevitable, the ubiquitous witness to the horrors of every battlefield.

There is very much of interest for the tourist in all this ancient and remarkable city. No wonder Russia has longed to get possession of this historic city. No man may dare prophesy as to what shall occur to it in the near future. Its location connects it and us with ancient history and legend. The Bosphorus joins the Black Sea and the sea of Marmora. In the museum is the old chain that once stretched across the stream to prevent the entrance of alien fleets. Here Darius crossed into Europe with a fleet; somewhere in this vicinity came Jason, having put to sleep the guarding dragon; here Io in the form of an ox crossed the water, thus giving it the name Bosphorus. Through parts of this city blood has flowed in rivers; cruelty, lust, and vice of every sort, together with virtues of many kinds, are suggested by the name Constantinople.

XL

CONSTANTINOPLE TO LONDON

A LONG RAILWAY RIDE.—I was not sorry to leave this city. The excitement was so great that any moment an outbreak was possible. By a careful study of time tables, I learned that leaving Constantinople a little before midnight of Wednesday, I could reach London in time for Sunday. Immediately I put my plans into vigorous operation. My passport had to be examined again and again before I was permitted to leave the city. About eleven o'clock, however, I was on the train for London. I did not take the fastest train, as the additional charge for that train was about nine pounds. There was but another passenger with me in the compartment as we started from Constantinople, he going to Paris, and I to London.

Our journey was by way of Adrianople. This is an important Turkish city, named after the Emperor Hadrian, its founder. It has been the scene of many battles and sieges. The Turks took it from the Christians in 1361, and until they captured Constantinople in 1453, it was their capital. In 1829 the Russians captured it from the Turks, and again in 1878. We then passed through Philippopolis, the most impor-

tant city of Roumelia. Soon we reached Sophia, the capital of Bulgaria; then on to Nisch, or Nissa, founded by Philip of Macedon, and the birthplace of Constantine the Great.

We were constantly obliged to show our passport to various officials as we passed through these different countries. This became a very tedious process. We were glad to get beyond the influence of Turkey and of the countries in the vicinity of Turkish territory. We finally reached Belgrade, formerly the capital of Servia on the Danube. The ancient name was Singidunum; the Turks call it Darol-Jihad, the "house of the holy war." The German name is Weissenburg. The name Belgrade is of Slavonic origin, coming from *bielo*, "white," and *grad*, or *grod*, a "fort," or "town." It is situated at the confluence of the rivers Save and Danube. This is the chief place of trade between Turkey and Austria. It has been the scene of many sieges and battles. Belgrade means, as we have said, "white fortress." Our journey now led us through a district which of late years has been very conspicuous in European political history; it also was a journey through the grand scenery of the Balkan Mountains. No one can be other than impressed both by the historical interest and by the natural beauty attaching to this part of the journey.

One hundred and thirty miles southeast of Vienna we reached Buda-Pesth on the Danube. This city is made up of the city of Buda on the south bank of the river, and the city of Pesth on

the north of the river; the two cities being joined by a suspension bridge. Buda is on high ground, and is built around the Schlossberg, or "castle hill." We had time here to examine the citadel where emperors of Austria are crowned as kings of Hungary. The park, grounds, gardens, and the principal boulevards are very attractive. This is truly a fine city. The crown, scepter, and mantle of St. Stephen, the first Christian king of Hungary, are seen in the chapel near the cathedral.

Pesth is on a sandy plain, and is protected by embankments which keep out the water of the river. About four-fifths of the population of the united cities live in Pesth. The Hall of the Hungarian Diet, or congress, is in this part of the city. The University of Pesth has more than two thousand students, and also excellent museums and libraries. It is supposed that the word Pesth, comes from an old word meaning, "sand." The Romans had a town on this site. Buda and Pesth were incorporated with each other in 1873, and the compound name became the official name of the city.

In a few hours we were in beautiful Vienna. This city and the rest of the journey to London were comparatively familiar territory. We had to take a most hurried carriage ride across Vienna from one railway station to another, and it was with the utmost difficulty that we reached the station before the train for Cologne, and eventually for London, started. It was already in motion, and only by courtesy of the guard was

the door opened to give us admittance. The ride was bitterly cold, especially to one who was dressed in the light clothing suitable for India and other tropical climes, even though wrapped in heavy rugs; it was impossible to be comfortably warm until we reached railway coaches that were artificially heated.

Beautiful was the ride through Germany, passing one historic town after another, Nuremberg being reached in the morning after leaving Vienna on the previous evening. This was the first time that the writer had the opportunity of going along the shore of the Rhine in the autumn and seeing at that season the vine-clad hills and the castles so rich in historic memories, and so weird in legendary tales. Two interesting traveling companions, one a Scotchman from Glasgow, and the other a Swede from Stockholm, gave additional zest to this interesting trip. At five o'clock on Saturday afternoon Cologne was reached. One could not help feeling much at home in places formerly visited, after a journey through so many countries seen for the first time. Here we changed trains for the first time since leaving Vienna, and having made no change between Constantinople and Vienna.

At exactly midnight we prepared to cross the channel at Ostend, and a few hours afterward we were at Dover. The journey across the channel was made while sleep was so sound that it required considerable effort on the part of one of the officials to break the spell of slumber when Dover was reached. From Dover to

London, the journey seemed as nothing, and again the writer had to be aroused at Cannon Street that he might be ready to leave the coach when Charing Cross should be reached. At five o'clock on Sunday morning he reached his room in the Charing Cross Hotel.

DAYS IN LONDON.—If there was a grateful man in London, it was this scribe as he gave thanks to God for journeying mercies and for the opportunity of spending the Lord's Day in a Christian city, and for the privilege of worshiping in the Metropolitan Tabernacle. For some weeks life had been, so far as public religious services were concerned, rather heathen than Christian. Never was the appreciation of an English-speaking, Protestant, and genuinely Christian country so great, as when London was reached that morning. One felt almost as much at home as if he were in New York. We seldom appreciate our Christian, national, and linguistic privileges until we have been deprived of all of them in whole or in part for consecutive months.

It was very pleasant to have the opportunity of spending a few days in London before sailing for home. London possesses a strange charm to every one who is familiar with its history and who spends considerable time within its limits. London is an overwhelming city. It is not one city, but a congeries of cities. London is in a real sense the heart of the financial and commercial world. It is the center of the world

in a variety of senses. One day of this grimy, smoky, and altogether dingy city is better than a week of smiling, bowing, and asseverating Paris. With profound gratitude the pleasure of spending Sunday in this city was contemplated.

I hastened to the Metropolitan Tabernacle. To me this church is a mightier influence for good and for God than St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey. The ever-honored Charles H. Spurgeon made the Tabernacle the center of influences which reached to the ends of the earth. This building will ever be sacred, because of its manifold associations. I thought of the time, about twenty years ago, when first I saw and heard its great pastor in its pulpit. Now I looked forward with gratitude to the opportunity of hearing Pastor Thomas Spurgeon on this particular Lord's Day. In his success as the successor of his father, thousands of Christians of all denominations on both sides of the Atlantic feel a profound and prayerful interest.

London, on this last Sunday in October, was peculiarly gloomy, smoky, and chilly. Soon, however, Pastor Thomas came into his father's old reception room with words, face, and hand of welcome. A little later we were in the great auditorium. The people were pouring in at all the doors. Would it be possible on this Sunday morning to fill the great church? The people were answering that question in the affirmative. One is constantly reminded as the honored son reads and expounds the Scripture, and as he leads the great congregation in prayer, of the

beloved and now sainted father. The sermon was on the words of Christ to his parents, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" It was a warm-hearted discourse. It did my soul good to participate in this service. At its close many hearty introductions and cordial welcomes were given to the visiting brother.

I had the opportunity of attending the pleasant Sunday afternoon service in Rev. F. B. Meyer's church. This is a unique service. An audience of the better class of workingmen about half filled the church. The exercises were hearty, the addresses brief, pointed, and practical. The most earnest spiritual appeals were made by Mr. Meyer and others, and they, as well as the solos that were sung and certain patriotic resolutions which were offered, were all heartily cheered. One was somewhat shocked at the absence of what is usually considered to be the appropriate decorum of a religious service in a church on the Lord's Day; but further consideration of the object of this service, as well as its dominant spirit, modified any unfavorable criticism which at the first one might be disposed to make. The whole purpose of the occasion was religious, and the men were deeply in earnest.

The evening service at the Tabernacle was stimulating and helpful. For several evenings during the week the writer had the opportunity of delivering addresses at the various services which were held. On one evening there was a report of the workers in one department, and on

other evenings reports of workers in other departments of the manifold services which this great church is so successfully rendering. At all these services the presence of Pastor Thomas Spurgeon gave direction, enthusiasm, and inspiration. He has enormous burdens to carry, but he is carrying them with a brave heart, and a strong faith. He has a great place to fill, and he is filling it with humble reliance upon God, with earnest personal work, and in the enjoyment of the love and support of the great majority of the members of this historic church.

No man could succeed so great a preacher and pastor as was his father without having some defections and criticisms. Many considerations with which the world is familiar tended to complicate the relation of the church to the pastor, but happily all these complications are passing away. Pastor Thomas Spurgeon is a growing man, growing intellectually, spiritually, and practically. His whole spirit is under the influence of the Spirit of God, and his presence generates in the hearts of others a similar spirit in their relation to one another and to all the work of the church. He is a man of most earnest and evangelistic spirit. He realizes his need of God's presence in his work, and that presence is constantly enjoyed. Already the crisis in the history of this church has passed. The future is assured. There will be hard work needed; hard work will be performed; and the blessing of God will crown this sanctified labor with abundant success. Pastor Thomas Spur-

geon has a large and warm place in the hearts of his brethren of all denominations throughout the world.

A visit was made to the Stockwell Orphanage, founded by Charles H. Spurgeon. This institution is a home and school for hundreds of fatherless boys and girls. It has often been described by visitors who have desired to see the varied forms of work founded and carried on by the late Mr. Spurgeon. This institution is a monument to his practical wisdom, his Christian love, and his varied forms of devotion to the cause of God and man. Rev. Vernon I. Charlesworth is the head-master. Pastor Thomas Spurgeon is now vigorously engaged in the work of the Orphanage, as in all the other forms of work connected with the great church. It would be easy to write many paragraphs describing the origin, history, and position of the Stockwell Orphanage. It is doing a work on which the blessing of God constantly rests.

The greater part of a day was spent in visiting the cemetery where the great hero and worn warrior, Charles H. Spurgeon, sleeps after his years of service and self-sacrifice. His monument could not be more appropriate in material or in form. The gray granite seems to be symbolic of his own firm spirit, unwavering resolve, and enduring character. In form it is somewhat suggestive of the Metropolitan Tabernacle. Its plainness, majesty, and tastefulness are all in perfect keeping with the character, life, work, and fame of the great man whose dust it covers.

Tender memories will ever gather about that tomb, and also about the home in Westwood, visited the same afternoon. The love of Mrs. Spurgeon for her home, her work, her sainted husband, and her noble sons, no words can adequately describe; but above all earthly loves, is her love to Christ, which constrains her in all her service for the cause of God. No words of description may be allowed to intrude unduly upon the sanctities of that home, that study, and this bereaved heart. The home seemed vocal with the memories of the great preacher, pastor, writer, and worker; and it seemed radiant with the glories of his and our divine Master.

Every evening during this week there was a service of some form in connection with the Tabernacle, in all of which this writer with great enjoyment participated. On Friday afternoon he had the pleasure of meeting and addressing the students of the Pastor's College. The heartiness, responsiveness, and consecration of these students, were notable. This was his last night in London. The weather was for much of the week wet, and for all of the week cold. A glowing grate fire was a welcome adjunct to one's room.

CONCLUSION.—On Saturday, the 26th of October, the journey homeward was begun from Southampton on the steamer "Berlin," the "St. Louis" having been so disabled that it could not make its return passage on the appointed day. The journey homeward, although thus late in

the season, was extremely pleasant. It was an equal surprise and pleasure to find on board the Hon. Charles A. Boutelle, with whom an acquaintance was begun in Washington, and which has been continued for many years; and also Major Preston, of Hartford, whose successful business career is equaled by his constant devotion to Christian work.

Joyous was the return to New York on the fourth of November at 9 o'clock in the morning. With a gratitude which no words can describe, the greetings of family and church friends were received. The time taken in this trip around the world was just five months to a day. During that time a distance of about thirty-five thousand miles was traveled. There was not one moment's sickness, not one serious miscalculation in plans, nor disappointment in carrying out those plans. Every moment was marked by tokens of Divine blessing and by manifold experiences of pleasure and profit.

The world was never so large as now, nor so small. We are learning as never before that the interests of one country are the interests of all countries, and that no man can be indifferent to the welfare of his fellow-men in any part of the world. A man to-day, and especially an American, ought to be cosmopolitan in sympathy, in knowledge, and in desire. Still it will ever be true that,

The patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.

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